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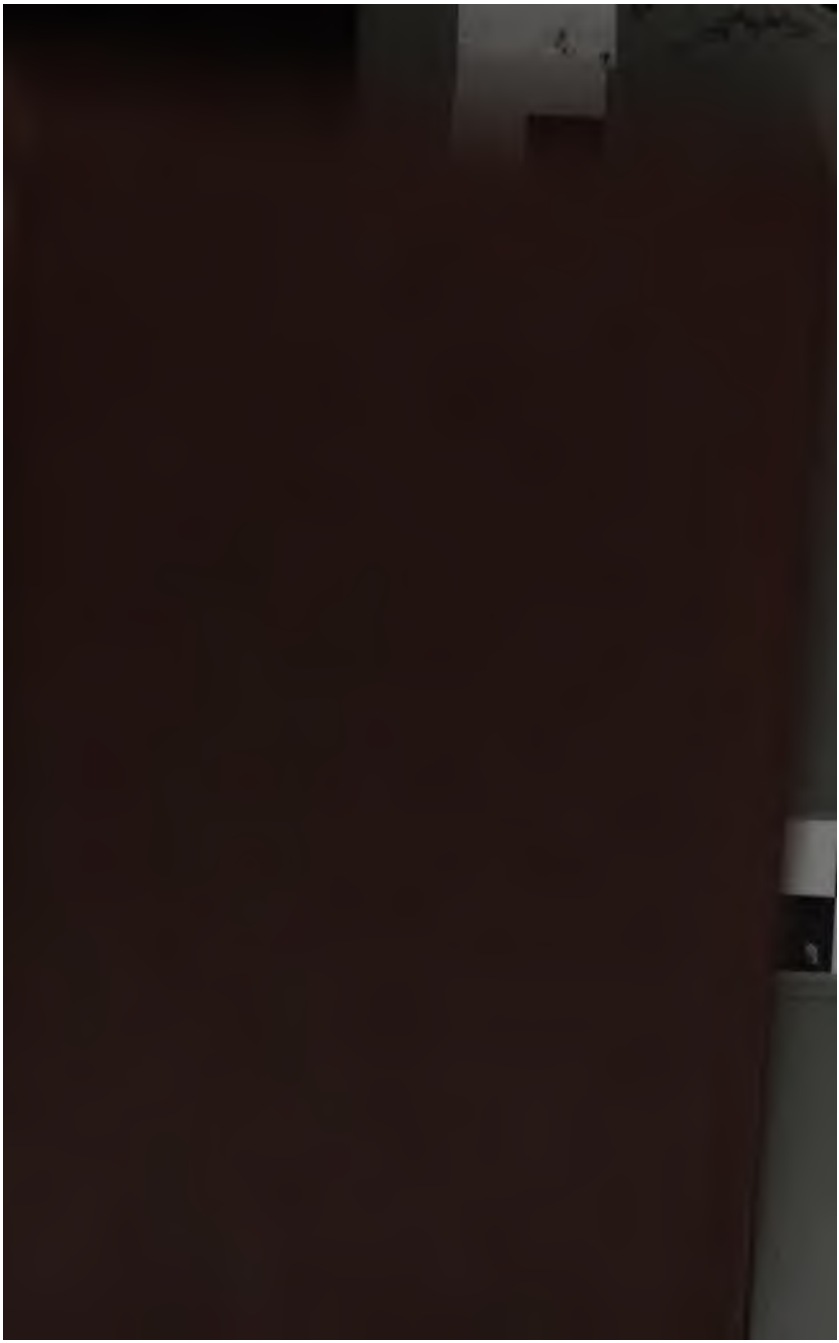

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THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Mrs. Corset. Oh, Mr. Capias! oh, Mr. Wormwood! support me! I shall faint! I can scarcely stand!

Act. I. Scene 1.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXXXVII.

THE

LOTTERY TICKET;

OR,

THE LAWYER'S CLERK.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

not BY J. B. BUCKSTONE.

By Samuel Beazley

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[The Lottery Ticket.]

	Broadway, N. Y.	*Laura Keene's, N. Y.*	*Walnut Street, Phila.*	*Park, New York.*
Nicholas Capias, (a lawyer)	Mr. Whiting.	Mr. F. C. Wemyss.	Mr. A'Becket.	Mr. Rees.
Wormwood, (his clerk,) -	" C. Hale.	" T. Johnston.	" C. Hale.	" Sloman.
Charles, (a valet,) - -	" Reynolds.	" Howard.	" Scallan.	" Woodhull.
Mrs. Corset, (a milliner,)	Mrs. Henry.	Miss Wells.	Mrs. Hield.	Mrs. Wheatley.
Susan, (a maid of all work,)	" J. Sefton.	" Johnston.	" J. Sefton.	" Hackett.

	Bowery, New York.	*Chestnut St. Phila.*	*Bowery, New York.*	*Arch Street, Phila.*	*National, New York.*
Nicholas Capias,	Mr. Lingard.	Mr. C. Watson	Mr. Barrett.	Mr. Thayer.	Mr. C. W. Taylor.
Wormwood, -	" Joe Sefton.	" Burton.	" Roberts.	" Burton.	" G. L. Fox.
Charles, - -	" Ferdon.	" Lyndsay.	" Scott.	" Bowers.	" L. H. Everit.
Mrs. Corset, -	Mrs. Jordan.	Mrs Maywood	Mrs. Williams.	Mrs. Hughes.	Mrs. J. J. Bradshaw.
Susan, - - -	" Eddy.	" Thayer.	" G. Barrett.	" Booth.	Miss Julia Daly.
		Male and Female Villagers.			

COSTUME.

CAPIAS.—Black velvet coat—breeches—shoes and buckles. WORMWOOD.—Ibid, seedy. CHARLES.—Modern livery.

MRS. CORSET.—A figured flounced dress. SUSAN.—A plain open skirt, and neat figured petticoat.

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MAR 1912
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11434.23

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village—Capias's Office,* L. S. E.—*Mrs. Corset's shop,* R. S. E.—*over the door,* "Milliner and Staymaker"—*shutters closed—practicable doors and windows.*

Enter SUSAN *from the door,* L. S. E., *gaping, and opening the shutters.*

CONCERTED PIECE.

Sus. Oh, who would be a servant maid?
Up thus early, working late;
Her's is an unhappy fate.
To clean each room
With brush and broom,—
To work all day, be badly paid,
Is the business of a servant maid.

WORMWOOD *seen opening the shutters from within,* L. S. E.

Oh, who would be a lawyer's clerk?
Up thus early, working late;
His is an unhappy fate.
From morn till night,
By every light,
To keep others in the dark,
Is the business of a lawyer's clerk.

MRS. CORSET *seen opening the shop-shutters,* R. S. E.

Mrs. C. Oh, who would be a milliner?
Up thus early, working late;
Her's is an unhappy fate.
To make stays sit,
And caps to fit,—
To hear each whim without demur,
Is the business of a milliner.

Omnes. Well, to our work we now must go.

Sus. Heigho!
Mrs. C. Heigho!
Wor. Heigho!

[*Exit Susan into the house,* L. S. E.—*Wormwood is seen writing at the window, and Mrs. Corset working in her shop.*

Enter CAPIAS *from the house,* L. S. E.

Cap. Ah, there they are—a parcel of discontented mortals! all of them complaining of their lots. Now, for my part, I'm quite astonished that people cannot make themselves contented with their situation in life; if they were plagued like me, indeed—for who the devil would be a lawyer, unless it was the devil himself? [*Taking out his pocket-book, and looking into it.*] The nineteenth of October, eighteen hundred and twenty-six. My diary is right: yesterday, the eighteenth, was the auspicious day on which the fifth—last—last lottery that ever was, or ever will be, was to be drawn; and I have a ticket. Should it come up a prize! Perhaps at this moment I am a made man! If so, I'll send law where it came from—to the devil; set up a house in London; chuse a Mrs. Capius; and become a man of pleasure. A wife! No, no: I'll take my full swing first, and tie myself up afterwards.—[*Calling.*] Susan! Susan! I say—Susan! What a thing it is to have idle servants!

Re-enter SUSAN *from the house,* L. S. E.

Sus. (L.) Here, sir—here, sir!

Cap. (R. C.) Here, sir!—You're never here: when I want you, you're there; and when you should be there, you're here. An't you a maid of all work? And isn't it a maid of all work's place to be in all places at once,—here, and there, and every where?

Sus. Yes, sir.

Cap. And yet—here, [*Looking at his watch.*] 'tis eight o'clock, and nothing done.

Sus. Why, bless me, sir, I've scoured the passage; swept the drawing-room; dusted the parlour; lighted four fires; cleaned the clerk's office; boiled the eggs; mixed the coffee; buttered the toast; and made all the beds in the house.

Cap. Well, then, now run with this letter to old Dob-

bins: tell him to mount his mare, and ride to Manchester directly, to the post-office there, and never stop till he brings me a letter he'll find there directed to me. Run, I say!

Sus. I will, sir—directly, sir. [*Aside.*] Who would be a maid of all work? [*Exit*, L.

Cap. Mr. Hazard's head clerk has promised to write the moment the drawing is over: that will bring me the earliest intelligence of the lucky numbers; and if mine should be one of them! But I mustn't neglect business. [*Tapping at the window*, L. S. E.] I say, Mr. Wormwood, what are you about?

Wor. [*At the window.*] Here, sir, only taking the air.

Cap. Taking the air!—Do you think I pay you for taking the air?—Or that I have made you my head clerk, to be idle?

Wor. [*Within.*] Head clerk!—Head and tail clerk, too: first, second, and third clerk, all in one.

Cap. Well, mind all those writs are issued, and see the processes regularly served, and that old Snatch'em make the captures.

Wor. [*Within.*] Never fear me, sir. [*Writes.*

Cap. [*Coming forward.*] No, no! There never was a fellow who took such delight in arresting people as that little hunchback. A capture is as good as a play to him: he'd rather issue a special original than eat his breakfast, and would walk ten miles any day to see a bailiff do his duty. I hate the very sight of him; and if I could once muster enough money to pay him his salary, I'd discharge him. But, curse the fellow! I'm in arrear, and he knows I can't pay him. [*Seeing Mrs. Corset in her shop*, R. S. E.] Ha! ha!—Mrs. Corset at her work!—I declare the stays look quite tempting in the window. Upon my word, Mrs. Corset is a very pretty woman still; and they do say, that, amidst her furbelows and flounces, she has not forgotten her pockets. Nearly thirty; but no matter,—the more experience. An experienced milliner!—Hem!—Don't know that I should like that, though.

Enter MRS. CORSET *from the house*, R. S. E.

Mrs. C. [*Aside.*] My neighbour, Mr. Capias, seems watching me. I think I'll take this opportunity of speaking to him.

Cap. (L. C.) Hem!—Good day, my pretty Mrs. Corset.

Mrs. C. (R.) Good morning, my good Mr. Capias.

Mrs. Corset, and we will adjourn to my office. There, ma'am; no place so good to settle people's affairs as a lawyer's office. There, ma'am; I'll do anything for you, from a certificate of your birth, to your last will and testament.

Mrs. C. Oh! but I've a will of my own making.

Cap. [*Aside.*] A will of her own! [*Aloud.*] Hem!—Then, perhaps, we may draw up articles of partnership for life, and then, perhaps, we may neither of us have wills of our own!

[*Exeunt into the house,* L. S. E., *Wormwood watching them from the window.*

Enter WORMWOOD, L. S. E., *rubbing his hands, and crossing to* C.

Wor. Yes, there they go—the milliner and the lawyer: love and law, vanity and vice! How lovingly they're gone away!—I don't like that!—Well, they won't agree long, that's one comfort, however. But I must to business.—[*Taking papers from his pocket, and laughing.*] Ha! ha! Here they are—capiases, red-tails, and writs! all the great ills of life illustrated by these strips of parchment! That, now, contains the ruin of a family: the skin of an innocent lamb put to a fine purpose!—Ha! ha!—A true wolf in sheep's clothing is this bit of parchment! One certainly sees something of life in a lawyer's office. Well, well: 'tis true, I'm but a lawyer's clerk; but many is the brave soldier who has fled at the sight of me. I have but to wield one of these long strips of parchment, and those who have stood the brunt of a cannon-ball, and the blow of a sabre, turn pale, and then turn tail. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—There is no profession without its pleasures—ha! ha! If my lottery-ticket, now, to-day, would but come up a prize, I'd bid adieu to Mr. Capias, set up lawyer, and plague mankind on my own account. [*A noise with n,* L. S. E.] Hem! here they come, [*Looking angrily.*] billing and cooing, like a duck and a gander!

[*Retires up,* C.

Re-enter CAPIAS *and* MRS. CORSET, L. S. E.

Cap. Why, my dear Mrs. Corset, according to this statement, you must be well to do in the world.

Mrs. C. Yes: being the only dress-maker in this place, and having been educated at Madame Jupon's, in

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Mrs. Corset. Oh, Mr. Capias! oh, Mr. Wormwood! support me! I shall faint! I can scarcely stand!

Act. I. Scene 1.

I'm sure, if I had my choice, I would have had a gown, or a cap, or a necklace; something more useful than a cheating lottery ticket.

Cap. (L.) Coquet! you had better pay Mrs. Corset what you owe her, instead of talking of more gowns and caps.

Sus. Oh, Mrs. Corset never let me rest till I had satisfied her; ask her if she did.

Mrs. C. Oh, yes; Susan has settled her debt.

Sus. (C.) [*Aside to Mrs. Corset.*] Hush! don't tell them; I would not have them know how for the world. [*Aloud.*] As to the lottery ticket, I care so little about it, that I don't know where it is—don't know the day of drawing, and have even forgotten the number.

Wor. [*Coming down,* L. C., *laughing.*] Ha! ha!—If you got a prize, you'd find your memory fast enough, I warrant me. But I have got a list of everybody in the village who has purchased tickets; and there'll be plenty of long faces before the day is out, that is some comfort.

Mrs. C. Well, Mr. Capias, good morning.

Cap. [*Tenderly, and crossing to her.*] But, I say, Mrs. C., another time we may renew the interesting subject of our conversation.

Mrs. C. Oh, whenever you please. [*Aside.*] He wouldn't be a bad match for a milliner. [*Exit,* R. S. E.

Cap. [*Aside.*] Hem!—A pretty good match for a lawyer, and that's something!—Charming, upon honour!—I feel quite up about it; my spirits are at a premium; and if I might believe a presentiment, I shall get a prize.—[*Aloud.*] Wormwood, to your papers; Susan, to your work: you are always idling away your time; 'tis quite a shame, considering your high wages. [*Exit,* L. S. E.

Sus. (R. C.) Five pounds a-year for doing everything in the world, and being scolded from morning to night by everybody!

Wor. (L.) Nay, nay, Susan; I don't scold you,—I never speak cross to you: if you are maid of all work, I am clerk of all work; and, you know, time out of mind, the maids and the clerks—hey! [*Takes her hand.*

Sus. [*Starting away from him.*] Leave me alone, Mr. Wormwood! I want no more of your sweet words, than I do of my master's sour ones; and I'm sure, if all clerks are like you, the maids are all fools to listen to them.

Wor. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha!—You think I don't understand this pride, but I do. You think your cousin

Charles is coming from London: poor, silly girl! why, he has forgotten you long ago. Do you think he would remain faithful to a poor country girl in London? There's comfort for you, Mrs. Susan! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit into the house,* L. S. E., *shuts the door, and goes to his desk.*

Sus. What a wicked little man that is! His mind and temper are as ugly as his body. But if it should be true that, amidst London pleasures, Charles should have forgotten me, I shall be indeed unhappy!

Capias. [*Calling within.*] Susan!

Wormwood. [*From the window.*] There, you're called —you're called!

Sus. Well, d'ye think I haven't ears? [*Charles sings without,* R. U. E.] Why, bless me! that's cousin Charles's voice, as I'm alive!

Wor. [*At the window.*] Yes, yes; I see you have ears!

Enter CHARLES, R. U. E.

Sus. It is him, sure enough! Oh! Charles, how do you do?

Charles. Quite well; and my pretty Susan quite as well and pretty as ever, eh?

Sus. Oh, I'm so glad to see you, you don't know!

Wor. [*At the window.*] You forget, Susan, that master called you.

Sus. Ill-natured oaf! But I'll be back in a minute, Charles. [*Aside, going.*] Yes, he is handsomer than ever, I declare! [*Exit,* L. S. E.

Charles. What a pity my pretty cousin is so poor, and that I am too poor to marry a woman without a penny!—Since, in spite of all the savings from my wages, I could not set up house-keeping without my wife could put some sticks in the fire to make the pot boil. No, no, Susan; it would be an injustice to you to make you my wife at present. However, I've done with London, and am determined once more to sit down in my native place. I love to look at the house in which I was born, the church in which I was christened, the school in which I was flogged; and to meet my old playmates. But here comes Susan.

Re-enter SUSAN, L. S. E.

Sus. There; I've a little leisure, so now for a little talk; for it does always make me so happy to see you.

Wor. [*Aside, at the window.*] Ah! I knew it was this cursed valet-de-chambre!

Charles. It cannot give you more pleasure to see me than it does me to see you.

Sus. Well, now, that is kind; and do you know, Charles, that, since you went to London last, I've been thinking that I should like to go to London, too.

Charles. To London!—What for?

Sus. Why, to better my condition,—to get to be maid to some fine lady, in some great family.

Charles. Maid, indeed, to a fine lady!—Psha!—Susan, you don't know what you ask.

Sus. Oh, but I do, though.

Charles. No, no, you don't. Why, you'd be ruined in London.

Sus. Why, you haven't been ruined.

Charles. Oh! I—that's a different thing.

Sus. [*Pouting.*] Ah, I see how it is: you don't wish me to go to London, for fear I should hear of your goings on.

Wor. [*Aside, at the window, laughing.*] Ha! ha!—They are going to quarrel: that is good—very good! I like that!

Charles. Nay, nay, Susan; to convince you to the contrary, I have left London altogether.

Sus. Left London!—What, left my lord's service?

Charles. Yes; and am come determined to set up in my native village.

Sus. Settle here!—Oh, dear me! how happy I am!

Wor. [*Aside, at the window.*] The devil!—They are making it up again,—loving and tender!

Re-enter WORMWOOD, L. S. E.

'Tis time for me to interfere.

Charles. Yes, we shall be so happy!

Sus. Oh, quite; only you must promise me, now, you won't flirt with the girls, nor dance with Sally and Mary at our village dance.

Charles. (R.) No, no; with none but you.

Wor. [*Coming forward,* C.] Susan! Susan! you're idling your time here, and I'll tell master, upon my word, I will.

Sus. (L.) I wish, Wormwood, you'd mind your own affairs, and not be meddling with other people's; you're always poking your nose in the way.

Charles. Let him take care he does not poke it where it will be pulled.

Wor. You had better pull it; I should like to see you do it: I'd soon indict you for assault and battery. Pull it, if you dare!

Sus. Well, well, Charles, I must be gone; but now, remember, you promise not to dance with any one else than me.

Charles. Agreed. [*Exit Susan*, L. S. E.

Wor. So, Mr. Charles, you've come back among us again. What, I suppose you have been turned away?

Charles. No, I have not been turned away.

Wor. Obliged to quit London, I suppose?

Charles. No, I was not obliged to quit London neither.

Wor. What, I suppose your master goes on just in the same way—plaguing ministers for places, and my lady scribbling nonsensical romances?

Charles. And you, Mr. Wormwood, you go on, I suppose, rubbing your hands with joy when others quarrel, and scratching your ear with ill humour when they agree? and your master still the same—avaricious, arrogant, and litigious, eh?

Wor. Yes, still the same.

Charles. [*Abstractedly.*] Well, what shall I do with my savings? If I could find some good speculation——

Wor. [*Interrupting him.*] Speculation, did you say? Why didn't you buy a lottery ticket?

Charles. A lottery ticket!—'Gad! I wish I had; for it strikes me that I am in luck just now. I'll have one directly.

Wor. You are too late: there were only certain numbers sent down to Mr. Capias, as agent, and they were snapped up in a minute; we've had quite a little exchange here, and they actually sold at a premium. There's Mr. Strap, the shoemaker, sold his last to buy one; Tankard, at the public-house, bought one with his brewer's money; Mr. Shortsight, the overseer, is said to have paid for his out of the poor-box; and they do say, that the old maid, Miss Frumpy, [*Whispering in his ear.*]—and so got her lottery ticket.

Charles. Well, but can't I get one?—Will no one sell m[illegible]'s? I'm sure I should be in luck, and would giv[illegible] premium to get one.

Wor. No, no, you can't now. To be sure, there is

Susan has got one; she might be tempted to sell—she is poor.

Charles. No; let poor Susan have a chance.

Wor. Well, well, as you please. I have a chance, too; and so has Mr. Capias, and Mrs. Corset, our opposite neighbour.

Charles. Mrs. Corset!—Ah, that puts me in mind—I have a little business with her; so tell Susan I'll be back in a few minutes. [*Exit into the house,* R. S. E.

Wor. Business with Mrs. Corset! An intrigue, no doubt. Susan shall know this. [*Calling.*] Hist—hist! Susan! Susan!

Enter SUSAN, L. S. E.

Sus. Well, what now, Mr. Wormwood?—You're always plaguing me.

Wor. Plaguing you! No, no, I don't wish to plague you; only I thought you might just like to see Mr. Charles paying a visit to Mrs. Corset. Look! look!

Sus. Eh! what?—Charles at Mrs. Corset's? [*Crossing to* R., *and looking in at the window.*] So he is, I declare! What business can he have there?

Wor. (L. C.) Business!—Oh, it is not business takes him there; 'tis a little harmless flirtation.

Sus. A flirtation with Mrs. Corset?

Wor. To be sure—why not? He's a valet—she's a milliner. There! you see he goes into her little back parlour.

Sus. [*Weeping.*] Oh, Charles! Charles! this is cruel! Under my very eyes, just after saying such kind things to me!

Wor. Didn't I tell you you had better listen to me?

Sus. To you, indeed!

Wor. Yes: I wouldn't make love to Mrs. Corset—I wouldn't make you jealous.

Enter CAPIAS, L. S. E.

Cap. Well, any news from Dobbins?—Is he come back?—Any news of the lottery? Run, Susan, run, and see if you can see him on the road.

Sus. [*Still looking in at the window.*] Yes, sir, I'll go directly.

Cap. (C.) Well, why don't you go?—What do you stand there for?

Sus. Nothing; only Charles—my cousin Charles——

Cap. Well, what of your cousin Charles?

Sus. Why, he is shut up in the back parlour behind her shop with Mrs. Corset.

Cap. Ha! what!—Charles shut up with Mrs. Corset! A fine young man with the future Mrs. C.!

Wor. (L.) [*Aside, laughing.*] Ha! ha!—Both jealous!—How pleasant, to be sure!

Sus. Upon my word, I don't like it!—There, he is coming out at last; see, how polite he is!

Cap. I must issue a writ of inquiry, move for a rule to show cause, and try an ejectment.

Sus. There! he beckons me—he holds up a handkerchief! Oh, he has only been there to buy it for me!—Good cousin Charles! I'll come. [*To Capias.*] Yes, sir, I'll go and see after old Dobbins directly. [*Exit,* L.

Cap. (R.) An impertinent interloper, to practise in my court! I'll have him struck off the rolls.

Wor. (L.) Ah, he has not been to London for nothing, depend upon it.

Cap. But I'm impatient for the arrival of the list of prizes; perhaps one has fallen to me.

Wor. Perhaps to me.

Cap. To you, indeed!

Wor. Well, no matter; prize or no prize, shall have my laugh at the losers. How pleasant it will be to see their long faces!—I quite long to have the list, and give the answers,—blank! blank! blank!—Oh, yes; they'll all have blank looks. How pleasant!—Ha! ha!

Re-enter SUSAN, L., *with a letter.*

Sus. Old Dobbins has returned, and here is the letter.

Cap. Oh, give it me directly, and—and leave us.

Sus. Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] I'll go and try on Charles's new present. [*Exit,* L. S. E.

Cap. [*Examining the letter.*] Yes, there it is—head-clerk at Hazard's own hand. This contains all the prizes.

Wor. The prizes!—Open it directly, Mr. Capias; let us see them.

Cap. [*Endeavouring to open the letter.*] 'Tis very kind of my friend Hazard's head-clerk.

Wor. Why, what's the matter?—How your hand trembles!

Cap. Tremble!—Not at all. Thanks the gods, I'm a philosopher, and am prepared for every turn of fortune's

wheel! Eh! upon my soul, you're right: 'tis really very odd, but I cannot open the letter.

Wor. Give it me. [*Taking the letter, and trying to open it.*] What a pity that a philosopher, prepared for every turn of fortune's wheel, should be taken with a nervous fit just at the crisis of his fate!

Cap. Why, your hand trembles, too!

Wor. Oh, no: 'tis only that Mr. Hazard's clerk seems to seal his letters with one of Bramah's locks. There—there; it is open at last.

Cap. [*Taking the letter, and attempting to read.*] Let us see. 'Tis very odd—mighty odd! The letters dance up and down; my spectacles won't permit me to read.

Wor. Well, then, let me read. [*Taking the letter.*] I can read without spectacles.

Cap. Well, well, read away.

Wor. Number two thousand four hundred and forty-nine——

Cap. Two thousand four hundred and forty-nine!—My number, as I'm alive!—Well!

Wor. A blank.

Cap. A blank!—My prize a blank!

Wor. [*Scratching his ear.*] Yes, and mine also.

Cap. What an unfortunate dog I am!

Wor. No, no, not so very unfortunate; for, look, the very next number, two thousand four hundred and fifty, is a prize of five thousand pounds.

Cap. Hem!—That's a comfort, truly: a miss is as good as a mile.

Wor. Two thousand four hundred and fifty!—Let me see who bought that number. Bless me! where's my list! I put down everybody's name against the number.

Cap. What does it signify, since it isn't mine?

Wor. [*Feeling in his pockets.*] Where the devil is my list?—I cannot find it. Ha! here it is. [*Looking it over.*] No, I was not deceived!

Cap. Well, where is it?—Who has got the prize?

Wor. Susan.

Cap. My maid of all work?

Wor. Yes, even she.

Cap. My maid of all work with five thousand pounds! Zounds! she'll never clean a kitchen poker again! An idea strikes me—a luminous thought!

Wor. What?

Cap. Don't say a word to an one that we knew the number.

Wor. Why?

Cap. The post won't be in the village these two hours.

Wor. And you would sell your ticket, eh?

Cap. Oh, fie! no: honour and conscience forbid such a thing.

Wor. Oh, we can dispense with the attendance of honour and conscience in an attorney's office sometimes, you know.

Cap. Susan is yet ignorant of her good fortune.

Wor. Well!

Cap. Well, my dear Wormwood, don't tell her yet.

Wor. Why?

Cap. Oh, you shall know in time. [*A noise without,* L. S. E., *of breaking china.*] Eh! what is that!

Wor. It is your maid of all work, Miss Susan, who has broken a teapot, and here she comes with the spout.

Cap. My maid!—She shall be my mistress!

Enter SUSAN, L. S. E., *with the remains of a broken teapot.*

Sus. [*Crying.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear!—I've broke the teapot!—But, indeed, sir, it was no fault of mine: I was only cleaning it, took hold of the spout, and down it went!

Cap. (C.) My best china teapot!

Wor. (R.) [*Aside.*] Staffordshire ware

Sus. (L.) Oh dear, sir, don't scold!

Cap. Awkward puss! [*Restraining himself.*] But never mind, my poor Susan; dry your eyes: accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

Sus. [*Aside.*] Bless me! why, he isn't angry at all!

Cap. Wormwood, you may take a walk—you understand?

Wor. Oh, yes. Miss Susan, I wish you a good morning, Miss Susan! [*Aside.*] I'll interrupt his billing and cooing! [*Exit,* L. S. E.

Sus. [*Aside.*] Miss Susan!—He is always quizzing me. [*Capias looks tenderly at her.*] How master looks at me!

Cap. Susan!

Sus. Sir!

Cap. Come nearer.

Sus. There, sir, will that do?

Cap. Susan, my dear—you've broke a teapot, Susan.

Sus. Yes, sir

Cap. Well, never mind; a teapot is nothing, where—where a man feels towards a woman as I do towards you.

Sus. Sir!

Cap. Ah, I dare say you are surprised. Oh, Susan! I've often scolded you.

Sus. Yes, sir, I know you have.

Cap. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Susan! it was only to conceal my passion.

Sus. Bless me! why, I thought it was to show it!

Cap. Ah, Susan! you don't understand these things! [*Aside.*] I had better be quick about it, and astonish her at once.

Sus. [*Aside.*] What can master mean? He is making fun of me, sure!

Wormwood appears at the window, L. S. E., *makes a grimace, then enters, and crosses to Mrs. Corset's shop.*

Cap. [*Aside.*] She does not yet know her good fortune; so I must draw the pleadings, and file my declaration without delay. [*Aloud.*] Ah, Susan!

Sus. Sir!

Cap. Do you know, Susan, you are a very pretty girl; and I have been thinking it is a great shame that those little delicate hands should scour kitchen pots, and scrub parlour floors.

Sus. Dear sir, but what can I do?—I am but a maid of all work in the country; and cousin Charles says I should be ruined if I tried to better my condition in London.

Cap. Oh, never mind your cousin Charles! Susan, I've taken a fancy to you.

Sus. You, sir!—What, to poor Susan?

Cap. [*Aside.*] Hem! *poor* Susan! [*Aloud.*] Yes, Susan; a prodigious fancy.

Sus. Law, sir, you are mocking me, sure!

Cap. No, I an't; I mock nobody—'tis libellous.

[*During this conversation, Wormwood has beckoned Mrs. Corset to the window of her shop, and whispers in her ear.*

Enter Mrs. Corset, R. S. E., *with a band-box.*

Mrs. C. [*To Wormwood.*] Oh! I'll not believe it!

Wor. [*To Mrs. Corset.*] Very well: see, hear, and judge for yourself.

Exit Wormwood into the house, L. S. E., *and watches from the window.*

Cap. You seem surprised; but I'll astonish you presently.

Sus. No! will you, though? But, ah! sir, you had better keep all these fine sayings for Mrs. Corset.

Cap. Mrs. Corset!—Nonsense!—'Twas mere politeness, and as a near neighbour. I may now and then have said a few gallant things to her,—may have whispered a little soft nonsense in her too credulous ear, as the poet says; but, bless ye! I meant nothing by it: merely a few technicalities, which, in love as in law, mean nothing, and lead to nothing. Besides, Susan, she was brought up in London—educated in Bond Street: heaven knows what she may have learned there; nothing good, I'll be bound.

Sus. (L.) Nay, don't say anything very bad about her, for here is Mrs. Corset.

Cap. (C.) The devil!

Mrs. C. (R.) Upon my word, Mr. Capias——

Cap. Oh, Mrs. Corset!—enchanted to see you! Bless me! how very well you look!—what a colour!—What, going to carry this band-box?—Contains some mark of your taste, now, I dare say,—somebody in a hurry for their cap. Well, I won't detain you.

Mrs. C. It's very well, Mr. Capias—very well indeed!

Cap. I'm very happy to hear it; I'm quite the same.

Mrs. C. To deceive—to jilt me! But that's no matter. Make love to your servant—do; she's a fine miss for you: raise your maid of all work from the kitchen to the parlour, and become the laughing-stock of the village.

Cap. Nay, now, Mrs. Corset, you are wrong: Susan is a good and virtuous girl, and I've a great value for her.

Mrs. C. A servant!—A pretty thing, indeed!—But you're a deceiver—a traitor!

Wor. [*Aside, at the window.*] Very well, Mrs. Corset; at him again!

Mrs. C. I'll be revenged! But, no: I despise you and your minion too much!

Sus. Minion!—Ma'am, I'm sure I'm as good as a stay-maker.

Wor. [*Aside, laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—This is as it should be—all quarrelling. How pleasant!

Cap. So you are, Susan; as good as any stay-maker in the world. And so, ma'am, as long stays are out of fashion, we won't detain you, ma'am. [*Aside.*] That's a hit

Mrs. C. Oh, don't think I care about it! Make her your wife as soon as you please; and heaven grant she may lead you just such a life as you deserve! [*Exit*, R.

Cap. What a malicious devil that is! But never mind her, Susan: I love you—yes.

Sus. Love me!—Ay, sir, but my godmother always taught me never to listen to a gentleman's love, unless he talked about marriage.

Cap. Well, and I talk of marriage: there's my hand, and that's a legal tender.

Sus. Your hand! [*Aside.*] Oh, my cousin Charles! [*Aloud.*] But will you really marry me?

Cap. Oh, certainly: too virtuous to think of anything else but marriage. I have a long time stifled my passion, and delayed proceedings in this cause; but now, Hymen, like a sheriff's officer, makes me pay my debt of love, and I render myself your slave.

Sus. What, shall I really be a lawyer's lady?

Cap. Yes, my girl; you shall be the better half of a limb of the law.

Sus. Hem!—Instead of a maid of all work?

Cap. You'll be your own mistress; and, to prove my truth, we'll immediately make a mutual settlement.

Sus. Oh! I've got a settlement in this parish already.

Cap. Ay, but I mean a marriage-settlement; whereby we, the aforesaid Nicholas Capias and Susan Wheatley, do settle, jointly and severally, all and every of the estates, monies, and properties, funded, landed, and tenemented, now possessed of, or hereafter to be possessed, upon each other and their heirs for ever.

Enter WORMWOOD, L. S. E.

Wor. [*Coming down*, L.] Here I am, sir.

Cap. The devil you are! And who wanted you, Mr. Wormwood?

Wor. Didn't I hear you talk of a marriage settlement? So here I am, quite ready,—pen, ink, and parchment.—Come, come, there's no use in concealing it from me: Mr. Capias is in love with you.

Sus. He has just declared himself.

Wor. Quite natural; and he would marry you? Quite natural again. And, I suppose, to prove his love and his good faith, he wishes you both to sign a mutual marriage settlement?

Cap. [*Aside*, R.] He has heard all,—a son of a corkscrew!

Sus. (c.) Yes, Mr. Wormwood, you have hit it exactly.

Cap. Well, and what harm is there in that?

Wor. Oh, none at all—none at all: one must love at all ages and all ranks,—young and old, rich and poor. Oh! I'm touched to the quick with your happiness, and delighted at the idea of drawing up the deeds, by which you will give each other all your wealth. Oh! you'll be a happy couple.

Sus. Oh, but I have nothing to give.

Wor. I beg your pardon.

Cap. [*Crossing to Wormwood.*] Silence!

Wor. Oh, on my honour and conscience!

Cap. [*Aside.*] The rascal! the scoundrel!—He's going to tell! [*Retires up,* L.

Wor. Imprimis: Nicholas Capias, being seised and possessed of certain lands and tenements, doth hereby agree to settle the same, and funds, on Susan Wheatley, being seised and possessed of the sum of five thousand pounds.

Cap. [*Aside,* L. *corner.*] Oh, the Richard the Third!

Sus. The sum of five thousand pounds!—Where should I seize it?

Wor. 'Tis true, though. Wasn't your lottery ticket number two thousand four hundred and fifty?

Sus. Two, four, five, ought!—Yes, that was the number, sure enough; I recollect it now.

Wor. Well, that very number is drawn a prize of five thousand pounds; so you see you are not so bad a match for Mr. Capias; and he may make you a widow sooner than Charles.

Sus. Well, who'd have thought it!

Cap. [*Coming forward.*] Well, my dear Susan, what matters it to me whether you bring me a fortune or not? My love would have been just the same if you hadn't six-and-eightpence; I should have preferred you to everybody.

Sus. You are very good, sir; for you must take me without anything, or not take me at all.

Cap. Eh! how?—What do you mean?

Sus. Why, only that I have not got the ticket.

Cap. Eh! what, have you lost it? Oh, that's no matter: we'll stop the payment.

Sus. Oh, no, it is not lost.

Cap. Why, what have you done with it, then

Sus. Why, you all plagued me to pay Mrs. Corset, and

I had no money; so I gave her my lottery ticket, and she gave me a receipt for her bill; so the prize is hers.

Wor. [*Bursting into a fit of laughter.*] Oh! oh! oh! Well, that is a good one!

Cap. Eh! what, do you dare to laugh?

Wor. Who can help it? But I condole with you, at the same time—upon my soul, I do; but I must laugh—ha! ha! ha!

Sus. I am sure 'tis no laughing matter.

Wor. Oh, you have nothing to care for: Mr. Capias loves you for yourself; he didn't love you for your money, not he; you may be Mrs. Capias.

Cap. I love her?—I love anybody imprudent enough to throw away five thousand pounds?—Not I, indeed! Go to your work, you little fool; get along, I say, and carry the message I sent you with.

Sus. Nay, sir, I do not regard that as a misfortune, which would save me from such a selfish husband; and I deserve the mortification, for having forgotten my cousin Charles for a single moment. [*Exit*, L. S. E.

Wor. Well, sir, now the best thing you can do is to turn again to Mrs. Corset; she has five thousand more charms.

Cap. Certainly; but I've quarrelled with her,—quarrelled with her on account of this little fool.

Wor. (c.) Oh, she is used to making up, —she's a milliner; and here she comes, just in time.

Enter Mrs. Corset, R.

Ah, Mrs. Corset, you are welcome. Here is Mr. Capias boiling over with gallant compliments for you.

Mrs. C. (R.) Mr. Capias, indeed!—Let him keep his gallantries for his trumpery maid of all work.

Cap. (L.) Nay, nay, Mrs. Corset, don't bear malice; 'tisn't like a Christian. All men have their little failings, I am not exempt. You flew in a passion too soon; I lost my temper, and——

Wor. The mischief was done; that is all.

Mrs. C. Ah! these men—these men!

Wor. Come, come, make it up: a good understanding will set all to rights, and that, I am sure, neither of you want. Besides, Mrs. Corset's good fortune will make the match more equal.

Cap. [*Aside.*] He's going to tell her now!

Mrs. C. My good fortune!—What do you say?

Wor. Why, the ticket with which Susan paid her bill has come up a prize of five thousand pounds.

Mrs. C. What do you say?

Wor. Why, that number, two thousand four hundred and fifty, is come up a prize of five thousand pounds.

Mrs. C. Oh, dear! you don't say so?

Wor. Yes, I do; and here is Mr. Capias, anxious to renew all his love and affection for you.

Cap. Yes, my dear neighbour; here I am, at your feet.

Mrs. C. Oh, Mr. Capias! oh, Mr. Wormwood! support me! I shall faint! I can scarcely stand!

[*They support her.*

Wor. (R.) Oh, how interesting!—An amiable, and deserving, and beautiful female of thirty-five, overcome by the excess of her joy!

Cap. (L.) Come, come, my dear Mrs. Corset, calm these transports of pleasure. There, there—repose upon me, your faithful Capias; though I don't wonder at your being transported.

Mrs. C. (C.) I deserve to be hanged as well as transported! fool—idiot that I was!

Wor. Her joy has turned her brain.

Mrs. C. Joy!—'Tis anger—rage!

Cap. Rage!—What do you mean, my dear Mrs. Corset?

Mrs. C. Why, that I have sold my ticket to Susan's cousin, Charles.

Cap. Sold it!

Wor. [*Bursting out into laughter.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Better and better!—How exceeding good!—You had better marry Charles.

Cap. Good!—I think it cursed bad!

Mrs. C. He offered me double what I gave for it.

Cap. Ay, this comes of your avarice, Mrs. Corset: if you had been contented with your ticket, you would have had five thousand pounds. This is food for philosophical reflections on the avarice of human nature. Madam, I am your very obedient, very humble servant!

[*Exit into the house,* L. S. E.

Wor. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—I never had a pleasanter day in my life.

Mrs. C. I could scratch my eyes out with vexation!

Wor. No, don't do that; you can make better use of them. As you are a milliner, and have set one cap at Mr. Capias, set another cap at Charles; he will be a better match for you now than Mr. Capias.

Mrs. C. Oh, fie!—A servant!

Wor. Nay, a steward.

Mrs. C. Ah, a steward; that makes a great difference, to be sure.

Wor. Oh, certainly, a very great difference. [*Aside.*] If I could but marry them, Susan might, perhaps, think of me.

Mrs. C. Why, certainly, when Mr. Charles was here last year, he was rather particular; and this morning——

Wor. He was rather particular again: I thought so, when I and Susan saw him in the back-parlour.

Mrs. C. And then there was a kind of timid delicacy in his address, which is very pleasing to our sex.

Wor. Oh, he is a nice young man; and here he comes.

Mrs. C. Oh, I declare I am quite in a flurry!

Enter CHARLES, R. U. E.

Charles. (R.) Ah, Mrs. Corset! quite delighted to see you again!

Mrs. C. (C.) [*Affectedly.*] Your servant, Mr. Charles; the pleasure is mutual. [*Aside.*] Upon my word, Mr. Wormwood, he's a nice young man!

Wor. (L.) Yes, five thousand times nicer than he was this morning.

Mrs. C. [*Aside.*] Quite a noble air! [*Aloud.*] I declare, really, Mr. Charles, you improve every visit.

Charles. Ma'am!

Mrs. C. Yes; I was just saying to Mr. Wormwood, that you were really vastly agreeable; indeed, almost too agreeable.

Wor. Yes, too agreeable.

Charles. [*Aside.*] What the devil are they driving at?

Wor. Nay, nay, why stand shilly-shally?—Why not to the point at once?—You are made for each other; you love each other; you have both equal experience in the world, and will make your fortunes together.

Mrs. C. Really, Mr. Wormwood, you are so very lively, and draw such odd conclusions!

Wor. Yes, I am very lively, and like odd conclusions; but you know it is true.

Charles. Eh! ha!—I pretend to Mrs. Corset!—[*Aside.*] Upon my word, 'twould indeed be a good match; for she has a very nice shop, a very snug back-parlour, and a great deal of business. [*Aloud.*] Is it possible that my humble merits——

Wor. Oh, yes; your humble merits, added to five thousand pounds which Mrs. Cerset has just heard that you possess——

Charles. What do you mean?

Wor. Why, the lottery ticket you bought of her has come up a prize.

Charles. A prize!—Good heavens!

Wor. Why, you seem troubled: have you sold it, then? Why, this ticket seems to travel round the world!

Charles. No, no—here it is, safe and sound; I have got it still.

Wor. Ah! so much the worse!

Charles. Two—four—five—nought. What happiness!

Wor. [*Sorrowfully.*] Yes, he has got it, sure enough! he hasn't sold it!

Charles. Hurrah!—Then I'll marry immediately, and the lawyer shall draw up the writings immediately. [*Calling.*] Here, Mr. Capias! Mr. Capias! Mr. Capias! I'll surprise them all. [*Exit into the house,* L. D. F.

Mrs. C. Oh, dear! Mr. Wormwood, really it has put me in such a flurry and hurry, that I must retire into my back-parlour to recover myself, and prepare my spirits for the trying occasion.

Wor. Oh, you will find the spirits already prepared in your back-parlour: do ye think I don't know your corner-cupboard?

Mrs. C. Out upon you Mr. Impertinence! [*Exit,* R. S. F.

Wor. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—What puppets they are, and I am the showman!—I pull the string, and away they go! Now I think I stand a fair chance of making poor Susan quite miserable, and the very thought delights me: people have no business to be happy.

Enter CAPIAS, L. S. F.

Cap. Hem!—Nothing like philosophy: I've conned over my brief.

Wor. You are in better spirits.

Cap. Yes, I am better: I've suffered a recovery, and have made up my mind.

Wor. To what?

Cap. Why, to marry the milliner; to make a rib of the stay-maker; to join issue, and lace ourselves together by the holy tie of matrimony.

Wor. Hem!—You should have determined before,—you are too late: Mr. Charles is beforehand with you.

Cap. Charles!

Wor. Yes; and he's just now gone in search of you, to draw up the marriage articles between him and Mrs. Corset.

Cap. He marry Mrs. Corset!—He wasn't in her back-parlour for nothing, then, this morning. I'm nonsuited! What shall I do?

Wor. Why, draw up the contract, and charge him for it; secure a client, if you can't a wife.

Cap. I will, Wormwood. You've an eye to business; but I've lost Mrs. Corset: what shall I do?

Wor. Imitate my philosophy: nature always suits the back to the burthen.

Cap. Does she?—Why, then, I think, you may reckon upon a waggon load of misfortunes. [*Exit*, L. S. E.

Wor. Hem!—That's personal; but I've had my revenge: I know he hankers after the milliner, so I've made him miserable.

Enter SUSAN, L. S. E.

Sus. Oh, Mr. Wormwood, have you seen my cousin Charles?

Wor. Yes; he has just now parted from me as happy as possible.

Sus. Happy!

Wor. Yes: he bought your ticket of Mrs. Corset, and is the real possessor of the five thousand pound prize.

Sus. How I rejoice! how I long to congratulate him!

Wor. Well, wait a minute; you may congratulate him on two subjects at once, and that will be economical,—a fortune and a wife.

Sus. A wife!

Wor. Yes: he's going to be married immediately to Mrs. Corset, and is at this moment giving his directions to Mr. Capias about the marriage settlements; and you know nobody understands marriage settlements better than Mr. Capias.

Sus. To Mrs. Corset!—Oh, cruel and unkind Charles! after all your vows to me!

Wor. Ay; but you know you forgot him for Mr. Capias.

Sus. So I did; but he couldn't love me much, then, to hurry into a marriage with Mrs. Corset. I'll go and re-

proach him. No, I won't: he shall not triumph over me; and, to show my indifference, I'll go and bring the villagers to dance at his wedding. [*Exit*, R. U. E.

Wor. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Poor Susan! I pity her, really, but I'm glad she's disappointed. Oh, here comes Charles.

Enter CHARLES, L. S. E.

Well, are the marriage articles ready?

Charles. (L.) Mr. Capias is writing them out; I've desired him to leave blanks for the names.

Wor. (R.) Ay, he won't forget the blanks, depend upon it; he's had enough of them.

Charles. And how do you think the blanks are to be filled up?

Wor. Why, Christiana Corset.

Charles. No, no, no! By Susan Wheatly,—my dear cousin Susan.

Wor. [*Aside.*] The devil!—This will make them happy, and spoil all!

Charles. What say ye to that, Mr. Wormwood?

Wor. Why, I say, it would be all very well, if Susan hadn't already listened to the overtures of her master, Mr. Capias.

Charles. Mr. Capias!—Impossible!

Wor. I was present when the offer was made and accepted; and the settlements—yes, the old gentleman offered to settle all he had in the world upon her.

Charles. And she agreed to it?

Wor. Yes.

Charles. The traitress! But I'll be even with her: I'll marry Mrs. Corset, and break her heart!

Wor. Oh, never fear; you won't break her heart.

Charles. But I will, though. [*Calling.*] Mrs. Corset! my dear Mrs. Corset!

Wor. [*Aside, laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—I've had as pretty a morning's sport as any one could wish!

Enter CAPIAS, L. S. E., *with papers.*

Charles. [*Calling.*] Mrs. Corset, I say!

[*Exit into the house*, R. S. E.

Cap. Where's Charles?

Wor. There, calling out your quondam mistress to fill up the blanks with her Christian name.

Re-enter CHARLES, R. S. E., *leading* MRS. CORSET.

Charles. Come, Mrs. Corset, come; and, by your truth, shame the perfidy of others.

Mrs. C. [*Aside.*] Mr. Capias here!—I declare I can hardly stand!

Enter SUSAN *and* VILLAGERS, R. U. E.

Sus. There, neighbours, pay your congratulations to the bridegroom.

Villagers. Charles for ever!

Charles. Nay, my friends, it is Mr. Nicholas Capias, the lawyer, who is the bridegroom.

Villagers. Old Nick for ever!

Cap. I!—I am no bridegroom; I'm not going to be married; I was but——

Charles. [*Crossing to him.*] But what, sir? Do you mean to deceive my cousin Susan, sir? If so, sir, I'd have you to know, sir, that, although her treachery and infidelity may rob me of her for a wife, that it shall not prevent my being her defender. Sir, I insist on your marrying Susan immediately.

Cap. I marry Susan!—Upon my soul, I'm very much obliged to you, but I had rather not!

Sus. And I—I would not marry Mr. Capias, if he were worth his weight in gold.

Wor. [*Aside, L. corner.*] Oh, the devil!—What's to be done now?

Cap. A cross bill!—Let me put in my answer: I wouldn't marry Susan; I never thought of marrying anybody but Mrs. Corset.

Charles. Why, Wormwood told me you were engaged to Susan.

Cap. And he told me you were engaged to Mrs. Corset.

Sus. And the little mischief-maker told me the same.

Wor. [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil!—They will be all happy in spite of me!

Charles. [*To Wormwood.*] What did you mean?

Cap. Ay, do you mean to justify?

Wor. I spoke the truth.

Sus. So he does; and he shall have no peace for a month to come.

Cap. Why, you son of a corkscrew, with a tongue as tortuous as your body! you deserve to have your life and misdeeds published.

Charles. With cuts, by all his acquaintance.

Cap. And etchings by Bob Cruikshank. What have you to say?

Wor. Say!—Why, marry, and be as miserable as you can!

Charles. My Susan!

Sus. My Charles! [*They join hands.*

Cap. My Corset!

Mrs. C. My Capias! [*They join hands.*

Cap. Then we join issue; the trial's ended; and we wait for your verdict to make us——

Wor. As miserable as I wish them to be!

DANCE AND CHORUS.

[*Wormwood looks at the dance with rage and anger, and at length dashes into it for the purpose of interrupting it, as the curtain falls.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Villagers.				*Villagers.*	
MRS. COR.	CAP.	WORM.		CHARLES.	SUSAN.
R.]					[L.

THE END.

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

Margaret. Oh, dear; the boy's mad! there's all my crockery gone!

Act I. Scene 3.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXXXVIII.

FORTUNE'S FROLIC;

OR,

THE PLOUGHMAN TURNED LORD.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

John Till
BY ALLINGHAM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[FORTUNE'S FROLIC.]

	Broadway, New York, 1857.	*St. Charles', N. O.*, 1848.	*Bowery, New York.*	*Walnut Street, Phila.*, 1837.
ROBIN ROUGHEAD,	Mr. T. Placide.	Mr. T. Placide.	Mr. Winans.	Mr. Hadaway.
RATTLE,	" Grosvenor.	" Wright.	" Barry.	" J. G. Porter.
SNACKS,	" Edwards.	" Farren.	" Glenn.	" C. Porter.
MR. FRANK,	" Wallace.	" Hickmott.	" Lamb.	" Rapile.
1ST COUNTRYMAN,	" Metkiff.	" C. Smith.	" Gouldson.	" Hart.
2D DO.	" Allen.	" Starr.	" Favour.	———
CLOWN,	———	" Davis.	" Reed.	" Stone.
MARGERY,	Mrs. Henry.	Mrs. Cantor.	Mrs. Broadley.	Mrs. Durang.
DOLLY,	" Place.	" Hart.	" Cooke.	" Conway.
NANCY,	Miss O. Logan.	" Meadows.	Miss Hiffert.	Miss Chanrock.

COSTUME.

ROBIN.—Breeches—stockings—high-low shoes—smock frock. RATTLE.—Red coat—vest—buff breeches—fair tip boots. SNACKS.—Brown old man's suit. COUNTRYMEN and CLOWN.—Similar to Robin.

MARGERY.—Tuck-up and cap. DOLLY.—Ibid. NANCY.—Plain white muslin.

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter MR. FRANK, R.

Frank. To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here a humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

Enter SNACKS, L. *speaking.*

Snacks. (L.C.) A letter for me by express! what can it be about? Something of great consequence from my lord, I suppose.—Frank here! What the devil can he want?—Come a begging though, I dare say.

Frank. (C.). Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.

Snacks. [*Coldly.*] Good morning.

Frank. I'm come, sir, to——I say, sir, I'm come to—

Snacks. Well, sir, I see you are come; and what then? What are you come for, sir?

Frank. The termination of the lawsuit which you have so long carried on against me, owing to my entire inability to prosecute it any further, has thrown me into difficulties which I cannot surmount without your kind assistance.

Snacks. Very pretty, indeed! You are a very modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent your last shilling in quarrelling with me, and now you want me to help you.

Frank. The farm called Hundred Acres is at present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

Snacks. You wish to rent it, do you? And pray, sir, where's your money? And what do you know about farming?

Frank. I have studied agriculture; and, with care, have no doubt of being able to pay my rent regularly.

Snacks. But I have a great doubt about it.—No, no, sir; do you think I'm so unmindful of his lordship's interest as to let his land to a poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. Frank; I can't think of it. Good day, friend; good day. [*Showing him the door.*

Frank. My necessities, sir—

Snacks. I have nothing to do with your necessities, sir; I have other business.—Good day.—There's the door.

Frank. Unfeeling wretch!

Snacks. What!

Frank. But what could I expect? Think not, thou sordid man, 'tis for myself I sue—my wife, my children,—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stooped so low! my honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possessed your wealth, and load it with the crimes entailed upon it. [*Exit*, R.

Snacks. A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine blustering fellow; I'll have you laid by the heels before night for this. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a jail, and bring down your spirit a little. But come, let me see what my letter says. What a deal of time I've lost with that beggar. [*Reads.*] "*Sir,—This is to inform you that my Lord Luckwit died—an heir to his estate—his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife—son called Robin Roughhead—Robin is the legal heir to the estate—to put him in immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Your's to command,*

KIT CODICIL, *Attorney at Law.*

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughhead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well; he's devilish cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of that? he hasn't got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once; it will make him mad—and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before! He has no great

reason to like me; I never gave him any thing but hard words. [*Rattle sings without*, R.]—Confound it, here's that fellow Rattle coming.

Enter RATTLE, R.

Rat. Ah, my old daddy! how are you?—What! have you got the mumps—can't you speak?

Snacks. I wish you had the mumps, and could not speak. What do you old daddy me for?

Rat. Why, father-in-law! curse me but you are most conceitedly crusty to-day; what's the matter with you? why, you're as melancholy as a lame duck.

Snacks. The matter is—that I am sick.

Rat. What's your disorder?

Snacks. A surfeit; I've had too much of you.

Rat. Oh! you'll soon get the better of that; for when I've married your daughter, curse me if I shall trouble you much with my company!

Snacks. But you haven't married her yet.

Rat. Oh, but I shall soon; I have got your promise, you know.

Snacks. Can't remember any such thing.

Rat. No? Your memory's very short, then.

Snacks. A short memory's very convenient, sometimes.

Rat. And so is a short stick; and I've a great mind to try the utility of it now. I tell you what, Snacks—I always thought you was a damned old rascal, but now I'm sure of it: it's no matter, though: I'll marry your daughter notwithstanding.

Snacks. You will—will you?

Rat. Yes, Snacks, I will; for I love her. I wonder how the devil such a pretty girl ever came to have such a queer, little, shrivelled, old mopstick as you for a father. Snacks, your wife must certainly have made a cuckold of you; it could not be else.

Snacks. Impudent rascal!

Rat. But it signifies not who her father is; Miss Nancy is lovely, and I'll marry her. Let me see—five thousand pounds you promised; yes, you shall give her that on the wedding-day. You have now been a steward a long time; that sum must be a mere flea-bite to you.

Snacks I rather think I shall never give her a farthing if she marries such a paltry fellow as you.

Rat. Why, lookye; I'm a lively spark, with a good deal of fire in me, and it is not a little matter that will

put me out: where others sink, I rise; and this opposition of yours will only serve to blow me into a blaze that will burn you up to a cinder. I'm up to your gossip; I'm not to be had.

Snacks. No, nor my daughter's not to be had, Mr. Banker's Clerk; so I shan't waste any more time with you; go, and take in the flats in Lombard Street; it won't do here. [*Exit*, L.

Rat. Oh! what, he has mizzled, has he? I fancy you'll find me the most troublesome blade you ever settled an account with, old Raise-rent. I'll astonish you somehow or other. I wonder what has changed him so!

Enter Miss NANCY, L.

Ah, my sweet, little, rural angel! How fares it with you? You smile like a May morning.

Nan. [L.C.] The pleasure of seeing you always makes me—

Rat. Indeed! Give me a kiss, then. I love you well enough to marry you without a farthing; but I think I may as well have the five thousand pounds, if it's only to tease old Long-purse.

Nan. Oh, you know you have his promise for that.

Rat. Yes, but he says he has forgot all about that, though it was no longer ago than yesterday; and he says I shan't have you.

Nan. Does he, indeed?

Rat. Yes; but never mind that.

Nan. I thought you said you loved me?

Rat. And so I do, better than all the gold in Lombard Street.

Nan. Then why are you not sorry that my father won't give his consent?

Rat. His consent! I have got yours and my own, and I'll soon manage him. Don't you remember how I frightened him one night, when I came to visit you by stealth, dressed like a ghost, which he thinks haunts the castle. Oh! I'll turn that to account. I know he's very superstitious, and easily frightened into any thing. Come, let's take a walk, and plot how I, your knight-errant, shall deliver you from this haunted castle.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Corn Field.*

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD *discovered, binding up a sheaf.*

Rob. Ah! work, work, work, all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old

Snacks, the steward, always upon the look-out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump.—[*Comes forward.*]—I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holyday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'un, not I. Now, there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years.—Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

Enter SNACKS, R., *bowing very obsequiously; Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*

Rob. I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopped to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it.—[*Aside*]—I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at.

Snacks. Excuse it? I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Ecod! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh, you mean the lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very devil with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Lord! how your eyes roll! I never saw you so before.—How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at?—Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it will convince your lordship.—Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.—[*Aside.*]—I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes.

Snacks. Why then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter. [*Reads.*

Sir,—This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate: the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife: she has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead: now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Your's to command,

KIT CODICIL, *Attorney at Law.*

Rob. What!——What, all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks and the hens, and the cows and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—What! are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me it is so—Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza! [*Catches off Snack's hat and wig.*] Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; make every body drunk—if there's a sober man to be found any where to-day he shall be put in the stocks.

Go, get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower the rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favour to—

Rob. [*Carelessly.*] Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell.

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savoury bit for my daughter, though. [*Aside.*

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste? I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me.—I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Damn your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious—[*Aside.*] Zounds! what a peer of the realm. [*Exit,* R.

Rob. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village?—Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work: it shall be all play.—Where shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—No, I'll not go there;—I'll go to—Damn it, I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here, nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

Enter VILLAGERS, R. U. E. *shouting.*

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads?—Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. [*They all get round him.*] First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord.

Vil. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! Long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. [*Women shout.*] I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All Huzza! huzza

Enter SNACKS, R.

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money.—[*Aside.*] He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light.

Rob. Now then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you—[*Throws the money; they scramble.*] Now you have got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your bellies for you.

[*Villagers carry him off shouting,* R.—*Snacks follows.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of a neat Cottage; table spread for dinner.*

Enter MARGERY *and* DOLLY, L.

Dolly. There now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin would come. Do you think that I may take up the dumplings, mother.

Mar. Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here—he's always in pudding-time.

Dol. And well he may, for I'm sure you keep him sharp set enough.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you baggage! He pays me but five shillings a week for board, lodging, and washing—I suppose he's not to be kept like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how you'll keep him when you get married, as you talk of!

Dol. Oh, we shall contrive to make both ends meet! and we shall do very well, I dare say; for Robin loves me, and I loves Robin dearly.

Mar. Yes; but 'tis'll your love won't keep the pot boiling, and Robin's poor as Job.

Dol. La, mother, now don't be so cross!—Oh dear, the dinner will get cold, and the dumplings will be quite spoiled; I wish Robin would come. [*Robin sings without.* L.] Oh, here he comes, in one of his merry humours.

Enter ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, L.—*he cools himself with his hat, then sings and dances.*

Why, Robin, what's the matter with you?

Rob. What! you haven't heard, then? Oh, I am glad of that! for I shall have the fun of telling you.

Dol. Well, sit down, then, and eat your dinner; I have made you some nice hard dumplings.

Rob. Dumplings! Damn dumplings.

Dol. Damn dumplings—La, mother, he damns dumplings.—Oh, what a shame! Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

Rob. Never talk to me of dumplings.

Mar. [*Very angry.*] But I'll talk of dumplings though, indeed. I shouldn't have thought of such behaviour: dumplings are very wholesome food, quite good enough for you, I'm sure.

Rob. Are they, mother Margery? [*Upsets the table, and dances on the plates, &c. and sings.*] Tol de rol lol.

Mar. Oh dear! the boy's mad; there's all my crockery gone! [*Picking up the pieces.*

Dol. [*Crying.*] I did not think you could have used us so; I'm quite ashamed of you, Robin!

Rob. Now doantye cry now, Dolly; doantye cry.

Dol. I will cry, for you behave very ill.

Rob. No, doantye, Dolly, doantye, now.

[*Shows a purse.*

Dol. How did you come by that, Robin?

Mar. What, a purse of gold? let me see—

[*Snatches it, and sits down to count the money.*

Dol. What have you been about, Robin?

Rob. No, I have not been about robbing; I have been about being made a lord of, that's all.

Dol. What are you talking about? Your head's turned, I'm sure.

Rob. Well, I know it's turned; it's turned from a clown's head to a lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top of the hill yonder?

Dol. Oh, I should like it very much, Robin; it is a nice cottage.

Rob. Doan't talk to me of cottages, I mean the castle!

Dol. Why, what is your head running upon?

Mar. Every one golden guineas, as I'm a vartuous woman. Where did you get 'em, Robin?

Rob. Why, where there's more to be had.

Mar. Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad.—I'll go and put these by. [*Crosses and exit, R.*

Dol. Now, do tell me what you've been about. Where did you find all that money?

Rob. Dolly, Dolly, gee'us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it

Dol. Twenty, an' you pleasen, Robin.

Rob. First then, you must know that I am the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

Dol. Well, I know'd that afore.

Rob. But I'll tell you how it is—it's because I am the richest fellow in all these parts; and if I haven't it here, I have it here—[*Pointing to his head and his pocket.*] That castle is mine, and all these fields, up to the very sky.

Dol. No, no; come, Robin, that won't do.

Rob. Won't it?—I think it will do very well.

Dol. No, no, you are running your rigs—I know you are, Robin.

Rob. It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.

Dol. What! are you in right down arnest?

Rob. Yes, I am—his lordship's dead, and he has left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

Dol. What?

Rob. Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my lady.

Dol. No! Shall I?

Rob. Yes, you shall.

Dol. Ecod, that will be fine fun—my lady—

Rob. Now, what do you think on't?

Dol. My lady—Lady Roughhead—

Rob. Why, Dolly.

Dol. Lady Roughhead? How it sounds!—Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs immoderately.*

Rob. 'Gad, I believe she's going into a high strike.—Dolly! Dolly! [*Slapping her hands.*

Dol. Ha, ha, ha!

Rob. Doantye laugh so; I don't half like it.—[*Shakes her.*]—Dolly!

Dol. Oh, my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of Lady Roughhead.

Rob. The wench will go beside herself, to a sartainty.

Dol. But, now, is it true in arnest?

Rob. Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? where shall we go? Oh! we'll go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she is very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. Lord! lord! I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Road to the Castle.*

Enter MR. FRANK, L.

Frank. Well, then, to the house of woe I must return again. And can I take no comfort with me? nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

Enter ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, *unobserved by Frank*, L.

Rob. Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want where I am—that's for certain.

Frank. My own distress I could bear well, very well; but to see my helpless innocents enduring all the woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

Rob. And more than I can bear, too.—[*Throws his hat upon the ground, and takes money out of his pocket, which he throws into it.*

Frank. To-day, I almost fear, they have not tasted food.

Rob. And I ha' been stuffing my d—d guts enough to make 'em burst. [*Drops more money into his hat.*

Frank. How happy once my state! Where'er I turned my eyes, good fortune smiled upon me; then, did the poor e'er tell a tale of woe without relief? Were not my doors open to the unfortunate?

Rob. How glad I be as I be—a lord.

Frank. No hand stretched out to my relief.

Rob. Hey, what! Yes, it is, Mr. Frank! Lord, sir, I'm very glad as I met with you.

Frank. Why so, my friend?

Rob. Because you be mortal poor, and I be mortal rich; and I'll share my last farthing with you.

Frank. Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

Rob. What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

Frank. I can't remember.

Rob. But that's no reason as I should forget it; it's a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark here, that time won't rub it out. It's now fourteen years since poor mother died; she was very ill one day when you happened to come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubbering at the door; I was then about this high. You took me by the hand; and I shall never forget the look you gave me, when you axed me what was the matter with me; and when I told you, you called me a good lad, and went in and talked to mother. From that time you came to see her every day, and gave her all the help as you could; and when she died, poor soul! you buried her; and if ever I forget such kindness, I hope good luck will for ever forget me!

Frank. Tell me your name: it will remind me.

Rob. Robin Roughhead, your honour; to-day I be come to be lord of all this estate; and the first good I find of it is, that I am able to make you happy.—[*Stuffing the money into his pockets.*]—Come up to the castle, and I'll give you as much money as you can carry away in a sack.

Frank. What sympathy is in that honest bosom! But how has this good fortune come to you?

Rob. Why, that poor woman as you buried was wife to his lordship: he has owned it on his death-bed, and left word as I'm his son.

Frank. How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

Rob. Now, sir, I am but a simple lad, as a body may say; and if you will be so good as to help me with your advice, I shall take it very kind of you, sir.

Frank. I thank you for the very good opinion you have of me; and as far as my poor abilities go, they shall be at your service.

Rob. Thank ye, sir, thank ye! But pray what bad luck made you so devilish poor?

Frank. It would take a long time to tell you the story of my misfortunes; but I owe them to the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the steward.

Rob. Snacks! Oh, d—n'un! I'll do for him soon; he's rotten here, master Frank; I do think as how he's a d—ned old rogue.

Frank. Judge not too harshly.

Rob. Come, sir, you will go up to the Castle?

Frank. Excuse me; the relief which you have so generously given me, enables me to return to my family.

Rob. Well, but you'll come back?

Frank. To-morrow.

Rob. No—to-night.—Doo'e favour me; I want to speak to you.

Frank. I have a long way to walk, and it will be very late before I can return; but I will refuse you nothing.

Rob. Thank ye, sir; you're very kind; I shall stay till you come, if it's all night.

Frank. Proud wealth, look here for an example! My generous heart, how shall I thank you?

Rob. Lord! lord! doan't think of thanking a man for paying his debts. Besides, if you only knowed how I feel all over me—it's a kind of a—I could cry for joy.

[*Exeunt*, R.

Enter RATTLE, R. U. E.

Rat. Well, every thing's prepared for my attack on the Castle to-night; and I don't much fear but I shall find means to terrify the enemy, and make him surrender at discretion.—Yes, yes, master Snacks, I shall soon be with you.—[*Shouting heard without, music, and ringing of bells.*]—What a d—n'd racket here is in the village to-day!—I wonder what it's all about?

Re-enter ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, R.—*crosses to* L.

Holloa, there! Stop, my fine fellow. Pray, can you tell me what all this uproar is about in the village?

Rob. Why, you be master Rattle from Lunnun.

Rat. Well, I don't want to be told that.

Rob. Gee us your hand, Rattle, thou bee'st a d—n'd honest fellow, and I like thee; I do, indeed.

Rat. Very familiar, upon my word.

Rob. I liked you ever since you let old Toppin have

the three pounds to pay his rent with; and now, whilst I think on't, here 'tis again—take it, for I won't let anybody give away money here but myself.

Rat. Why, what in the name of wonder is all this What are you at? I think I'll open a shop here for the sale of bad debts.

Rob. Here, take the money.

Rat. Put it up, my fine fellow! you'll want it, perhaps.

Rob. Me want money! Shall I lend you an odd thousand, and set you up in a shop?

Rat. Why, who the devil are you?

Rob. Why, doan't you know? I be Robin.

Rat. Robin, are you? 'Egad, I think you sing like a goldfinch.

Rob. Very well, Rattle, that's a good joke.

Rat. Why, curse me, if I am up to you, master Robin; you are queering me, I believe.

Rob. Well, I shall be glad to see thee at the castle, Rattle. You see, I'm not ashamed of my old acquaintances, as some folks are.

Rat. Not ashamed of his old acquaintance! Why, what do you mean?

Rob. I can't stop to talk to you any longer.—Good by, Rattle; thou bee'st an honest fellow, and I shall be glad to see thee at the Castle. [*Exit*, L.

Rat. I declare I'm quite dumb-foundered.—And have I lived all my days in Lombard Street for this—to be hummed by a clown?—[*Laughing, music, ringing of bells, &c. without.*]—I believe the people are all mad to-day; I can't think what they are at.

Enter CLOWN, R. *in a hurry; he crosses to* L.

Here, here, Hob! I want to speak with you.

Clown. You mun meak haste, then, for I be going to dine wi' my lord, and I shall be too late.

Rat. Weugh! What, are you drunk?

Clown. Noa, noa, but I soon shall be, I take it, for there's plenty o'yeale to be gotten.

Rat. Plenty o'yeale to be gotten, is there?

Clown. Ees, I shall have a rare swig at it.

Rat. Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me what the bells are ringing for?

Clown. Ees, to be sure I can.

Rat. Well, what is it?

Clown. Why it's bekease they do pull the ropes, I tell

thee.—Dinner will all get yeaton up whilst I stond here talking wi' you.—[*Runs off*, L.—*Rattle runs after him, and brings him back.*

Rat. You are a very communicative young fellow, indeed;—I have learnt one thing from you, however—that there's plenty of eating and drinking going on; so I'll try if I can't be in at the death. Now, start fair, and the devil take the hindermost. [*They run off*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle*,—L. D. F., *leading to an inner Apartment.*

Enter SNACKS, L.

Snacks. Tell her to come this way. A young woman wanting Robin!—This must be his sweetheart, Dolly, that he talks so much about; they must not come together; if they do, it will knock up all my plans.—What shall I do with her? if I could but get her into this room, she'd be safe enough—here she is.

Enter DOLLY *and* MARGERY, R.

Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his lordship?

Dol. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And pray what might you want with him?

Mar. She wants to settle some matters of her own with him.

Dol. Yes, that's all, sir.

Snacks. I dare say! But I must know what these things are.—[*Margery feels herself of great importance, and is particularly noisy through the whole of this scene.—Snacks is alarmed lest Robin should hear her.*]

Mar. Such matters as consarn nobody but themselves, and you must not meddle with them.

Snacks. Curse that old devil, what a tongue she has! I shall never be able to manage her.—[*To Dolly.*]—You can't see his lordship, he's engaged.

Dol. Yes, I know his lordship's engaged, for he promised me a long while ago.

Snacks. Oh, then you are the poor unfortunate young woman that—

Mar. [*Very angry.*] No, sir; she is the lucky young woman that is to be my lady; and I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

Snacks. Ah, poor soul! I pity her, I do indeed, from the bottom of my heart.

Mar. But she is not to be pitied; I shouldn't have thought of that?—pity, indeed!

Snacks. Poor dear creature! it's a sad job, but it can't be helped; his lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

Dol. What!

Snacks. It's true, indeed; I am very sorry.

Mar. And she is not to be my lady, after all?

Snacks. No, poor girl!

Dol. And Robin has quite forgot me! [*Crying.*]—Oh dear, oh dear!—I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a lord—and has he quite forgot me?

Snacks. Yes, he told me to tell you that he has done with you.

Mar. [*Very noisy,*] But I have not done with him, though—pretty work, indeed; but I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses, I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill;—he's a rogue, a rascal, a scapegallows, a vagabond; I'll find him out—I'll—

Snacks. [*Trying to appease her.*] Hush! hush!

Mar. I'll raise the dead, I will.

Snacks. Be cool, be cool!—[*Aside.*]—Robin will certainly hear this old bell-wether, and I shall be blown.

Mar. I'll make him down on his knees, I will; I'd have him to know, that though he is a lord, he shall remember his promise; I'll play the very devil with him, if I can find him. I'm in such a passion, I could tear his eyes out;—oh, if I can but see him!

[*Going,* R.—*Snacks stops her.*

Snacks. Here, here; stop, stop—I'll go and bring him to you.—[*Aside.*]—Curse her old throat!—Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself; I will, indeed; perhaps I shall bring him round, my dear.

Dol. Thank ye, sir; tell him I'll hang myself if he doesn't marry me. [*Goes in,* L. D. F.

Mar. And tell him I'll kill him if he doesn't marry her.

[*Goes in,* L. D. F.—*Snacks locks the door.*

Snacks. Well, they are safe for the present;—I wish they were out of the house, though. If I can but bring this marriage to bear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old lord's money, and I should like to take care of a little of the young lord's money; if I can but marry the girl and him, I'll soon double the twenty-six thousand pounds I have in the five per cents, sacked from my old master.

Rat. [*Without*, R. U. E., *in a hollow voice.*] Villanous robber!

Snacks. O Lord! what's that?—[*Pauses.*]—It has put me in such a fright;—that ghost's abroad again.—What else could it be? I am afraid to open my eyes for fear he should stare me in the face;—I confess I've been a rogue, but it's never too late to mend. Say no more, and I'll make amends, indeed I will.—[*Gets near* L. D.]—Upon my soul I will—upon the word of an honest man, I will. [*Exit*, L.

Enter RATTLE, R. U. E.

Rat. Ha, ha, ha! I think I gave his conscience a kick there; twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.—let me remember that.—I'm up to your tricks, Mr. Snacks; but you shan't carry on your scheme much longer, if I have any skill.—If I don't quicken your memory a little, I'll give over conjuring and set up a chandler's shop. [*Exit*, R. H.

SCENE III.—*A handsome Apartment in the Castle.—A table with wines, &c.*

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, L. *and* SNACKS, R. *discovered.*

Rob. [*Rather tipsy.*] Well, Snacks, this is very good stuff, I don't know as ever I drank any before; what do you call this, Snacks?

Snacks. Red-port wine, a'nt please your lordship.

Rob. Yes, red-port wine pleases his lordship.—I wonder where this comes from.—Oh! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

Snacks. No, my lord; there's plenty of spirits there, but not wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full; only one, because, you know, now I am a lord, I must not make a beast of myself;—that's not like a nobleman, you know.

Snacks. Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I? then give us t'other sup.

Snacks. [*Aside.*] I think his lordship is getting rather forward.—I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. Please you, Master Snacks, here's John the

carter says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have the pony, to-morrow, to ride by the waggon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he?—lame, is he?

Ser. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time?—tell him he must walk; it's my will.

Rob. [*Aside to Ser.*] You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you?—[*Exit Serv.* L.]—That's right, Snacks; damn the fellow, what business has he to be lame?

Snacks. Oh, please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh, they are sad dogs—not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful! if I was behind him, I'd make him walk.

Enter a SERVANT, L., *with a whip, which he gives to* ROBIN.

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What?

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe! I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense; I know you can dance; why, you was made for dancing—there's a leg and foot.—Come, begin!

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Isn't there? then I'll soon make some.—Look'ye, here's my fiddlestick; how d'ye like it?—Come, Snacks, you must dance; it's my will.

Snacks. Indeed, I'm not able.

Rob. Not able! Oh, shameful, shameful! Come, come, you must dance; it's my will. [*Whips him.*

Snacks. Must I?—Then here goes— [*Hops about.*

Rob. What, d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord? Come, quicker, quicker.—[*Whips Snacks round the stage, who roars out.*]—There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the pony—will you?

Snacks. [*Aside.*] What a cunning dog it is!—he's up to me now, but I think I shall be down upon him by-and-by— —*Exit*, L.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! how he hopped about and halloo'd—but I'll work him a little more yet.

Re-enter SNACKS, L.

Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing-master?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No;—your lordship has taken care that I shan't forget it for some time.

Rob. I cant't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me.

Snacks. My daughter is very beautiful.

Rob. Dang it, you talk a great deal—and I'll have a peep at her. I wish Dolly would come.

Snacks. Oh, don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her!—why, pray?

Snacks. Oh, she's a—

Rob. A what?—Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

Snacks. I only mean to say, that she's too low for your lordship.

Rob. Too low! why, what was I just now?—if I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all; I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again. [*Exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with a picture hanging over a closet-door.*

Enter RATTLE *and* MISS NANCY, R.

Rat. Well, you see I've gained admission, notwithstanding your father's order to the contrary.

Nan. Yes; but how do you mean to get his consent to—

Rat. Why, as to his consent, I don't value it a button;—but then five thousand pounds is a sum not to be sneezed at. I have given the old boy a bit of a hint to-night that he didn't much relish.

Nan. I expect my father here every minute, with his new-made lordship.

Rat. Indeed! then only hide me in this room, and the business is done.

Nan. That I will, where nobody can find you, I'm sure;—I have a closet behind this picture of the old lord, made, I believe, to hide the family plate and jewels in; but it's quite forgotten now.

[*Opens* R. D. F

Rat. Oh, it was made on purpose for me;—I'll put a jewel into it presently.—Here—[*Gives a paper.*]—let this lie carelessly on the table; it's worth five thousand pounds.

Snacks. [*Without*, R.] This way, this way, my lord.

Rat. O, damn it! here they come; tell him you've been frightened by a ghost; and if he signs the paper, give a loud cough.

[*Puts the paper on the table, and exit into the closet*, R.

Enter SNACKS *and* ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, R.

Snacks. There she is—isn't she a beauty? What do you say now?

Rob. Why, I say she is not fit to hold a candle to my Dolly.

Nan. Pretty courtship, indeed.

Snacks. Ah, you'll alter your mind soon; I know you will. Come, let's sit down and talk of it. [*They sit.*

Nan. [*To Snacks.*] Oh, my dear sir, I've been so frightened.—Do you know I think I've seen the very ghost that alarmed you so once.

Snacks. A what? a ghost?—O Lord, I hope not. I hate the very sight of 'em.—It's very odd; but—[*Starting.*]—didn't I hear a noise?

Nan. Oh, sir, that's a very common thing in this part of the Castle; I have been most terribly frightened lately.

Rob. Why, what frightened you?—We are all good people here; they won't hurt us—will they, Snacks?

Snacks. [*Alarmed.*] No, no—they—that is—

Rat. [*From behind.*] Hear!

Rob. What?

Rat. Hear!

Snacks. [*Kneeling.*] Lord ha' mercy upon me?

Rat. Offspring of mine, listen not to the advice of that wretch.

Rob. I doan't intend it.

Rat. He'll betray you; your intended bride he has imprisoned in the yellow chamber;—go, set her at liberty.

Rob. What! my Dolly?—has he imprisoned her in the yellow chamber?—Oh, dang your old head!

[*Knocks Snacks down, and exit*, R.

Rat. Wretch! restore your ill-gotten wealth—twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.

Snacks. I'll do anything that you command.

Rat. Sign the paper before you.

[*Snacks signs the paper—Nancy coughs.*

RATTLE *jumps out of the closet,* R., *and takes the paper.*

Rat. How do you do? how are you?

Snacks. Give me the paper.

Rat. Not a word—twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents. Now, dear Nancy, you are mine, and five thousand pounds.

Snacks. [*To Nancy.*] You to rebel against me, too, you baggage.

Mar. [*Without,* R.] Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him—an old, abominable?—

Enter MARGERY, R.

Oh, you are there, are you?—You wicked wretch!—let me get at him.—[*Runs after Snacks, and beats him.*]—A pretty pack of lies you have told; you old ragamuffin, you.

Enter ROBIN *and* DOLLY, R.

Rob. What! are you there, Rattle?

Rat. Yes, I'm the ghost—Hear!

Rob. Why, you frightened old Honesty a little.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. Please you, master Snacks, the bailiffs ha' gotten master Frank, and are bringing him here.

Rob. What! the bailiffs got him?—Oh, you old rascal!—[*To Snacks.*]—Let him come here in a moment!—[*Exit Servant,* L.]—Oh, Snacks, I'm sorry for you; for I'm sure you can't be happy;—a man as does so much harm, and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure:—

Enter MR. FRANK, L.

I be very sorry as they used you so, Mr. Frank, but I couldn't—

Frank. I know your heart too well to think you could.

Rob. I have a greater favour to ask of you, Mr. Frank;—you see we've rather found Snacks out;—now, will you—dang it, will you take care of me, and come an' live in the Castle with us, and give me your advice?—you know how I mean;—teach me a bit, you know.

Frank. You are too generous: but I accept your proffered kindness; and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

Rob. Now, then, I am happy. With such a friend as Mr. Frank, Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbours—and I'll take care that poor folks shall bless the day as made me a lord.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SNACKS. MAR. FRANK. OB DOL. RAT. NAN.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXXXIX.

IS HE JEALOUS?

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY BEASELEY.

Samuel Beazley.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume---Cast of the Characters---Entrances and Exits • Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[Is He Jealous?]

	Park, N. Y., 1830.	*Bowery, N. Y.* 1857.	*California.*	*Walnut St., Phila.*, 1831.	*Tremont, Boston*, 1834.
Belmour, -	Mr. Simpson.	Mr. A.W. Fenno.	Mr. G. Chapman.	Mr. Flynn.	Mr.G.Barrett.
Mrs. Belmour,	Mrs. Sharpe.	Miss Keough.	Miss Rivers.	Mrs. Charles.	Mrs. Smith.
Harriet, - -	Miss Clara Fisher.	Mrs. Rynar.	Mrs. G. Chapman.	Mrs. Flynn.	Mrs. Meader.
Rose, - - -	Mrs. Vernon.	Mrs. Eddy.	———	Mrs. La Forest.	Miss A.Fisher.

COSTUME.

MR. BELMOUR.—Morning gown, pants, and white vest. *Second dress:* Coat over morning gown. MRS. BELMOUR.—Lady's modern morning dress. HARRIET.—Frock coat, vest and pants. *Second dress:* Lady's morning dress. ROSE.—A neat chintz.

IS HE JEALOUS?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-Room in Belmour's House—a door leading to Belmour's study,* R. F.—*another, leading to Mrs. Belmour's boudoir,* L. F.—*a pianoforte—a sofa,* C.—*a light nearly expiring on the table—a window, looking into the street,* L. S. E.—*day-light.*

ROSE *discovered sleeping upon the sofa, with her work in her hands.*

Belmour. [*Ringing the bell, and calling from his study,* R. F.] Williams! Williams! Williams! I say!

Rose. [*Waking and gaping.*] Eh! what? my master calling? Why, it is day-light, as I'm alive, and my mistress not yet returned! Ah! if my master were awakened thus early by love instead of study!—But there he sits in that room among his musty old books, while he suffers my handsome mistress to spend all her time by herself in that pretty boudoir of hers, from which he can almost hear her sigh for him; yet they say he loves her.—Well, I can't think it, or he would never see with indifference the young and handsome Mr. Percival perpetually with her, at the theatre, balls, and every where.—Wrapped up in study, he seems to forget that even my mistress is flesh and blood. He defied her yesterday to make him jealous, and swore it was impossible he could ever be so. [*Gaping.*] Oh, lord! I am very sleepy!—While ladies are dancing away, they seldom think of their poor servants, who are sitting up for them at home.

[*Rising*

SONG.—ROSE.

Oh, would I were some lady bright,
To dance away the live long night,
Through pleasure's maze to roam!
In opera, ball, or masquerade,
Instead of lowly waiting-maid,
To gape away at home.

Oh, then, how gay to dance away
To opera, ball, or crowded play,
Deck'd out in gaudy clothes!
To dance and shine so gay and fine,
And make a thousand lovers pine
To win the heart of Rose!
While waltzing here, chasseing there,
'Twould be, "Was ever girl so fair,
So fair and fine as Rose!"
Partners pleasing—fingers squeezing
Now poussetting, now coquetting;
Through fan spying, lovers sighing,—
Was ever bliss so rare
As waltzing here, chasseing there;
While each one says, "No girl so fair,
So fair and fine as Rose!"

Well, this is the first time my mistress has ever stayed out in this way, however; perhaps she may at last give him cause to be jealous. Yes, yes, with the Argus eyes of a waiting-maid, I see how it will end: intrigue, plot—I see it all! [*A noise heard in the study.*] Ah, he is coming! I must not for the world let him know my mistress has been out all night.

Enter BELMOUR, R. D. F., *with a volume in his hand.*

Bel. [*Reading.*] "*Trifles, light as air,*
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

This axiom is indeed a just censure upon the weakness of a jealous mind: and does Elizabeth suppose mine could ever admit of such a feeling? Never!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Don't be too sure.

Bel. (R. C.) That husband is indeed deserving of pity, who, harbouring suspicion in his breast, turns an indefatigable Argus in his anxious watchings, and becomes the very shadow of his wife.

Rose. (C.) True, sir; too much suspicion may offend our sex, but too great security is quite as displeasing to us, I assure you. The husband, whose jealousy would see every thing, exposes himself to the danger he fears; but he who sees nothing, exposes himself still more. To speak plainly, sir, I think you play a hazardous game.

Bel. To any one but me, Rose, I confess, your opinion might be applicable; but I know my Elizabeth: if she be occupied by gaieties, they are innocent; she pursues them to amuse herself, not to deceive me. Ought I to transform the marriage ring into a chain of bondage?

Rose. Certainly not, sir.

Bel. She always returns early, and quits the giddy throng with favourable dispositions towards the retirement of her own home. My friend Percival, who knows so well how to combine amusement with philosophy, always attends her.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Lord, lord! was ever such a man!

Bel. May I wake your mistress, Rose?

Rose. It is yet very early, sir; my mistress was very tired last night, sir. Pardon me, sir, but I think she had better sleep a little longer, sir.

Bel. I will wait, then, till she rings.

Rose. [*Aside.*] You will wait some time, then, fancy.

Bel. No, no: a few hours spent in amusement, at her age, preserve and occupy the elasticity of youth; and you, for such a trifle, would have me jealous! I am as sure of my wife as I am of myself; our love and confidence is mutual. She sleeps beyond her usual hour this morning; I must steal silently to her pillow, and snatch one kiss from her rosy lips as she sleeps.

Rose. [*Stopping him.*] Oh no, sir, you had better not: my mistress was very tired when she went to bed—she was, indeed, sir; and, besides, she had a—a——

Bel. Well, well; I will not disturb her.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Thank heaven!

Bel. I will occupy myself till she awakes with this problem, which Percival has given me to solve; he has found it too difficult. [*Sits, and reads*

Rose. [*Aside.*] Lord, lord! I wish he'd go! [*Aloud.*] You'll be less interrupted in your study, sir.

Bel. No, no, I am very well here; be quiet.

Rose. [*Aside.*] That he may occupy himself with his wife, Mr. Percival gives my master a more difficult problem to solve than woman; while he—Oh, I see it all!—[*A noise of a carriage heard without—Rose looks out of the window,* L.] As I am alive, my mistress! What shall I do now? [*To Belmour, anxiously.*] You would be much better in your own room, sir—indeed you would!

Bel. No, no; let me alone.

Rose. [*Aside.*] The devil take the problem! My mistress will come in—all will be known! Oh, I see it all! [*Aloud.*] The servants will be wanting to clean the room, sir, and you'll be in the way. [*A knocking at the door,* L.

Bel. Ah! who can that be so early?

Rose. [*Aside.*] I shall die of fright!

Bel. See who it is, Rose.

Rose. It's nobody, sir.

Bel. Oh, let him in.

Rose. 'Tis some mistake—some runaway knock, sir, most likely.

Bel. Look who it is, I say.

Rose. It is Mr. What's-his-name?—Mr.—Oh, lord! I've forgotten his name.

Bel. [*Rising and going towards the window, but is stopped by Rose.*] I must see myself, then.

[*Knocking heard again.*

Rose. It is Mr. Percival, sir.

Bel. Ah, anxious about his problem, I suppose: he never suffers his pleasures to interrupt his studies. I am nearly ready for him. [*Knocking.*] I'll to my study for a pen. Quick! run and admit Mr. Percival; I will be with him in a few minutes. [*Exit into his study,* R. D. F.

Rose. Thank heaven, he is gone!

Mrs. Belmour. [*Without,* L.] I believe you are right, Mr. Percival; I will follow your advice. Send her, therefore, the moment she arrives; make haste, or you'll be too late. Farewell!

Rose. Ah! she dismisses Mr. Percival in haste; she fears lest my master should see him. Oh, it is clear—I see it all! Poor Mr. Belmour!

Enter MRS. BELMOUR, L.

Mrs. B. Why, all the men were asleep, I think. I knocked three times.

Rose. [*In a low tone.*] Hush, ma'am! speak lower.

Mrs. B. [*Loudly.*] Speak lower!—For what reason?

Rose. [*Pointing to the door of the study.*] My master is there, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Ah! in his study so early? What can engage such particular attention?

Rose. A problem, madam.

Mrs. B. He is a problem himself, I think. Do you know why he did not join me at Mrs. Wildishes' ball?

Rose. He was hard at work with his books.

Mrs. B. Books, books! nothing but books! They are his business, his pleasure, his every thing. Was he uneasy at my absence?

Rose. Not at all, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Did he sit up for me long?

Rose. Oh, no, ma'am; he went to bed at his usual hour.

Mrs. B. Heigho! what a strange mortal! Has he entered my apartment this morning?

Rose. [*Cunningly.*] Oh, no, ma'am: he wished it, but I knew how to hinder him.

Mrs. B. Hinder him!—And why should you hinder him?

Rose. [*Mysteriously.*] I told him you were asleep, ma'am.

Mrs. B. [*Loudly, and surprised.*] Asleep!

Rose. Yes yes: for heaven's sake, speak lower!

Mrs. B. What! I have passed the night out, and he does not even know of it?

Rose. No, madam; he has not the least idea of such a thing, I managed it so well.

Mrs. B. [*Angrily and proudly.*] And by what authority did you use this management? Did I order you to be silent? Know, for the future, that such conduct is in the highest degree displeasing to me; and, if you value my favour, you will never repeat it.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Was ever such ingratitude! [*Aloud.*] Lord, ma'am! I thought to oblige you by it.

Mrs. B. You have seriously offended me.

Rose. Ah, madam, pray pardon me; such an intention was the farthest from my thoughts, believe me.

Mrs. B. Remember, for the future, that nothing mysterious must ever attach itself to my conduct.

Rose. No, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Mystery implies guilt, and authorizes suspicion.

Rose. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. B. To atone for your fault, go instantly and tell Mr. Belcour that I am but this moment arrived. Do you hear me?

Rose. Ma'am!

Mrs. B. Obey me, then, instantly.

Rose. Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord! was ever such a woman? [*Exit angrily into the study,* R. D. F.

Mrs. B. It is but too plain: neither to come to me, nor to wait for me! to sleep peaceably in my absence! to leave me a whole night besieged by a thousand coxcombs!—Free from all suspicion, and happy in his solitary pursuits, in his learned retreat he forgets his Elizabeth. Heigho! I can suffer it no longer: in cultivating the head, he forgets the heart. I must try and rouse him from this lethargy of indifference; yes, Percival, I will follow your advice—I will try him: my sister, who arrives this day,

will answer my purpose. Let me see what time she will be here. [*Taking out a letter, and reading it.*] "*At length, my dear Elizabeth, I have settled my late husband's affairs. I am free, am arrived in England, a young and not unhandsome widow. My old general, you know, was my father's choice; my next shall be my own. Obliged to travel alone on the Continent, where such things are not so uncommon as in our own prudent country, I have made my journey in disguise; and being yet unwilling to put off what are frequently the only attributes upon which the other sex claim their superiority, I will show you what a spruce beau your sister Harriet makes, before I resume my own clothes.*" Ah, spruce enough, my wild sister!—The very thing to play the part of a dangerous lover. [*Reading.*] "*I shall be at home on the 10th, early in the morning, where I shall expect you to welcome me—your sister Harriet.*" This is the very morning: Percival is gone to meet her, and explain our plan; and heaven grant that I may be made happy by making my husband jealous!

Re-enter ROSE, *pushed out of the study door*, R. F.

Rose. Was ever such madness!

Mrs. B. Well, Rose, is Mr. Belmour coming?

Rose. No, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Have you not told him I am waiting?

Rose. Oh, yes, ma'am; I told him often enough, and loud enough.

Mrs. B. Well!

Rose. His arms crossed, his head buried up to his ears in his shoulders, his eye fixed upon the Turkey carpet, he muttered some words in a low voice. For my part, I think he is possessed, and that it was the devil that spoke within him. "My mistress is arrived," says I—not a word. "She is waiting for you," says I again—still silent. "She is impatient to see you," cried I, as loud as I could bawl in his ear. He started up, looked terribly angry, seized me by the shoulders, shook the breath out of my body, banged me out of the room, and sat down quietly again to his mathematics, as though nothing had happened.

Mrs. B. This is too much!

Rose. I am sure, ma'am, my master is crazed.

Mrs. B. It is indeed time that I should attempt his cure. [*A knocking at the door.*

Rose. Ah! somebody knocks. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. B. It is my sister.

Re-enter ROSE, *gaily*, L.

Rose. La, ma'am! here's such a handsome young stranger asking for you, and impatient to see you.

Mrs. B. Show him in.

Rose. He is coming, ma'am. [*Looking off*, L.] Well, how genteel he is!

Harriet. [*Speaking without, in a familiar but foppish tone of voice.*] Up stairs?—Very well; I'll find her; don't trouble yourself, friend.

Mrs. B. Yes, 'tis she!

Enter HARRIET, *in men's clothes*, L.—*She approaches to embrace Mrs. Belmour, who points to Rose—Harriet stops suddenly, and affects confusion and mystery.*

Mrs. B. [*After a pause.*] Leave us, Rose.

Rose. [*Without moving.*] Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] Who can it be? Now I shall hear and see every thing.

Mrs. B. Leave us, I say; nor return to the drawing-room till I call you.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Dear, dear! I shall hear and see nothing! [*Aloud.*] Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] Oh, I see it all—my poor master! [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. B. At length, then, you are here; my heart is happy once more to embrace my dear Harriet; I was impatient to see you.

Har. Your impatience could not exceed mine: seas have divided us for years. I am an old campaigner, but, tired of the wars, I am returned with joy to my native country, and will inhabit no place which is not occupied by my charming sister.

Mrs. B. Well, then, let us to our project; time presses.

Har. Oh, I am quite au fait: Percival has told me your case, and I have undertaken the cure. A husband dare determine not to be jealous! We'll see—we'll try him, and be revenged! To be so indifferent within a year after marriage! it makes me burn with indignation. But first tell me—shall I do? have I the airs and graces of a pretty fellow—of such a fellow, now, as one of the thousand butterflies who flutter round married women, with no hope but that of making husbands uncomfortable, no triumph but making them jealous,—without any other motive than making themselves notorious, and often without

any other result than making themselves ridiculous?—Well, d'ye think I shall do?

Mrs. B. It is impossible to be better: the more I examine you, the more I doubt if I am really speaking to my sister Harriet.

Har. Let the enemy appear, then, and we will soon gain the victory. Where is he?

Mrs. B. As usual, in his study. Ah! he comes.

Enter BELMOUR *from his study,* R. D. F., *with a paper in his hand, which he is reading—he appears animated with pleasure at having solved the problem, and passes before his wife and Harriet to the front, without seeing them.*

Bel. At length it is solved: as A is to B, so is B to C.

Mrs. B. He is so wrapped up in his mathematics, that he has not even seen us.

Bel. And as B is to C, so is the square of A K. Yes, 'tis correct—quite correct!

Mrs. B. [*Advancing with Harriet towards Belmour.*] Mr. Belmour!

Bel. [*Still reading the paper.*] Pardon me, my dear Elizabeth; I really did not perceive you. What is become of Percival?

Mrs. B. He accompanied me home, but departed instantly.

Bel. Gone! without his problem! I hope he will return presently. [*Contemplating his paper.*] What a complete solution!—So concise, yet so clear!

Mrs. B. [*Apart to Harriet.*] His brain is certainly turned.

Har. What a happy species of insanity! I should enjoy it in a husband of mine amazingly.

Mrs. B. And I am enraged at it.

Har. He pays me no more attention than if I were a piece of furniture. [*Advancing and bowing to Belmour.*] I have the honour, sir——

Mrs. B. [*Apart to Harriet.*] A little louder.

Har. I say, sir, I have the honour to see——

Bel. [*Still at his problem.*] What perception! what perspicuity!

Har. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha!—He sees, he hears nothing! It was thus, I suppose, that Archimedes dreamed in Syracuse, while Marcellus took the city.

Mrs. B. Think rather of revenging me, than laughing at him.

Har. [*Approaching Belmour.*] Sir, I have the honour——

Bel. [*Starting.*] Ah! a stranger!

Mrs. B. It is a young and learned relation and friend of the family; he is just returned from his travels, and I thought you would be delighted to know him. He is come to England expressly to—to renew his acquaintance with me: knowing that, like yourself, he was fond of literature and science, I have anticipated your wishes by this introduction.

Bel. So young, and at an age when pleasure forms the general object of pursuit, does your friend already cultivate and cherish the nobler arts?

Mrs. B. Oh, yes; Hebrew, Greek, Algebra—every thing.

Bel. 'Tis well: he is your friend—he must be mine.

[*Offers his hand—Harriet takes Mrs. Belmour's.*

Har. [*Kissing Mrs. Belmour's hand.*] Ah, sir, you must permit me, on the hand of your charming lady, to thank her for her unmerited eulogy.

Bel. [*Waiting till Harriet has done kissing Mrs. Belmour's hand, which she does several times.*] Sir, I really beg your pardon, but——

Har. [*With a careless, foppish air.*] You see I treat Elizabeth without any ceremony. Educated together under the same roof, we have contracted these little habits of intimacy; they go no farther, I assure you; they need not make you uneasy—oh dear, no, not at all; need they, Elizabeth? [*Looking and smiling at Mrs. Belmour, who smiles in return, while Belmour gradually assumes an appearance of surprise.*] Don't you observe some resemblance between us—something analogous to fraternity?—It is sympathy, all sympathy, I assure you—downright legitimate sympathy. In my travels, I could think of nothing, amidst the variety by which I was surrounded, but Elizabeth; my tender friendship decorated every landscape in imagination with her sylph-like form. [*Mrs. Belmour smiles.*] Ah! what a modest blush suffuses her lovely cheek!—What a charming smile plays around the dimples of her lips! The rose, caressed by the morning zephyr, is not more sweet, more fresh!

SONG.—HARRIET.

Nature, with her fairy finger,
Never gave the blushing rose
Tints so warm as those which linger
Where thy lovely cheeks repose.

Toiling slaves, of freedom dreaming,
Never drew from eastern mine
Diamonds half so brightly beaming,
As those sparkling eyes of thine.

Mrs. B. [*Coquettishly.*] Ah! now you flatter me!

Bel. [*Aside.*] Am I awake?

Har. To find modesty thus united with beauty, is indeed a rarity. Upon my faith, I see London is the place at last to form the complete woman; for, without compliment, I find you amazingly improved since you have quitted our shades of rustic retirement. It is a year, I think, since we were used to wander through the groves, to listen to the tender nightingale; yes, a year since, when, enraged at your departure, I quitted home within an hour after you left the village. Your absence deprived it of every attraction. Since that period, I have trod upon classic ground; contemplated the triumphal arches of Roman conquerors, and wept upon the tomb of Virgil; marched with a bounding heart over the plains of Marathon, and pondered with a bleeding one upon the rock so fatal to the tender Sappho. The capitals of Europe have, by turns, been my residence; men of literature, and women of beauty and wit, have been my companions; but I have traversed the world in vain to find so many charms and delights as are concentrated here.

Bel. Since London, sir, possesses your favourable opinion, perhaps it is your intention to settle among us, sir.

Har. A good guess—my project exactly. I never more shall quit the spot inhabited by Mrs. Belmour.

[*Smiles with Mrs. Belmour.*

Bel. [*Aside.*] What does he mean? Is this inexperience or folly, or merely an assumption of the levity of foreign manners? I begin not to like him. [*Calling* Rose!

Enter ROSE, *running*, L.

Order the breakfast.

Rose. It is coming, sir.

Bel. [*To Harriet.*] You will, I trust, favour our breakfast-table with your company?

Har. [*Giving his hat and gloves to Rose.*] To be sure I shall. Did you think I would not breakfast with you?

Rose. [*Aside.*] Free and easy, however.

Enter SERVANTS, L.—*they lay the breakfast.*

Har. By the bye, I intend taking up my quarters in town,

at your friend Percival's; but really it is so crowded with Venuses, Apollos, Egyptian mummies, cauldrons, crucibles, and electrifying machines, that I fear there will be no room for me. I shall dread receiving an electric shock at the touch of every bell-pull, and shall expect to be embraced at every turn, by some of his spring-moving anatomies. So that, [*With nonchalance.*] if quite convenient, I shall be vastly happy to—take up—my—residence with—you—during my stay in town. [*A pause.*] Eh.! Mis—ter Bel—mour?

Bel. [*Aside, but heard by Rose.*] What! make my house his home?

Rose. Lord, sir, there's no doubt of that. His carriage is already in the coach-house, his horses in the stable, and his servants in the attics.

Mrs. B. [*Apart to Harriet.*] To the life, my dear sister, to the life!

Bel. [*Aside.*] Ah, they whisper!—What new feeeling is this? [*Aloud.*] Come, my love, the breakfast waits; your friend must need refreshment.

[*Mr. Belmour presents his hand to Mrs. Belmour—Harriet does the same—Mrs. Belmour hesitates, and then takes Harriet's—Belmour starts with surprise, and attempts to take a chair, which Harriet draws from him.*

Har. [*Seating Mrs. Belmour, and taking her own seat at the head of the table.*] Come, Belmour—excuse my calling you Belmour; come, sit down. [*Belmour sits—Harriet makes the tea—his surprise increases.*] Now, sir, black or green? Mrs. Belmour, chocolate or coffee? Lord, you have no appetite, sir. You appear thoughtful, my lovely friend.

Mrs. B. I was thinking of the possibility of making your intended apartment agreeable.

Bel. [*Ironically.*] Really! Had your friend done me the honour to advise me of his intended visit, I should have done my best endeavours to have accommodated him; but as it is—

Har. Oh, never mind—never mind; you will not find me over scrupulous. The humblest apartment—[*To Mrs. Belmour.*]—near to you, madam, will be delightful; now that, for instance, or that, or the blue room.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Upon my word, he disposes of my house as though it were his own.

Mrs. B. You are amazingly good.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Amazingly!

Mrs. B. Will you indulge us with your society long?

Bel. [*Aside.*] Oh, no doubt!

Har. Upon my honour, madam, my hopes of pleasure, while domesticated with you, are so great, that, with your permission, we will not anticipate a separation.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Lord help us! what impudence!

Bel. [*Aside.* But you are not yet domesticated, thank heaven!

Har. Then I shall, for the future, make your house my home; give my cards of address here; order my parcels to be directed here; dine my friends here, and all that.—Upon my word, Belmour, you have such a way of putting one at one's ease, that I am as much at home already, as though I had been living here these twenty years.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Astonishing impertinence!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Oh, it is a settled thing; my mistress is in the plot—I see it all!

Mrs. B. Come, sir, you are a great voyager, and have doubtless seen many things worthy of observation.

Har. Yes, madam, I have indeed seen much. In every country I have associated with the philosopher, as well as the courtier; made love to the women, and raked with the men; danced fandangos with the Spaniards, waltzed with the Germans, and cotillionized with the French; and, at the end of a long and perilous pilgrimage in the pursuit of philosophy, I find that its best source is pleasure—that the best pleasure is woman; and if you will listen to my dull finger on the piano, and my croaking voice will not disturb the meditations of Mr. Belmour, you shall hear my sentiments in a song.

Mrs. B. Oh, by all means. [*Goes to the piano with Harriet.*

Har. [*After playing a prelude.*] Were my tongue to describe the sensations of my heart at the sound of this piano, it would say they arose because the keys were sometimes touched by the fair hand of Elizabeth.

Mrs. B. I play but little.

[*She seats herself by the side of Harriet—Belmour, who has been lost in thought, looks up, and appears troubled.*

SONG.—HARRIET.

With study to fill up our leisure,
Let ancient philosophers preach;
'Tis better to fill it with pleasure,
Both nature and sympathy teach.

Believe me, the man is mistaken,
Who in books only finds his delight
No study to pleasure can waken
Like studying eyes that are bright.

If by physiognomy learning,
The mind through the features to trace,
Grave brows of philosophers spurning,
I'd study in woman's sweet face.

If astronomy's wonders had charms, sir,
My stars shouldn't be in the sky;
My Zodiac would be in her arms, sir,
My planets would beam in her eye.

Mrs. B. Delightful!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Ah, my mistress is pleased, and my master is enraged.

Mrs. B. The verses, too, are delightful!

Rose. [*Aside.*] My master thinks otherwise: he'll be jealous at last, thank heaven!

[*Exit with breakfast things*, L.

Har. I am proud indeed of your approbation; and if you will deign to assist me in my studies, I think I shall soon defy even Mr. Belmour himself to suppass me.

Mrs. B. There are many learned men whom I consider estimable; but if they resemble you, they would indeed be irresistible.

Bel. [*Aside, starting.*] Ah, that observation was directed at me! By heavens, she laughs at me!

Har. Mr. Belmour is ill, I fear; he appears agitated.

Bel. [*With emotion.*] Agitated! Oh, no—no, sir: it is impossible to be otherwise than agitated agreeably, sir, in your society.

Mrs. B. Oh, no; it is his manner only: Mr. Belmour is generally so wrapped up in study, that outward objects are indifferent to him. He pursues the speculations of his own mind in society, and—[*Anxiously to Belmour.*] But you appear really ill, Mr. Belmour: perhaps—[*Inquiringly.*] perhaps you are jealous?

Bel. Jealous! I jealous, madam? What, of a boy—of a boy? No, no, madam!

Mrs. B. [*Coldly and disappointed.*] A boy! Oh, in modern days, manhood commences early. Look through society, who are our greatest libertines? Your boys! Who are the danglers after your demireps of fashion? Your boys? But, perhaps, [*Anxiously.*] you may have an objection to extend your hospitality so far as to admit my friend as an inmate.

Bel. [*Aside.*] I must hide these feelings, and appear tranquil. [*Aloud.*] Oh, no, madam, quite the contrary; I shall be happy—very—ha—happy in his society.

Mrs. B. [*To Harriet, disappointedly.*] Ah, he consents to it.

Har. So much the better.

Mrs. B. But he is not jealous.

Har. Hush! he observes us.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, 'tis plain: there is some mystery, some plot, some—surely I'm not jealous!

Har. [*To Mrs. Belmour.*] He begins to be uneasy; I see the first symptoms.

Bel. [*Aside.*] And I am to admit him as an inmate, too!

Har. [*To Mrs. Belmour.*] Courage! The symptoms redouble; he talks to himself.

Bel. [*Aside.*] I must be satisfied; I will interrogate Percival. [*Aloud.*] You have known my friend Percival for some time?

Har. Oh, yes, from infancy.

Bel. He conducted you here?

Har. Oh, no; he was to much immersed in some philosophical experiment—the decomposition of some mineral fluid. By the by—I beg ten thousand pardons, but he desired me to say, that he was anxiously waiting your assistance in the solution of some problem: you had better go.

Bel. Yes, true. You say he expects me? I will go. [*Aside.*] Shall I leave them together?

Mrs. B. You will not be very long, I suppose, Mr. Belmour?

Bel. [*Aside.*] Ah! she wishes me gone: she wants to ascertain the moment of my return; but I am not jealous! [*Aloud.*] Perhaps you will accompany me, sir?

[*Anxiously trying to take Harriet with him.*

Har. No, no, I am obliged to you; I am vastly well here—use no ceremony with me, I beg. Your Elizabeth will find me entertainment; you'd better go; don't let me detain you from your friend.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Impudence!—Elizabeth!—But I am not jealous! Yes, I will go, but will return and surprise them. [*Aloud.*] Your pardon for leaving you, but—[*Aside.*] Jealous!—Ridiculous!—Yet 'tis very odd, all this!

Har. Oh, never mind—good morning! You had better make haste, or the fluid will be decomposed, and the experiment over before your arrival. Good morning.

Bel. [*Aside.*] The coxcomb turns me out of my own house!—I am thunderstruck!—But as to jealousy, that's too absurd an idea. Psha! nonsense!—I am *not* jealous!

[*Exit* L., *but returns in a minute, and looks at Harriet and Mrs. Belmour.*

Har. Well!

Bel. Well!

Mrs. B. Are you come back for any thing?

Bel. Yes; I am come back for—I am come back—[*Aside.*] I am not jealous! [*Exit, hastily,* L.

Mrs. B. You see it is of no use: he departs—he leaves us together! Such coldness, such indifference irritates me more than I can express. After having absolutely roused his suspicions, to leave us thus tête-a-tête is unbearable!

Har. Curious enough, to be sure! There are many women, I fear, who would be delighted with so easy a husband.

Mrs. B. 'Tis plain he loves me not.

Har. I am not so certain of that yet.

Mrs. B. What more can I do to prove it?

Har. Stop! an idea strikes me: if I recollect right, your boudoir is so sacred to yourself, that even he is seldom admitted.

Mrs. B. True.

Har. We will enter it, and remain there till his return. If that does not rouse his jealousy, he is incorrigible, and I give him up.

Mrs. B. [*Alarmed.*] I fear we shall go too far

Har. 'Tis desperate, but the only means left; and, the better to deceive him, we will bribe your servant.

Mrs. B. I tremble!

Har. Nonsense! it must be done; [*Looking off,* L.] and I see Rose coming.

[*Harriet kisses Mrs. Belmour's hand ardently.*

Enter ROSE, L., *and goes up.*

Har. Oh, how sweet are such moments as these! They are worth the rest of our lives!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Can I believe my eyes?

Har. [*Feigning surprise.*] Ah! we are observed! So much the better. Now place her quickly as a sentinel.

Mrs. B. [*Hesitating.*] Rose!

Rose. [*Coming forward.*] Ma—a—m!

Mrs. B. [*Still hesitating.*] Rose!

Har. Come, come, courage!

Mrs. B. Is Mr. Belmour gone out, Rose?

Rose. Oh, yes, ma'am; he is already in the next street. He went out in such haste, he forgot to take off his dressing gown. [*Aside.*] What can all this mean?

Mrs. B. Do you think he will be long absent?

Rose. No doubt, ma'am: he is gone about his philosophy business.

Mrs. B. True, true, Rose; I know your prudence; I can depend on your fidelity.

Rose. Oh, yes, ma'am, that you may. [*Aside.*] I do see it all now.

Mrs. B. I know it, dear Rose.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Dear Rose! Oh, I can be useful here!

Mrs. B. My friend wishes much to see the drawings, which he well remembers to have made when we were children: they are in the boudoir.

Rose. [*Aside.*] The boudoir! [*Aloud.*] Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. B. I wish to show them to him without—without the danger of interruption.

Rose. Yes, ma'am. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord! I see it all!

Mrs. B. You, my good Rose, stay here, and prevent any body from—from——

Har. You understand, my good Rose. Now, mind, guard your post well; be vigilant, and, above all, be discreet. [*Gives her a purse.*

Rose. Yes, yes, sir. [*Aside.*] Well, was ever—[*Aloud.*] But my master, madam, should he return——

Mrs. B. Your master!

Har. Detain him here: we would not be interrupted for the world by him; that would be vastly unpleasant!

Rose. [*Aside.*] Well, I am absolutely astounded!

Har. Now, my lovely Elizabeth, the pictures!

[*Exeunt Harriet and Mrs. Belmour into the boudoir,* L. D. F.

Rose. His lovely Elizabeth!—Lord! lord!—Well, I never was so surprised!—Lord! I do believe they've locked the door! Oh, 'tis plain—'tis clear! Poor Mr. Belmour! poor Mr. Philosopher!—Well, I can scarcely believe my eyes, nor my ears, nor my tongue. [*Looking off,* L.] Eh! what's that? who is coming?—My master, as I'm alive!—I shall die of fright!

Re-enter BELMOUR, *extremely agitated,* L.

Bel. Known and loved each other from infancy!—Ten-

derness unabated!—Constancy unequalled!—Would not introduce him himself, and coming to put me on my guard!

Rose. [*Aside.*] What do I hear?

Bel. Yes, yes, 'tis evident he is still beloved—that I am deceived! Oh, agonies till now unknown!—What shall I do? where fly? how revenge?—I'll smother him! [*Calling.*] Rose! Rose!

Rose. Here, sir. [*Aside.*] Lord! I'm in such a tremble!

Bel. Come near; [*Passionately.*] come near, I say!

Rose. [*Trembling.*] Ye—e—es, sir.

Bel. Where is your mistress?

Rose. [*Hesitatingly.*] Who—o—o—o, sir?—My mis—is—tress, sir?

Bel. Answes me instantly—where is she?

Rose. She is, sir—she is, sir—in the bou—bou—boudoir, sir.

Bel. [*Approaching the door,* L. F.] Ah!

Rose. [*Stopping him.*] Sir, my mistress, sir—my mistress——

Bel. Well!

Rose. Desired not to be interrupted, sir.

Bel. Ah! a mystery! — And this friend—this new comer, where is he? [*Passionately.*] Where is this coxcomb, I say?

Rose. Coc—oc—oc—oc—xcomb, sir!

Bel. Your mistress's new friend—my would-be visitor; where is he?—Answer me, or——

Rose. [*Terrified.*] I will—I will, sir; but I'm afraid you'll be angry, sir.

Bel. [*Restraining himself with difficulty.*] No, no, I am quite—quite cool. Speak, speak!

Rose. He is—with my lady, sir.

Bel. [*Almost breathless.*] What! in the bou—bou—boudoir?

Rose. Ye—e—s, sir.

Bel. Incredible audacity! But I will confound them. [*Going to the boudoir door.*] Ah! the door locked!—This is too much; heaven grant me patience! Stand aside—stand aside, I say!—I will enter.

[*Pushes Rose aside, then rushes to the door, which opens, and discovers Mrs. Belmour and Harriet, who re-enter—Belmour starts, and regards them with fury.*

Mrs. B. Ah! my husband! Fly, my friend!

Har. [*With nonchalance.*] Fly!—What, run away?—No, no: his presence is not quite so redoubtable.

Bel. He adds insult to outrage!

Rose. For heaven's sake, leave her, sir!—His anger will drive him to some act of violence.

Har. Oh, never fear: this is not the first time I have had to encounter a jealous husband.

Rose. [*Aside.*] There'll be murder—I see it all!

Bel. Quit the house, sir, instantly! quit the roof whose hospitality you have violated! I shall seek you at Percival's, and you know what must follow.

Har. What, quit Elizabeth!—No, no; you will ill-treat her: besides, why should you be so unreasonable as to separate us?

Rose. [*Aside.*] Lord! I tremble with fright at his impudence!

Bel. Quit the house instantly, that my own floors may not be stained with the blood my vengeance calls for!

Har. Well, since you are at present a little warm——

Bel. A little warm! [*Aside.*] A little devil! [*Aloud.*] Quit my sight—quit my sight, I say! lest my house prove no longer a protection to its inmate.

Har. Don't go too far, Mr. Belmour.

Rose. [*Dragging off Harriet.*] Oh, come, sir; for heaven's sake, leave him!—He is jealous.

[*She continues to draw Harriet off during the following trio.*

TRIO.—HARRIET, ROSE, *and* BELMOUR.

Har. Poor man, he is jealous at last!
Bel. With fury my bosom's enraged.
Har. I'll return when your anger is pass'd:
Mrs. B., you'll be then disengag'd.
Har. & Rose. Ha! ha! ha!
Poor man, he is jealous at last!
Bel. I shall murder the fellow at last!

Bel. Quit my sight—let me see him no longer!
Har. Dearest madam, pray pinion him fast.
Bel. Than reason my passion is stronger.
Har. Poor man, he is jealous at last!
Har. & Rose. Ha! ha! ha!
Poor man, he is jealous at last!
Bel. I shall murder the fellow at last!

Har. Ah! now should you tell us
You'll never be jealous,
Such principles we will refute;
For evil's the hour
When man dares the power
Of woman supreme to dispute!

Bel. Quit my sight—let me see him no longer!
Har. Dearest madam, pray pinion him fast
Bel. Than reason my passion is stronger.
Har. Poor man, he is jealous at last!
Har. & Rose. Ha! ha! ha!
Bel. Poor man, he is jealous at last!
I shall murder the fellow at last!

[*Exeunt Rose and Harriet*, R.—*Belmour falls into a chair.*

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] Ah, I triumph!—My doubts of his love are dissipated. He is enraged, and I begin to be happy. [*Turning to her husband.*] Belmour——

Bel. [*Rising.*] Speak not a word!—Adieu, adieu, for ever! [*Going.*

Mrs. B. Will you not listen to me? One word will restore you to tranquillity: you are deceived!

Bel. Deceived!—True; I am deceived—wretchedly, miserably deceived!—But I will be revenged!—Leave me, madam! quit my sight for ever! Your minion paramour shall pay with his life the forfeit of your mutual guilt; while you shall linger on your miserable existence despised by all, an outcast from society!

Mrs. B. Nay, nay, whence comes this blind ungovernable fury?—Where is your philosophy?

Bel. [*After a pause, in an agony of passion.*] I am jealous!

Mrs. B. [*Joyfully.*] Then I am loved and happy!

Bel. Happy!

Mrs. B. Yes, Belmour: did your know the happiness these transports occasion me, you would have been jealous long—long before.

Bel. Yes, madam, but I was deceived by your appearances of virtue—deluded by your expressions of affection. But I have discovered all: this friend, this cousin—(the devil cozen him!)—was always beloved by you—always preferred: opportunity was only wanting to complete my dishonour! But vengeance shall fall upon the devoted head——

Re-enter HARRIET, *in an elegant satin dress, and* ROSE, R.

Har. Of your humble servant, I suppose.

Bel. What do I see?

Mrs. B. My sister Harriet, whom you have often wished as a companion to your Elizabeth. Can you forgive me the deceit? [*They all laugh at Belmour.*

Bel. A woman—a real woman?

Har. Yes, sir, a true woman, upon my honour.

Rose. I answer for that, sir.

Har. I suppose you will now consent a little more cheerfully to my abode here. 'Twas but a ruse de marriage, to revenge my sister for your indifference: let it be a lesson for you not to defy the power of our sex to make even a philosopher jealous.

Bel. I see it is not enough to love—we must also show our affection. Like other philosophers, I confess your fascinating power; but beware how you use it wantonly, lest the heart which you would only bend should break.

FINALE.

MRS. BELMOUR, HARRIET, *and* ROSE.

Then learn ye from this, each indifferent spouse,
'Tis in vain of your passion to tell us;
We ne'er can believe in the truth of your vows,
If our charms cannot render you jealous.

BELMOUR.

Then learn ye from this, each indifferent spouse,
What the women determine to tell us;
They ne'er can believe in the truth of our vows,
If their charms cannot render us jealous.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

HARRIET. MRS. B. BEL. ROSE.

R.] [L.

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Sir Charles. Not deserve them! May I never have a kiss in my life again, if you—

Act I. Scene 1.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXL.

THE

MARRIED BACHELOR.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY P. P. O'CALLAGHAN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business,

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[Married Bachelor.]

	Walnut Street, Philadelphia.	*Burton's*, 1853.	*Arch Street, Phil.*, 1849.	*Tremont, Boston*, 1829.
Sir Charles, -	Mr. Shewell,	Mr. Lester,	Mr. Shaw,	Mr. W. H. Smith,
Sharpe, - -	" Baker,	" Burton,	" W. H. Williams,	" Thayer,
La Broche, -	———	" H. Russell,	" Brydges,	" Blake,
Trap, - - -	" Porter,	" Gourley,	" Brookes,	" Clements,
John, - - -	" Neel,	" Lawson,	" Wright,	" Whiting,
Thomas, - -	" Poole,	" Matthison,	" Owens,	" Stockwell,
Lady Courtall,	Mrs. King,	Mrs. Rea,	Mrs. Plumer,	Miss Eberle,
Grace, - -	" John Sefton,	Miss Hosmer,	Miss Petrie,	Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Costumes—Modern.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

SCENE I.—*A Park—Gates in centre.* R. ——*A Bower* L. ——*A practicable little gate in Park wall; nearest to the audience, a Pavilion.*

Enter SHARPE, *from centre gate, as if speaking to some one without.*

Sharpe. Certainly, Madam, you may rely upon me; I hope your ladyship will enjoy the ride. (*Whip smacks without.*) Smack—crack—away they go; and away I go to my dear Grace! (*running towards gate in Park wall.*

Enter SIR CHARLES, L.

Sir C. Sharpe! Sharpe!—Was that my dear Lady Courtall that drove off then?

Sharpe. (*startled.*) Yes, Sir. (*aside.*) Who the devil sent for you?—As her Ladyship's Aunt lives only five miles from this, she will soon be there.

Sir C. How long will she be away? I thought I heard her say something about three days.

Sharpe. My Lady did say she would be absent about three days.

Sir C. Lady Courtall, is a charming woman! Do you know, Sharpe, that marriage has not in the least cooled the ardour of my love for her?

Sharpe. Is it possible? Are you still in love with her, sir?

Sir C. (*coldly.*) I doat on her: and during the six months that we have been in the country——

Sharpe. Six months! six weeks, sir.

Sir C. What, only six weeks?—Well, well, six weeks, or six months it does not much matter which—during these six—weeks, that we have passed in the country together, I have hourly discovered new graces in her. Her affection for me seems to increase with my perception

of her mental, as well as personal charms. With wha reluctance she left me even for three days. I could hav found fortitude sufficient to spare her for a week; she has, however, but the weakness of her sex. I never think of my marriage but with delight.

Sharpe. Oh, Sir! I rather think, your marriage has delighted many a married man.

Sir C. (*smiling.*) As for that, Sharpe——But I am quite an altered man. I grant that I did, now and then—with this figure and—but that's all past. I swear now, that my morals are—(*crosses to* L.—) What shall I do to pass away the time during the absence of Lady Courtall? It will hang heavily on my hands while severed from my dear wife.

Sharpe. Suppose you were to follow her—(*aside.*) I wish I could get rid of him.

Sir C. Why so I would, but it would appear so uxorious.

Sharpe. You are dressed, Sir—a stroll through the village would amuse you—or a ride.

Sir C. Do you think so? I'll for a few minutes—perhaps an hour—perhaps—if any thing detain me beyond that time—if in the evening—nobody need sit up for me to-night.

Sharpe. Shall I—

Sir C. No, no—you may remain. You have been a faithful servant, and I will allow you to be lord and master here, during your mistress' absence and mine. The only service I require of you, is to see that the decorations, which my dear wife lately spoke of, be attended to and completed, in every respect, previous to her return. Get her also a lady's maid, as you know she is without one at present: in short, let every thing be done to convince my charming Lady Courtall, that her image alone, fills the heart of her affectionate husband. (*crosses.*) While I take my ramble, the house is yours—

Sharpe. Cellar and larder too, Sir?

Sir C. Yes, cellar and all. I will now stroll among the surrounding shady scenes, to indulge in philosophical reflection; to chew the sweet and bitter cud, as Shakspeare says. [*Exit through the gates.*

Sharpe. Philosophical reflection! I think I can give a

tolerably shrewd guess at the nature of your philosophy, good master of mine. If I am right in my conjecture, so much the better for me; 'twill bring grist to my mill. My situation with the Baronet, is not what it was when he was a single man. He has no steward, and has promised me that birth—then I may pick up a trifle or two. Master of this house, cellar and all! Egad, I'll have a rare day of it with my dear Grace—I wonder where she can be all this while. I hope Sir Charles won't see her in the course of his *philosophical* rambles. What would become of poor Sharpe if he did? To be married, not only without his consent, but against his express commands! Luck, however, does befriend me this time; Sir Charles and my lady away, I may treat my pretty little wife in style. I wonder how many husbands there are who would believe that all my anxiety is only to meet my wife. (*two knocks at the small gate.*) Here she is. [*opens the gate.*

Enter GRACE, *through gate.* L.

Grace. A pretty thing, Sir, to keep me waiting this hour, as if I were only your sweetheart.

Sharpe. Well, never mind, love; don't be angry; I won't do so any more. [*offers to kiss her.*

Grace. No, I won't, I'm vexed.

Sharpe. Come, come, kiss and be friends again. (*they kiss.*) There now, you little rogue, you—isn't that better than quarrelling?

Grace. Why, I can't say but what it is.—See there's the certificate of our marriage—be careful of it, for if you lose it— [*Sharpe puts it in his pocket.*

Sharpe. I know—we should have to begin every thing afresh.

Grace. I begin to think it very hard that I am bound to keep our marriage so close a secret. Now do only let me tell it to my two cousins, and to three or four intimate friends, and to——

Sharpe. A pretty way that, of keeping a secret! you may as well give it at once to the Bellman.

Grace. Only let me tell it to——

Sharpe. My dear Grace, you know my love for you is ardent and sincere.

Grace. Yes, but one can't bear to be called *Miss*, when one isn't a Miss: it makes me blush so.

Sharpe. But, my love, I've told you before, how angry Sir Charles would be if he knew I was married; for he settled a pension on me provided I lived single, and continued in his service, over and above my wages.

Grace. Lord, how Sir Charles must hate us then!

Sharpe. Quite the contrary; he adores a petticoat, but hates matrimony.

Grace. That's very strange, when he's a married man himself.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) That's the very reason, perhaps.—Very true, but there—there was a beautiful woman, and five thousand a year as a bribe, and many a man has sold himself for much less. He says, that a servant, however active he may have been before marriage, is good for nothing after; so lazy, so——

Grace. He's very right, for since we have been married, you do nothing, but——

Sharpe. I'll do better by and bye;—one word now, would ruin us for ever. He has promised to make me his steward, and the perquisites then, you know, will set me above fear.

Grace. How long will that be about?

Sharpe. Oh! only a year and half—or two years—or—

Grace. What! must I keep the secret during two years?

Sharpe. It would be difficult for a woman to do that, I confess.

Grace. But in that time do you think we shall get rich enough to live ever after like a lady and gentleman, and ride in a carriage?

Sharpe. That we shall. Egad, you shall ride in one this very day!

Grace. Shall I? Oh, Gemini!

Sharpe. Bless your merry heart, you shall have a ride in a curricle and pair!

Grace. My dear William! [*embraces him.*

Sharpe. Oh, you coaxing baggage! Grace,—how often I say Grace,—you must make yourself prodigiously smart, for I shall drive you round the park and village myself—pompously.

Grace. Lord! how I should like to stand by the road-

side and see myself go by in a curricle and pair. Oh, the powers!

Sharpe. There, take the key of the little gate, that you may let yourself in, if I should be elsewhere when you return. Make all the haste you can.

Gruce. I warrant me. I will be back in five minutes: and when I've put on the pretty new gown you gave me, and my bonnet and all, the folks will say, that we are the handsomest couple in all Warwickshire.

[*Exit by small gate.*

Sharpe. Now to make them look about dinner, et cetera. Rollea! Thomas, John, Truss!—Where the devil are these lazy rascals? What, no one coming? Let them make my master wait if they choose; damme, I'll teach them the difference.

JOHN *and all the rest of the* SERVANTS *come running on, from* R.

Sharpe. Oh! there you are, are you? Now attend to the orders I am going to give you.

Truss. Why, we thought that our master being out, we might—

Sharpe. (*interrupting him.*) Yes, you might. I dare say—but if Sir Charles is gone out for a day or so, he has left me factotum—invested me with ample powers, as the great men say.—Look therefore, that you obey my minutest order, without the slightest murmur.—No kitchen-conspiracy—no stable-grumbling—I know ye. In the first place, in about an hour, let me have dinner served.

John. We'll attend to you, as we would to our master.

Sharpe. Will you?—much obliged to you.—D'ye think I want to be the last served in the house?—Oh, you are the new French Cook, an't you?

Ladroche. Yes, Sare; I come here yesterday before to-day.

Sharpe. Well, then, to-day before to-morrow, I shall require a sample of your skill. Let me have a most exquisite and delicate assortment of dainties—dinner for two, enough for six—a lady and gentleman, with remarkably good appetites. Truss, do you get the curricle ready.

Truss. The curricle? I wanted to clean it up well—it wants it plaguily.

Sharpe. I tell you, I shall want to ride in the curricle.

Thomas. *In* the curricle?

Sharpe. Aye *in* the curricle, you booby—I can go behind any day.

Thomas. Well—

John. But—

Truss. Mister Sharpe.

Sharpe. Don't Sharpe and But me. Let me have dinner ready at two o'clock (*to the Cook.*)—And you (*to Truss.*) the curricle and outriders; Sir Charles has left me his orders, and if you—

[*Sir Charles is heard without calling, "Sharpe."*

Servants. Here is Sir Charles, I'm off.

[*Exeunt Cook, &c.* R.

Sharpe. Sir Charles! Oh, its impossible! he can't have—

Sir C. (*without.*) Sharpe—Sharpe!

Sharpe. Confound it, it is he though. What can have sent him back so soon? How unlucky! Grace will be here directly, and if that Bashaw of a master of mine once sets eye on her, she's lost—and I'm lost! What shall I do?—Here's one of the comforts of a married life! I'll run off before he catches me and tell—

[*as he hurries towards the small gate,*

Enter SIR CHARLES, *from centre gate.*

Sir C. Sharpe!

Sharpe. (*with affected surprise.*) Sir.—Bless me, Sir, returned so quickly!—no accident I hope? (*Sharpe anxiously watches the gate.*) I wish there had been. [*aside.*

Sir C. Yes, and a most unlucky one too. You would little suppose what has ruffled me.

Sharpe. (*trying to look cheerful.*) Excuse me, sir—how far off the mark should I be, if I said—a petticoat?

Sir C. Why, faith, not a mile. Two or three days ago, I saw one of the most bewitching little creatures in the world. Just now, I caught a glimpse of her again, but lost her in a moment, and was not able to find which way she turned among the cursed trees.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) An intrigue afoot!—so much the better for me—

Sir C. I popped into every cottage round, yet all in vain; I saw plenty of pretty girls, but not one to compare to my little lost sheep.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Egad, if you lay hold of her, she is a lost sheep.

Sir C. Such features—such bloom—such a shape—such a tout ensemble!

Sharpe. A what, Sir?

Sir C. A tout ensemble.

Sharpe. Is that her nose?

Sir C. Pooh! (*crosses to* L.)

Sharpe. (*aside.*) I have it—it must have been the old exciseman's young wife.—Sir, I know the enchantress, and promise, that, before the day is out, you shall see her here. Indeed, I had purposed surprising you with the sight of such charms, but accident, it seems, has anticipated me.

Sir C. My faithful Sharpe! You know I am neither ungrateful nor ungenerous. Let me but see her again, and twenty guineas shall be your reward.

[GRACE *opens the gate,* (L.—) *and comes in without seeing Sir Charles, or being seen by Sharpe.*

Sharpe. I think I hear them clinking in my pocket already. Poor Guage! Poor Devil!

Sir C. (*perceiving Grace, who is confounded at the sight of Sir Charles.*) What do I see? There, (*gives Sharpe a purse.*) there, thou best of servants, thou hast well deserved it.

Sharpe. Pay me beforehand, Sir! No, wait till the poor husband—(*turns round and sees Grace.*) Fire—Faggots—Devils and Horns!

Grace. I beg pardon, Sir—I—I—excuse me, Sir, but, Mister Sharpe—(*gets between Sharpe and Sir Charles, and gives Sharpe the key.*

Sir C. No apologies, my pretty maid; Mr. Sharpe told you to come, but it was I who wished to speak to you. (*aside.*) What an ingenuous looking creature it is!

Sharpe. (*whispers to Grace.*) It is Sir Charles—our secret—Mum. (*aside.*) Oh, lord!

Sir C. What's your name, my dear?

Grace. Grace, at your service, Sir.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Grace, at his service.

Grace. Daughter of old Gertrude, who lives at the farther end of the village.

Sir C. I am afraid poor old Gertrude is not so well off as she was formerly. She shall come to Courtly Hall—We'll take care of you both. Sharpe will be delighted to take care of the old lady; he's such a good-natured soul—As for you, you shall be—let me see—the nursery maid.

Sharpe. (*who has been in much agitation ever since Grace came in, gets between her and Sir Charles, and, while talking endeavours to make the former go away.*) In a nursery without children!—Come, that's a sinecure, however.

Sir C. (*pushes Sharpe away.*) Well, you shall take all the linen of the house under your charge; that will just suit you.

Grace. (*Observing that Sharpe is making signs, behind Sir Charles, to her not to accept any situation.*) If you please, sir, I couldn't do it.

Sir C. Well then, you shall—

Grace. Nor that neither, Sir.

Sir C. You can wash, spin, sew, knit garters,—zounds! you can turn your hand to something, can't you?

Grace. No, Sir, I can't do any thing.

Sir C. The devil, you can't!—Why how do you pass your time at home?

Grace. I make cream cheese—

Sir C. The very thing—I sent for you expressly for that.—You shall be my dairymaid. I am a perfect gourmand when cream cheese is set before me—and so is Sharpe; an't you, my boy? [*slapping him on the back.*

Sharpe. No, Sir, it always curdles on my stomach—curse cheese!

Grace. But, Sir—

Sir C. Never mind him, my dear, but go and instal thyself queen of the curd, thou bewitching cheese-presser!

Grace. I must go home, if you please, Sir, for—it's our dinner hour.

Sir C. How unlucky we dine so late, you should else dine with me.

Sharpe. Sir—Sir—consider; a peasant girl to sit at the same table with Sir Charles Courtall, Baronet, M. P. Magistrate, and married man—

Sir C. So much the better.—If I am married, no one will suspect the purity of my intentions. As to my rank—virtue ennobles its lowliest possessor; and high station never appears more glorious than in the company of modesty and beauty. The rarity too of their being seen together makes the sight more lovely. (*to Grace.*) We'll dine together—but how unlucky—we have no dinner ready.

Enter LABROCHE, (R. —) *running to Sharpe.*

Lab. Monsieur Sharpe—Monsieur Sharpe—Faut-il servir? Le diner is ready; all so nice.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) I wish the devil had you, you French hollyhock, for your news.

Sir C. What, a dinner at this hour?

Lab. Yes, Sare—Monsieur Sharpe tell it to me to apprêter nice diner, and so I make him cook all myself, and I do not leave it to nobody at all.

Sir C. Sharpe, you are the Sultan of careful servants. —(*aside.*) I never saw his equal. (*to Labroche.*) Tell them to lay the table here in the garden. (*Exit Labroche, R.*) Under the shade of these trees the repast will be delicious. What says Grace?

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Oh, she'll say Grace fast enough, I warrant me!

Grace. I will go and ask my mother, Sir.

Sir C. I will take you home, and bring you back myself. Here, John, (*enter* JOHN, R. —) let the curricle be got ready immediately.

John. It's all ready, Sir.

Sir C. How!

John. Mr. Sharpe ordered it out, Sir.

Sir C. Oh, I'm quite overpowered by these repeated proofs of his zeal and foresight.—I can never sufficiently repay such services. Here, Sharpe, (*giving him money.*) half my fortune is not too much for such a servant.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) What a pretty figure I cut! How like a nincompoop I look!—Sir, I'm afraid her mother will be very uneasy—she'll think some accident has happened —I'm sure she'll have the fidgets about her.

Sir C. Right, right again; so do you run and tranquillize the old lady.

Sharpe. What? I, Sir?—Hadn't you better send John?

Sir C. No, no—you can best manage matters.—You can tell a plausible tale—a lie, better than any man I know.

Sharpe. Oh, you flatter me, Sir!—I assure you, John can lie better than I do—can't you John?

[*John shakes his head, and exit* R.

Sir C. No more replies—go at once.

Sharpe. I go, Sir.—(*aside.*) But you little think what I mean to do; I'll spoil your sport, secure as you may imagine it. [*Exit* R.

Sir C. I feel such satisfaction in the company of beauty and innocence, that I am determined to have a fête once a-year, to which every pretty girl in the village shall be invited; though I can never expect to find any to compare with thee, love.

Grace. Oh, Sir! I am sure I don't deserve half the compliments you pay me.

Sir C. Not deserve them! May I never have a kiss in my life again, if you—(*he attempts to kiss Grace—Sharpe re-enters,* (R.—) *with a towel under his arm, and some plates in his hand, which he lets fall and breaks.*) Clumsy blockhead, see how you have frightened her!

Sharpe. I was only running to say, Sir, that the kiss—the dinner is coming.

[*Dinner is served near the pavilion—Servants all leave* R. *except John, who remains.*

Sir C. Sharpe!—Why you must have flown—you can never have been—

Sharpe. (*trying to find an excuse.*) I—I was thinking, Sir, that—that you might be better pleased if *I* waited on you. In such a case as the present, a prudent servant, you know, Sir—

Sir C. True, true, and you are always prudent.

[*leads Grace to the table; he sits* R. H. *she* L.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) I mean to be so; and one great proof shall be, not to leave you a moment alone, if I can help it.

Grace. (*aside.*) If some of my acquaintance were to see me now, how they would fret!

Sir C. Come, Grace, my love, you don't eat.

Grace. The joy, Sir—the honour, Sir—takes away my appetite. (*eats hastily.*)

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Neither one nor the other has taken away mine, for I am as hungry as the devil. Here I stand with my napkin in my hand, instead of having it tucked under my chin. How she eats!—and how he ogles and helps her!

Sir C. Sharpe, some wine.

Sharpe. Yes, Sir. [*fills two glasses.*

Grace. Mister Sharpe, your good health; not forgetting yours, Sir. (*to Sir Charles.*)

Sir C. (*to Sharpe.*) Isn't she a charming creature?

Sharpe. Hum—so—so—at first sight, perhaps, but—

Sir C. What a bewitching smile!

Sharpe. Smile, Sir?—A great deal more like a grin.

Sir C. Then her eyes!

Sharpe. Dull, Sir, dull, and green as gooseberries.

Sir C. Dull to you, you clod; but sparkling to souls of fire.

John. (*aside to Sharpe.*) His honour's right—they are pretty twinklers.

Sharpe. Oh, this is too much!—What business have you to put in your spoke?—Go to the devil, you—

[*kicks John off.* R.

Sir C. More wine.

Sharpe. Yes, Sir. (*aside.*) I wish it would choke him! [*In his confusion, he looks at Grace and fills a saltcellar with the wine.*

Sir C. What are you about?—Fill the glass, and not the saltcellar. (*Sharpe fills two glasses, and, without seeming to know what he is about, takes up one and drinks it off.*) The fellow's mad!—Leave the table, impudent varlet—Did you ever see so blundering an animal? Come, I will be your cup-bearer. [*they drink.*

Grace. (*aside.*) I'll punish William, if it's only in remembrance of the gooseberries.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) I shall go mad if this lasts a quarter of an hour longer!

Sir C. How many lovers have you, my pretty Grace?

Grace. Only one.

Sir C. Only one?—Impossible!

Grace. Only one, I assure you, Sir.

Sir C. Lucky dog!—But he's a handsome, well-made fellow—

Grace. At first sight, perhaps, but—

Sir C. Sprightly, lively.

Grace. Dull, Sir, dull as small beer.

Sir C. A stupid fellow, that can only twirl his thumbs or scratch his head—jealous too, perhaps?

Grace. I am afraid he is—indeed, I am sure he is—and the next time he catches me alone—mercy on me!

Sharpe. (*aside.*) If it wasn't for that cursed pension, I'd tell the whole truth.—Humph! [*stamping.*

Sir C. What's the matter?

Sharpe. (*startled.*) The—cramp, Sir;—only the cramp, Sir.

Sir C. Have you prepared a desert, too?

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Desert?—I wish you had your deserts. I can't stand it—I—Oh, I'll open the whole business at once! Sir, since the truth must out, Grace and—

Enter THOMAS. R.

Thomas. Sir, Lady Courtall is coming up the lime-tree walk.

Sir C. What, Lady Courtall coming?

Thomas. Yes, Sir.

Sharpe. I'm saved—Phu! I breathe again.

Sir C. There quick, quick, away with those chairs and tables, and every thing. (*considerable bustle and confusion—Sir Charles and the Servant clearing away—Grace running about in alarm—Sharpe appears spitefully to enjoy the scene, now and then following Grace.*) Why don't you assist and not keep running about so, you scoundrel? As for you my pretty one, I can't give you a ride home to-day, so you had better make all the haste you can by yourself. (*runs with Grace to the small gate.*) Zounds, it's locked!—where's the key, Sharpe?

Sharpe. The key, Sir?

Sir C. Yes, the key.

Sharpe. (*takes it out of his pocket, looks at it, puts it in again, and pretends to search for it.*) I have lost it, Sir.

Sir C. Death and the Devil!—What's to be done?—My wife will suspect the innocence of my motives, and this pretty creature will seem as if—Hark, she's coming! Run into the pavilion; it's the only refuge left.

[*Exit Grace into pavilion.* L.

Enter LADY COURTALL, *from gates*, SIR CHARLES *runs to meet and embrace her.*

Lady C. Oh, my dear Sir Charles, how happy I am to see you once more! I feared I should not arrive in time: but are you quite recovered, quite, quite?

Sir C. Recovered! What do you mean? What brought you back so soon?

Lady C. Do not be surprised; I know all.

Sir C. All, Lady Courtall, *(alarmed.)* all, what all?

Lady C. See—this little note, written with a pencil, was placed in my hand by a boy, mounted on one of your horses.

Sir C. (after reading the note, and aside.) Who the devil can take so lively an interest in my health?—Sharpe, do you know the hand? [*crosses to centre.*

Sharpe. No, Sir, no.—I have't the slightest idea—*(aside.)* My own little note.

Sir C. I'd give something to know whom to reward for this kindness.

Lady C. I am so glad it was but a false alarm—that the danger was not so great as my informer thought it.

Sharpe. It was rather serious, though, Madam, while it lasted.

Lady C. If it ever should occur again, I rely upon you, Sharpe, for an immediate notice.

Sharpe. I will not fail to give instant notice to your ladyship, depend upon it.

Sir C. Come, my dear, it's all over now; will you take a walk? *(aside to Sharpe.)* Contrive to get Grace away.

Lady C. I have been much flurried; I had rather rest in this pavilion a few minutes.

Sir C. The pavilion?

Lady C. Yes; why not?

Sir C. Why to tell you—*(aside to Sharpe.)* Invent—lie—swear: say something to get me out of this infernal scrape!

Sharpe. I will, Sir—Her ladyship little expects to find in the pavilion—a—a—but I hope she will excuse—

Lady C. Find what?—excuse what?—

Sharpe. A smart, pretty little woman, that I brought to—

Lady C. What! A woman brought to the Hall in my absence?

Sir C. (*with affected anger.*) How, a female!—(*aside to Sharpe.*) Admirable!—admirable!—keep it up!

Sharpe. I will, Sir,—better than you expect. [*aside.*

Sir C. This must be explained, Sir—this audacity—

Sharpe. Sir—Madam—I blush to say it; but the innocent cause of this confusion is—is—my wife.

Lady C. } Your wife!
Sir C. }

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Oh, my poor pension, there it goes!—Sir Charles always insisted upon having none but bachelors about him, and, dreading his displeasure, I kept my marriage a secret.—My wife is virtuous, simple and obliging—Sir Charles attentive to the slightest want or wish of his amiable lady, ordered me to look out for an attendant on your ladyship, and I confess, I did wish to solicit your kindness for poor Mrs. S. and the forgiveness of my generous master for me.

Sir C. (*aside.*) Upon my life, that fellow has the most admirable stock of invention!—his lies are so abundant and so natural!

Lady C. My dear Sir Charles, how warmly my heart acknowledges the delicacy of those little attentions on your part. Sharpe, let me see your choice.

[*Exeunt Sharpe and Lady Courtall into pavilion,* L. *Sharpe and Sir Charles exchanging signs.*

Sir C. Was there ever such an extempore? As I live, one might have believed every word he uttered. That fellow's a treasure! How cleverly he introduced a wife to our notice! His sudden marriage, however, released me from a most disagreeable predicament. How easily a man may lose his character by an awkward concommittance of circumstances. (*hypocritically.*) Lady Courtall might have become jealous, although I was so innocently engaged with that charming sample of rustic simplicity.

Enter LADY COURTALL.

Lady C. What a delightful surprise you have afforded me—I am quite delighted with the simplicity and ingenuousness of the new bride.

Sir C. Do you think she will do?

Lady C. I feel sure of it. And poor Sharpe, he seems to doat on her!—He's so kind, so affectionate!—His animation when he presented her to me, bespoke the sincerity of conjugal love.—How gratifying it is to witness such connubial happiness in others, when all at one's own home breathes the same spirit of mutual tenderness.

Sir C. Oh, my charming reciprocity of sentiment! (*embraces Lady Courtall, looking over her shoulder towards the pavilion.*) What the devil makes them stay so long?

Lady C. (*stifling a laugh.*) Turning towards a looking glass, I saw him—

Sir C. Saw him!—

Lady C. Steal a kiss.

Sir C. And you permitted him?

Lady C My dear Sir Charles, could I find fault at a husband's stealing a sly caress?

Sir C. A husband! under that name he might.—Besides, Lady Courtall, you know how strict I am upon the score of morality and decency.

Lady C. I think I have seen you less severe.

Sir C. Never!—I must lecture Mister Sharpe a little.

Lady C. Not for what has just passed.

Sir C. No—for something else.

Lady C. That indeed—(*crosses to* R.—) I'll go and give orders to get a room ready for Grace, near our own. [*Exit* R.

Enter SHARPE *from pavilion.* L.

Sir C. So, Sir, you're come at last; you've been a plaguy long time in the pavilion.

Sharpe. (*aloud, as if for Lady Courtall to hear him.*) I beg your pardon, Sir, but my wife—

Sir C. Your wife!—

Sharpe. Yes, Sir: I was giving her a little advice as to her future conduct, now my lady has taken her into her service; and you know, Sir—

Sir C. I do know, Sir, that you are a scoundrel, and that I have a mind to horsewhip you within an inch of your life.

Sharpe. That's a good joke.

Sir C. I see how it is: you would be the ruin of that young creature!—You would take advantage of her sim-

plicity and inexperience.—Under my roof too, where you know an outrage to morality would—

Sharpe. Upon my soul, Sir—

Sir C. Don't swear, Sir.—What did you mean by that stolen kiss, eh?

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Who the devil could have told him that?

Sir C. You're trying to fudge up another lie; are you?

Sharpe. No, Sir; I scorn it, Sir—I—I—I did kiss her; but it was to promote your interest. I saw that my lady was not quite convinced by the tale I told her, in order to relieve you from your quandary just now, I didn't know what to do to put it out of all manner of doubt, so, Sir, I—I—I thought of something desperate—and I kissed her—and I think you ought to be obliged to me, for I am sure it has settled your business. But it is always thus; servants may wear their very lives out, and their masters think they never go far enough.

Sir C. Quite the contrary; I think you have gone a great deal too far. Besides, I have a shrewd suspicion that this something *desperate* was in your own service.

Sharpe. Sir!

Sir C. You cannot deceive me—Grace is coming this way. You see that bower? (R.—) I will conceal myself there, see every motion, hear every whisper—I shall now put both your zeal and fidelity to the proof.—You understand?—

Sharpe. But, Sir, suppose she herself—suppose Grace should—should take a liking to me—should absolutely court me, shall I be to blame?—Consider, Sir, the frailty of human nature, I would do anything to promote your interest or your pleasure, but if a pretty girl should prefer—

Sir C. I am easy upon that score, quite easy. Now have a care: if you become *desperate* again, you shall first get a ducking in the horse-pond, and then be kicked out of doors.—What think ye of my promise?

Sharpe. That it would be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Sir C. Remember—no desperation!

[*retires into the bower, from which he occasionally peeps.*

Enter GRACE, *from pavilion.*

Grace. What a dear good lady that is!—We shall be so happy now, because we shall stand in need of no further disguise.

Sir C. What does she say?

Sharpe. (*endeavours by signs to make her comprehend that she must not talk so loudly, but finding every effort useless, exclaims aside.*) Here's a pretty situation!—If I speak, I lose my place; if I hold my tongue, I lose my wife—what the devil shall I do?

Grace. I may now tell everybody that you are my husband.

Sharpe. (*with forced cheerfulness.*) Your husband! Come, come, Grace, you must not carry the joke too far. Husband and wife!—That's very well sometimes; but—

Grace. A husband in joke!—And have I only been carrying on a joke all this while?—Very well, Sir, (*controuling her tears.*) very well—I needn't break my heart about you; I can get plenty of husbands upon the same terms.

Sharpe. (*aside.*) Yes, that would just crown the business.—Hear me, Grace—(*aside.*) I must humour her, or she'll spoil all—(*in a low tone.*) Certainly, yes, I am your husband—(*aloud for Sir Charles to hear; whilst he is making signs to Grace, that his master is in the bower.*) Sir Charles—the honour—who deserves my—If I were my own master, indeed—but my duty, my conscience—curse it—don't you understand me?

Grace. Not very clearly; but I dare say, it means, you are sorry for what you have done, and so I forgive you—there, you may take a kiss.

Sir C. (*aside.*) Take a kiss!

Sharpe. (*looks towards the bower—Sir Charles makes threatening signs.*) I wish I durst.

Grace. What! you won't? very well, Sir—I don't care.—I—I—I will go and complain of your cruelty to my lady, so I will!

Sharpe. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

Grace. I'll tell Sir Charles of it—he won't treat me so; he's a polite, good-natured gentleman.

Enter LADY COURTALL, R.

Lady C. Bless me!—What's the matter?—Quarrelling! —Oh, fie!

Sharpe. It's her fault, my lady.

Grace. No, it's all his fault, my lady.

Sharpe. I wished to—

Grace. No, he didn't wish: and when I offered him a kiss just now, he would not take it.

Lady C. Refuse to kiss your wife when she asks you I'm ashamed of you.—Come, this must not be: I insist upon a reconciliation.

Sharpe. With all submission to your ladyship—*(turns towards Sir Charles, shrugs his shoulders as much as to say —"you see I can't help it")* as you insist upon it—*(kisses Grace boisterously.)* there—My dear Grace, forget what's past, and I will be a good boy for the future.

Grace. Oh, dear, my heart is ready to jump out of my bosom with joy!

Sir C. (comes forward with severity, between Grace and Sharpe.) Still here, Sir, after what I said to you.

Sharpe. (aside.) I'm lost—pension, place, and all! There they go—good bye. [*crosses to* R. H. *corner.*

Grace. Oh, pray, Sir, do not turn my husband away?

Sir C. (aside.) Her husband! The jade sticks to it.

Lady C. You won't turn the poor young man away, my dear?

Sir C. Yes, my love, I most undoubtedly will, and for very good reasons. He knows why I discharge him.

Sharpe. I, Sir? No, Sir, upon my soul, I don't!

Lady C. Do not reply now; go into the house; I'll speak for you—I'll intercede. You will, *(to Sir C.)* allow them to sleep here to-night?

Sir C. Lady Courtall!

Lady C. (to Sharpe and Grace.) There—there—go in. To-morrow let me see you; you know your room.

Grace. Come, William—

Sir C. Are you really sending them off together?

Lady C. No, my dear; it is you who are sending them away.

Sir C. But, Lady Courtall—they—they are not married, if the truth must out.

Lady C. Not married!

Sir C. Not married.

Grace. (*to Sharpe.*) What, don't he know that—

Sharpe. Hush!

Lady C. I am confounded!—so gentle—so apparently innocent—so pretty.

Sir C. Yes, yes, all that, if you please, but still not married. To think of the hypocrisy of this world! I quite loved that man; and as for her, I thought if she was as good as she was handsome, I should quite love her too. But after such moral turpitude, I should fear to have them under the same roof with me. Nothing in the world could make me part with them but such conduct as they have been guilty of.

Sharpe. And would you, indeed, Sir, have kept us if we had really been married? (*in a tone of mock humility. He takes two papers from pocket, which Grace snatches from him and presents to Sir Charles.*)

Grace. That will convince you, Sir, of the real truth. (*to Sharpe.*) You're so slow.

Sir C. Have you placed yourself under him to learn the true art of lying? This is some other forged tale. (*to Sharpe.*)

Sharpe. Authentic documents, Sir: certificate of marriage, and attestation of character, (*crosses to Sir Charles.*) which I hope you will have the kindness to sign for the satisfaction of Grace's friends.

Sir C. (*Reads.*) Hum—"married,—4th of June,—Church—William Sharpe,—Cecile Jenkins,—Reverend Tye'emtight."—(*Reads the second note.*) "This is to certify, that William Sharpe, Steward to Sir Charles Courtall."—Steward!

Lady C. You remember that you promised him the situation.

Sharpe. If you will, Sir, kindly subscribe that certificate of my good behaviour—

Sir C. And so under sign manual, confirm you as my steward! Now is it really possible, that, for once, you can have told the truth?

Sharpe. Every thing must have a beginning—(*aside to Sir Charles.*) Besides, Sir, I did not encroach upon your rights; you came poaching on my manor.

Sir C. (*crosses to* L.— *aside.*) I cannot help laughing when I think of the ridiculous figure Sharpe cut with the napkin under his arm—Come, I forgive all. You shall remain with me and be my steward. I only looked to honour and morality in all I did; those indispensable qualities attended to, I—I shall be glad to have Grace near me; and the world shall own that Courtly Hall can boast of two happy couple.

Grace. Then we are married now, for ever and ever!

Sharpe. We are indeed—(*to the audience.*) and I hope our best friends will deign their indulgent acceptance of

" The Married Bachelor; or, Master and Man."

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Sharpe. Grace. Lady Courtall. Sir Charles.

a b

THE END.

A Husband at Sight.

Catherine. Don't pinch me so!

Act I. Scene 1.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXLI.

A

HUSBAND AT SIGHT.

A Farce, in Two Acts.

BY J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.,

Author of "The Happiest Day of My Life," "Snakes in the Grass," "Popping the Question," "23 John Street," "Adelphi," "Luke the Laborer," "Billy Taylor," &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

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AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

A Husband at Sight.

Catherine. Don't pinch me so!

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CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.]

	Haymarket, 1830.	*Chambers St. N.Y.*	*Bowery*, 1857.	*Walnut St., Phila.*
FERDINAND LOUISBURG,	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Grosvenor.	Mr. Haviland.	Mr. Crocker.
GUSTAVUS GUNDERSHOFF,	" Webster.	" J. Seymour.	" Lingard.	" Chapman.
PAUL PARCHWITZ, - -	" Williams.	" Edwards.	" Edwards.	" A'Becket.
LEONARD, - - - -	" Lodge.	" Allen.	" Allen.	" W. Reed.
CARL, - - - - -	" Bishop.	" Williams.	" Cloudesly.	" Goodall.
GEORGE, - - - - -	" Coates.	" Smith.	" O'Neil.	" Stevens.
BARONESS LOUISBURG,	Mrs. W. Clifford.	Mrs. Bellamy	Mrs. Archbold.	Mrs. Barrett.
AUGUSTA POLINSKY, in the character of Michael,	Miss Mordaunt.	Miss O. Logan.	" Smith.	———
CATHERINE, - - - -	Mrs. Humby.	" C. Logan.	" Eddy.	Mrs. Mossop.

Villagers, male and female. Scene—Germany.

COSTUME.

FERDINAND LOUISBURG.—German uniform. GUNDERSHOFF.—Old-fashioned plain court dress—large cocked hat, trimmed with red fringe—long cane. PARCHWITZ.—Farmer's plain drab suit. LEONARD and CARL.—Rich liveries. GEORGE and VILLAGERS.—German peasant's.

BARONESS.—White satin, trimmed with gold lace. AUGUSTA.—*First dress:* Blue tunic, braided with black—black silk stockings—russet boots—Polish cap. *Second dress:* White muslin, trimmed with blue riband—large silk cloak—black velvet hat and feathers. CATHERINE.—*First dress:* German peasant's. *Second dress:* White muslin, trimmed with black velvet—large white satin hat.

A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Farm-House*, R.—*at the back*, R. U. E., *a Rustic Gate opening on the farm—in the distance an open Landscape—on an eminence in the perspective is seen a Gothic Castle.*

Enter GUNDERSHOFF, *followed by* LEONARD *and* CARL, *through the gate*, R. U. E.

Gun. Remain you there, while I see if the farmer is within. [*Knocking at the farm-house door*, R.] Paul Parchwitz! are you at home?

Par. [*Putting his head out at the door.*] Who's there? What, Mr. Gundershoff: bless my buttons, who would ever have thought I should have had the honour of a visit from the great Gustavus Gundershoff, major-domo of our lady the Baroness. What will you take?—Where will you sit?—Will you walk into the house?—Will you stay where you are, or how?

Gun. (C.) Silence! I shall stay where I am:—the Baroness is a kind lady.

Par. (R.) A good creature, every body's mother.

Gun. She has always behaved well to you.

Par. Which nobody can deny.

Gun. Your lease expires this year.

Par. But her ladyship promised to renew it.

Gun. Upon certain conditions, which I am now come to explain.

Par. I am willing to obey her ladyship in all things, I can refuse her nothing; and if she were to say to me, "Paul Parchwitz, you are a widower and lusty gentleman, I am a widow and an elderly lady, will you marry me instantly?" I should reply, "Madam, with the greatest pleasure in life."

Gun. Silence! I cannot allow such conversation.—Your daughter has offended the Baroness.

Par. Then I shall offend my daughter. What has she done?

Gun. What is that to you? All that is required of you is to dispose of her in any way that the Baroness may think proper.

Par. The Baroness does me great honour.

Gun. Leonard and Carl! [*They come forward.*] Go upon the highway, and keep a strict watch; the first decent young man you meet, bring him here. [*Exeunt, at the gate,* R. U. E.] Parchwitz, don't stir till I return—business of the last importance, connected with your daughter, the Baroness, and yourself, will be this day concluded; obey my orders in every thing, and your lease will be renewed—grumble, and out you go.

[*Exit Gundershoff at the back,* L. U. E

Par. (C.) This is petticoat government with a vengeance—have never received such peremptory orders since the decease of Mrs. Parchwitz—what can he mean? [*Imitating Gundershoff.*] "My daughter has offended the Baroness—I must dispose of her in any way her ladyship may think proper—go upon the highway, and bring me a decent young man—grumble, and out you go"—very mysterious. [*Calling.*] Catharine! Kate, my love!

Enter CATHARINE, *from the farm-house,* R.

Cat. (R.) Here I am, father.

Par. (C.) Bless me, how smart you are. You spend plenty of time in dressing and twisting those little curls, over those little fingers—in pinning this, and pinning that—what is it all done for?

Cat. To please you, and get a husband.

Par. Very substantial reasons.

Cat. And perhaps I have not laboured in vain—I think I please you.

Par. Sometimes.

Cat. And can you keep a secret?

Par. If it's worth the keeping.

Cat. I've got a husband.

Par. Where?

Cat. In my eye.

Par. You wicked little rogue, you never told me anything of this before.

Cat. Because I was cautioned not to mention it; but I've been so rejoiced at the idea, that I've been quite miserable for the want of telling some one.

Par. And who is the gentleman? No disgrace to the house of Parchwitz, I hope.

Cat. Harkye, it's Mr. Ferdinand; what do you think of that?

Par. What? the nephew of the Baroness, a colonel of hussars, the heir of that castle, and the terror of all the girls in the place? Do you know what you expose me to?

Cat. I only expose you to be father-in-law of a baron.

Par. Then this is Gundershoff's mystery.—I desire you to forget him.

Cat. That's impossible, when I'm thinking of him from morning till night. You know, father, when Corporal Peter came courting to me, he told his master—that was Mr. Ferdinand, what a fine creature I was; so Mr. Ferdinand came himself, to see if Corporal Peter's taste was correct; the consequence was, that Mr. Ferdinand fell violently in love with me at the first glance, went on his two knees, and swore so sweetly, you can't think; then sent Corporal Peter away, to endeavour to get him killed in a battle. Mr. Ferdinand has now been passing a few days with his friends; I expect him home either this morning or to-morrow, and then I'm to be the young Baroness of Louisberg, the envy of all the women in the world, and the admiration of all the men.

Par. Very prettily you have managed it all, I declare.

Re-enter GUNDERSHOFF, L. U. E., *with a large nosegay in his hand, followed by* LEONARD *and* CARL, *carrying a large basket.*

Gun. [*To Leonard and Carl.*] You have been unable to meet him, eh? Put down that basket, and look out again. [*They put down the basket in the centre, and go off at the back.*] Now, Paul, I hope you are willing to do as I bid you.

Par. Quite.

Gun. [*Seeing Catharine.*] Oh, young woman, you are there, are you? The Baroness is very angry with you. You must instantly put on this dress. [*Opening a basket.*

Cat [*Taking out a white muslin dress.*] Bless me! is this fine white dress for me?

Gun. [*Giving her a box.*] And these ornaments.

Cat. Oh, beautiful! Ear-rings a foot long! And what a lovely dress! Is it really for me?

Gun. Yes.

Cat. The Baroness has a very elegant way of being angry.

Par. What is the meaning of this, Mr. Gundershoff?

Gun. [*Very loud.*] What is that to you? Tell your daughter to put on that dress; d'ye hear?

Par. You need not speak quite so loud. Do as the gentleman desires, Catharine.

Cat. That I will.

Par. [*Calling.*] George!

Enter a Servant from the farm-house, R.

Par. Take this basket into the house. [*To Gundershoff.*] Now, sir, will you explain?

Gun. Nothing. You have consented to do as I order you?

Par. I have.

Gun. Go into the house.

Par. Immediately?

Gun. Immediately.

Par. And take my daughter with me?

Gun. Your daughter with you.

Par. And must I ask no questions?

Gun. No questions.

Par. Nor my daughter neither?

Gun. Your daughter neither. Go!

Par. [*To his daughter.*] Go!

[*Exeunt Parchwitz and Catharine into the cottage, in amaze.*

Mic. [*Without.*] Let me go, I pray you! Why am I stopp'd? What do you want with me?

Gun. [*Looking out.*] Oho, they have caught him at last! Bring him here! bring him here!

Enter MICHAEL, *struggling with* LEONARD *and* CARL, *through the gate,* L. U. E.

Mic. Why do you stop me on my journey? What have I done?

Gun. You have done nothing; but we know what you are.

Mic. Know what I am?

Gun. You are a dapper little master, and just the one for our purpose; don't be alarmed, we are not going to harm you. [*Putting the nosegay in his jacket.*] There; when you have the white gloves, you will be complete. [*Calling*] Leonard!

Leo. Sir.

Gun. Run and tell the parson to be prepared.

Leo. Yes, sir. [*Runs off,* R. U. E.

Gun. Carl!

Carl. Sir.

Gun. Bring the villagers here to be witnesses.—Quick!

Carl. Yes, sir. [*Runs off*, L. U. E.

Mic. (R. C.) What am I to understand by this? I'm sure you don't know me, and I know nothing of you. I'm a stranger here.

Gun. (C.) I know it. You slept last night at the Emperor's Head.

Mic. True.

Gun. The Emperor's Head is under my thumb; that house is superintended by me, and I have seen your papers.

Mic. Indeed!

Gun. You are from Poland—I don't know exactly where—you are without parents, without fortune—in short, a very wretched little rascal.

Mic. I am, indeed.

Gun. I intend to make you very happy.

Mic. I'm afraid that's impossible.

Gun. I intend to give you a wife.

Mic. A wife!

Gun. In half an hour. You must have one.

Mic. I must? And who is the lady?

Gun. A very pretty young girl; you will be in ecstasies when you see her; there won't be such a happy fellow in the country. You will have a charming little wife, a substantial father-in-law, and nice little fortune.

Mic. Is it the custom here to stop people on the road, and marry them, whether they will or no?

Gun. Not exactly the custom, but necessity compels. The army have taken away all our young men, they are very scarce, and the girls must have husbands; they can't do without 'em.

Mic. But I cannot marry.

Gun. You are not already, I hope?

Mic. No, but—but——

Gun. You must be. Harkye, this marriage is very necessary—it is to prevent the heir of this estate making a fool of himself.

Mic. And so you wish to make one of me.

Gun. Exactly so! He wishes to marry this young girl that I intend for you—the Baroness, his aunt, won't allow it, because she is but a peasant. You will be very

happy with her. I am very happy with Mrs. Gundershoff—she was a little chambermaid in the castle; the father of our young gentleman wished to have her, his uncle would not allow it, and insisted upon my marrying her instantly: I did so, and I am now the happiest fellow in the world—I've a charming wife, lovely children, and an excellent place.

Mic. But surely the young gentleman will not marry a peasant!

Gun. We don't know; you see, the complaint is hereditary, and we are much afraid of it; I overheard him propose running away with her to-morrow, so we shall marry her to-day to prevent it. He's a shocking fellow! He's made more girls unhappy than ever I saw—France, England, Poland, Germany—every civilized place in the world has seen him scampering about after the petticoats, —Poland in particular. His valet tells us he there captivated a beautiful creature, the daughter of a brave officer who died in battle.

Mic. [*Aside.*] What do I hear? Well, sir?

Gun. He promised her marriage, it appears; left her without performing it, it appears; thought no more of it, it appears; and while there, passed by the name of—of Frederic Franzel, it appears?

Mic. [*Aside.*] Ah, it is he!

Gun. Hollo! what is the matter, boy?

Mic. I—I thought of my country; you spoke of Poland—that is my dear native place—the thought of it agitates me.

Gun. Oh, very excusable—we all love our country: when I was in England, my eyes always swam with tears when I saw a Gorman sausage.

Mic. And think you he will really marry this peasant to-morrow?

Gun. No doubt; if another don't marry her to-day

Mic. I consent—I consent; where is she?—I'll marry her instantly.

Gun. Hollo! hollo! you are in a greater hurry now than I am.

Mic. He may disappoint the poor girl, you know—and that would be a cruelty; and perhaps one husband may be quite as good to the poor girl as another.

Gun. True—true; you are a sensible young fellow; no time shall be lost. I'll go and prepare the girl—you prepare yourself. I knew you were the person we wanted,

the moment I saw you; I'm an individual of penetration—I read men like books. Do as I bid you, and you are made for life. Hollo! Paul! Paul Parchwitz!

[*Exit into the farm-house*, R.

Mic. (C.) Alas! he little thinks the daughter of the brave officer is here, and in this disguise. I have left my home, my family, to seek my Ferdinand—and what have I discovered?—that he forgets me. He promised to write—days and months have passed away, but no tidings came from him. I feared he might be dead—nothing but death, I fondly thought, could have caused him to neglect me. I knew that near this place I could learn something of him, but did not think to hear that which I have heard. But this marriage, how can it serve me? No, no—it must not be; I will return and forget him, as he has ceased to remember me. Yet I might prevent an union that would leave me without hope; he may see me, and my features may recall to his mind one that he so vowed to love.

Enter GUNDERSHOFF, *from the farm-house, leading out* CATHARINE *in a wedding-dress, followed by* PARCHWITZ *in his holyday clothes.*

Cat. (C.) Nonsense! I tell you, I can't change my mind so suddenly.

Par. (R.) I have given my word, and change you must.

Cat. But I love my dear colonel to distraction.

Par. Distraction! I knew you must be mad, or you never would have thought of him. Nonsense! have more sense than to wish to marry a great man. Bless you, they have too much to think of, to attend to their wives, and you would only be a poor neglected creature before the honeymoon was fairly over.

Cat. But Mr. Ferdinand will die when he hears of it; he'll break his heart, or shoot himself—I know he will.

Par. Nonsense—nobody dies for love now; its unfashionable. Oh! that's the young man, I suppose: I'm sure he has the complete air of a lady-killer.

Gun. [*Bringing Michael down.*] There she is—there's your wife. Now speak to her like a man. [*Michael hangs back.*] Come, come, don't be bashful. Tell her she's an angel, and she'll doat on you immediately. Be bold—be bold!

Mic. But I never was placed in such a situation before.

Gun. (L. C.) Then make the most of it; such a situa-

tion don't occur often in a man's life. [*Pushing him towards Catharine.*] Say, "Miss, I adore you."

Mic. Miss, I adore you.

Gun. That's right; "and will instantly marry you."

Mic. Will instantly marry you.

Gun. Lay your hand upon your heart, to show your sincerity. [*Michael puts his hand upon his right side.*] Psha! you have put your hand on the wrong side—the heart's not there, boy; well, well, put your hand on both sides, then you can't do wrong.

Par. [*Taking Michael's hand.*] I'm glad to see you, son-in-law: look at him, Kate—you don't look at him—there's a smart little fellow for you—he'll make you as happy as the days are long, won't you, my fine boy?—Now, you must bill and coo a little, but don't waste any time, for you'll be married in ten minutes.

Mic. I dare say you are very much surprised, miss, at the position I am in.

Cat. Indeed, I am; but if they force us to be married, I hope you'll make a good husband. [*Looking at him by degrees.*] He's not so ill-looking.

Par. [*To Gundershoff.*] He's a fine lad.

Gun. Of course—he's of my choosing: take her hand, my boy. [*Michael takes her hand.*

Cat. [*Examining Michael's hand.*] What delicate little fingers! quite a woman's hand, I declare! May I die unmarried, but he's really handsome. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, oh! I'm so affected.

Par. What's the matter.

Cat. He's so like my poor little Corporal Peter!

Mic. If I marry you, you must renounce all thoughts of him; and—and—of Mr. Ferdinand, in particular.

Cat. I'll try.

Mic. Nay, it is necessary you should, for my happiness—for your own. If you have any wish that I should love you, you must swear to forget him.

Cat. [*Aside.*] He seems very jealous.

Par. He's getting on.

Gun. Yes, yes, he'll do.

Mic. I wait your reply.

Cat. Well, what can I say?—The Baroness desires I should have you—my father desires I should have you—Mr. Gundershoff desires the same thing—you desire it—and as it appears I can't have Mr. Ferdinand, why, it is not very probable that I shall offer any obstacle.

Par. Bravo!

Gun. Bravo! bravo! sensible child!

Cat. [*Aside.*] I may as well have him—one must have a husband, and when one has, the matter's off one's mind.

Gun. As it is all settled, we must lose no time—ah, here are all the villagers, coming to conduct us in triumph to the ceremony.

Mic. Already! [*Aside.*] I'm frightened.

Gun. And her ladyship, the Baroness, does us the honour to assist——

Par. The Baroness at my daughter's wedding! what condescension!

Enter Villagers, L. U. E.

Ah, my boys and girls, how d'ye all do?—Didn't expect this affair would happen so soon, eh?—Glad to see you all—glad to see you. [*The Villagers arrange on each side.*

Enter the BARONESS, *followed by* LEONARD *and* CARL, L. U. E.—*all the Villagers, Parchwitz, and Gundershoff, take off their hats, and bow profoundly.*

Gun. Every thing is arranged, most illustrious lady: the bridegroom found, the bride willing, the father rejoiced, and the parson waiting.

Bar. [*To Catharine.*] Well, Catharine, you consent to marry that young man?

Cat. [*Courtesying.*] Yes, if you please, ma'am.

Bar. You are a good girl, and shall never want for my kind offices. [*To Gundershoff.*] The young man does not appear to be of this country.

Gun. No, madam: when I met him, he was an unhappy wanderer, but this little affair has made him very comfortable, and his intention is to settle with us, and become a good member of society.

Bar. I hope you have used no violence.

Gun. Oh dear, no, madam; they fell mutually in love at the first glance: see, madam, how they adore one another. [*Catharine and Michael are standing back to back, distractedly.*] Hollo! what are you about? Be attentive to the lady, sir. [*Pushing him.*] One would think you had been married a year. [*Looking out,* R. U. E.] Ah, what do I see?—[*Coming down to the Baroness.*] As I live, madam, I saw the carriage of Mr. Ferdinand in the

distance. We had better take them to church instantly.

Bar. Quick! quick! or all will be ruined.

Cat. Bless me! what's the matter with Mr. Gundershoff?

Gun. We are waiting for you.

Mic. There's no necessity to be in such haste.

Gun. [*Aside to Michael.*] Mr. Ferdinand has returned.

Mic. [*Aside.*] Heavens!

Gun. Now take the bride's hand—that's right—away with you. [*To the Villagers and Paul.*] My friends, you conduct the happy pair to church. I'll follow you—away, away! [*To the Baroness.*] If your nephew comes here, madam, detain him a short time—I shall not leave the young people till the double knot is tightly tied.—Forward!

[*The Villagers go off,* R. U. E., *arm-in-arm, singing the following chorus, followed by Michael and Catharine, with Parchwitz and Gundershoff.*

CHORUS.

Trip, trip lightly,
Lightly on your way;
The sun shines brightly,
Brightly on the day;
A token sure,
Of joys for you,
Who yield to Hymen's sway.
Trip, trip lightly, &c.

[*The chorus dies away—the Baroness watches them off.*

Bar. They are near the church, all is safe. [*Turning to the* L.] Ah, it is my nephew! they have just departed in time. I'll into the cottage, and observe him.

[*Exit into the cottage,* R.

Ferdinand. [*Without.*] Fritz, conceal the horses behind the hedge, and wait my orders.

Enter FERDINAND *in a travelling-dress,* L. U. E.

Fer. [*Looking from the gate,* R. U. E., *in the direction of the wedding.*] Some festival is being celebrated—so much the better, my visit to my dear little Catharine will be less observed. A sweet creature! I have promised to marry her, but that is a promise one is not always expected to keep, though one is always expected to make it, when

one is tenderly attached—at all events, if I don't marry her, no one else shall. Now for a charming chat with my little love, or kiss of her ripe lips, and—oh, she's a dear—[*Knocks at the door*, R.] Catharine, Catharine, my love—I hear her little mice-like feet, patting down the stairs, and her heart beating with joy and expectation. [*The Baroness opens the door.*] My love, my life—my aunt! [*Starts back, confounded.*

Bar. (R.) Ah, my nephew! I did not expect your return so soon.

Fer. My dear aunt, I'm delighted to see you; I—I—am certainly earlier than I intended, but in fact I—I was anxious respecting the state of your health, my dear aunt.

Bar. But this is not the road to the castle.

Fer. Decidedly not; but—but I really was in such haste, that—that——

Bar. That you took the longest way.

Fer. In fact, dear aunt, I was aware the delicate state of your health had not permitted your visiting your tenants for some time, and, excepting the few days of my absence, I have performed that agreeable task for you; and being anxious to convince myself of their happiness before I saw you, for—for my heart telling me that, when once admitted to your sweet society, I should be loath to leave it again.

Bar. Except to enjoy the sweet society of a little girl residing in this cottage.

Fer. Did you speak?—Hemm'd in on all sides, in spite of my gallant resistance—I must yield myself a prisoner. [*Aloud.*] So, aunt, you have found me out, it appears?

Bar. Yes, sir; you are discovered; your honourable intentions to my tenant's daughter are known.

Fer. Oh, my dear madam, I'm calumniated—you destroy my character—I had no—honourable intentions—that is, as far as my own personal liberty was concerned—oh dear, no—in truth, I felt interested for the child, and was anxious to obtain her a husband.

Bar. Then I am entitled to your thanks, for that very necessary protector of the girl has been obtained.

Fer. What! a husband obtained for Catharine! who?

Bar. A very prepossessing young person.

Fer. Not Corporal Peter, that I sent away?

Bar. Not that young man.

Fer. Umph! And pray when is the marriage to take place?

Bar. To-day.

Fer. To-day!—My dear madam, you must not sacrifice the poor girl—you will destroy her happiness for life—you will blight the fairest hopes of her existence, and all that kind of thing—she must not be married in such haste. But tell me, who is the fellow—the intended?

Bar. Mr. Gundershoff will explain all to you.

Fer. Gundershoff! this is some scheme of that villain's. I'll kill him! My dear aunt, I have taken a peculiar interest in that young woman, and if any misfortune was to happen to her, I should break my heart—I should be very unhappy—I should not speak to a woman for a week—the marriage must be put aside.

CHORUS, *in the distance.*

Trip, trip lightly,
Lightly on the way;
The sun shines brightly,
Brightly on the day.

Bar. Do you hear that?

Fer. I do.

Bar. It is the signal that the marriage cannot be put aside—it is completed.

Fer. Completed!

Enter GUNDERSHOFF, R. U. E.

Gun. It's all over—the happy pair are one.

Fer. [*Seizing Gundershoff by the collar.*] Wretch, this is your work—you are the planner of this villanous scheme.

Gun. (L. C.) Upon my honour, colonel, you are very ungrateful: you don't know what matrimony is, or you would rush into my arms for your preservation.

Fer. Where are they, sir? Who is this husband?

Bar. (C.) Nay, nay, nephew, no violence.

Enter CATHARINE, R. U. E., *running.*

Cat. [*Advancing to the front,* R. C.] I'm married! I'm married! [*Sees Ferdinand.*] Oh! he's here—what shall I say?—Husband!

[*She runs off again,* R. U. E.—*Ferdinand throws Gundershoff away from him, and pursues Catharine.*

Gun. Don't be alarmed, my lady, don't be alarmed—the danger's over.

Re enter FERDINAND, *dragging in* CATHARINE, R. U. E.

Fer. Perfidious woman, you shall not escape me.

Cat. Don't pitch me so.

Fer. Could you forget me so soon?

Gun. [*Advancing.*] Sir, I beg—

Fer. Silence! [*Gundershoff runs to the Baroness,* R.

Cat. Upon my word, it wasn't me—they would make me be married—I knew you'd be desperate, but what could a poor woman do?

Fer. Where is your husband? What is his name?

Cat. I don't know.

Fer. Not know.

Cat. It was all done in such a hurry—don't look so fierce, you frighten me—[*Calling.*] father! father

Enter PARCHWITZ, R. U. E., *followed by the Villagers, bringing in* MICHAEL.

Par. [*To Michael.*] You are a pretty fellow, to let your wife run away from you the moment you are married.

Mic. [*Seeing Ferdinand.*] 'Tis he, indeed.

Fer. Oh, here's the husband, eh? He shall repent this. [*Crossing to Michael,* L.] Now, sir, by what right have you dared to deprive me of that sweet creature?

Cat. You hear what he says.

Fer. [*To Michael, who has turned away.*] Sir, I address myself to your face, not to your back. [*Seizing Michael by the arm*] Look at me, sir, if you are a man. [*He turns him.*] Now, sir.

[*He looks at Michael with astonishment, then rushes off,* R.

Cat. Dear me, what an effect it has upon him! he sees how handsome my husband is, and so devotes himself to despair—he'll kill himself, I know he will.

Mic. [*Aside.*] He has recognised me and fled. Alas! I fear there is no hope.

Gun. Now to your new residence, my friends—all is prepared.

Cat. Come, husband, don't look so wretched; you ought to be delighted with me, and in such ecstasies that people should think you a little beside yourself.

Mic. [*Aside.*] I am, indeed.

WALTZING CHORUS OF THE PEASANTRY.

A portion of them waltz while the rest sing.

Winding and whirling, away let us haste,
To the shade where the fife and the timbrel invite;
'Mid dancing and singing our pleasures we'll taste,
And welcome with wishes the coming of night.

[*The females break away from the men and waltz by themselves, while the men sing—*

CHORUS *of Male Peasants.*

The echoes all ringing
With music and singing,
While love from this night many hearts shall set smarting;
Kissing and laughing,
Joking and quaffing,
Shall fill up the time till the moment of parting.

[*During the chorus, the Baroness takes leave of the new-married couple, and exit,* R., *attended by Carl and Leonard—Michael appears dejected—Catharine, after striving to make him regard the dancers, and be cheerful, suddenly seizes him, and waltzes him off, to the repetition of the first chorus—the ladies go back to their partners, and waltz off at the back, followed by Gundershoff and Parchwitz, who have each selected a partner, and joined in the dance.*

CHORUS, *during the latter dance.*

Winding and whirling, &c. &c.

[*The music dies away, and the drop descends.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour, with windows to the floor,* C. F. *with folding-blinds, which are open—Villagers are seen through the windows, dancing, on a lawn before the cottage—some are drinking and carousing at the door in the flat, near the window—another door,* R. S. E.—*table, chairs, &c.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* CATHARINE *at the folding-window,* C. F.

Cat. Bless me, how out of breath I am! Well, a wedding is a delightful affair; every body seems so

happy, and such kissing going forward, and such attention paid to one, that really, if it were possible, I should like to be married every week; though I certainly ought to have been allowed more time for courting, for there are so many little tender pleasantries, rapturous moments, disagreeable delights, and agonizing ecstasies, during a courtship and love-making, that I think it rather hard I have not experienced some of them. If another opportunity should occur in the course of my life, I shall insist upon my share, and won't be married till I have it.

SONG.—CATHARINE.

Oh, the sweetest time of life
Is the happy time of wooing,
Just before the name of wife
Crowns the deed of Cupid's doing.
All that has been sung or said
Proves no greater joy can find us!
'Tis a pity e'en to wed,
And leave a time so sweet behind us.
Oh, the sweetest, &c.

The moonlight walking to and fro,
The sighing, kissing, vowing, fretting:
Marriage may its pleasures know,
But wooing days there's no forgetting.
Many a sigh, from young and old,
All their present pleasures spurning,
Has been breathed, as I am told,
For that time once more returning.
Oh, the sweetest, &c.

[*The Villagers on the lawn drink the health of the happy pair.*

Enter PARCHWITZ, D. F., *with a bottle and glass in his hand, a little merry.*

Par. (R.) Huzza! The health of the happy pair Where's your husband, my child?

Cat. (C.) I don't know; I never saw such a husband—he seems always wanting to get away from me.

Par. Nonsense! you misunderstand: he wishes to be quiet and composed; he wants a comfortable chat with you, alone. When I married your mother, we didn't care for the dancing and feasting—we preferred rational conversation, away from the world.

Enter GUNDERSHOFF, *bringing in* MICHAEL, L. D. F.

Gun. (L.) Come, sir, you seem to have strange notions of the attentions necessary to be paid to a bride. Paul, look to your son-in-law—I caught him trying to steal away.

Par. Give him into the custody of his wife.

Cat. [*Taking Michael's arm in hers.*] Keep close to me, sir; don't attempt to stir from my side, or I shall be highly offended, Mr.—— What do you say our name is?

Mic. [*Stammering.*] Our—our name? Michael

Cat. Ay, ay; but Michael Von something.

Mic. Michael Von Snachpps.

Cat. Snachpps!

Par. Snachpps!

Gun. Snachpps!

Par. [*Offering wine.*] Take a bumper with me, Mr. Von Snachpps. [*Michael turns away.*] You won't?—Mr. Gundershoff never refuses—you'll drink with me, won't you, most illustrious Major Domo.

Gun. I've no time to be thirsty; I am looking for Mr. Ferdinand—the Baroness has not seen him these two hours, and we have no doubt but he has gone to make love in another quarter. We must get all the girls married, or they won't be safe

Cat. I'm afraid he's gone to do some mischief to himself.

Mic. (C.) May he not have gone hunting again?

Par. (R.) How can he hunt now the night is coming on.

Gun. (L.) That depends upon the object he is pursuing. There is a species of game, my friend, that are as well hunted by night as by day—petticoats. Umph!

Cat. (R. C.) [*Coaxing.*] Look, husband; don't you admire the nice house the good Baroness has given us to live in. [*Michael dejectedly turns away.*] Deuce take the fellow! what is he so miserable about?

Par. Well, we shall leave you now, children.

Gun. [*Going towards the window.*] Ay, ay, it's almost time to bid your friends good night. [*Calling.*] Carl, a light here.

Enter CARL, D. F., *with two lamps, which he places on the table, and exit,* D. F.

Mic. [*Looking anxiously towards the door.*] Would I could get away. I'll go and—

[*Attempts to escape—Gundershoff pulls down the window-blinds.*

Par. [*Stopping Michael.*] No, no—you don't stir from this house again till to-morrow.—Don't be silly. Can't you see, we wish to get you a little tête-a-tête.

Cat. You are not going to leave us already, father?

Gun. We have a little business to arrange—a lease to sign, and various matters to look to.

Par. Good night, my love; good night, son-in-law.

Mic. [*Dejectedly.*] Good night, Mr.—Mr. Parchwitz.

Par. What's the matter with the rogue? Why don't you say, "Good night, father-in-law," like a man.

Gun. There's very few can speak like men after they are married.

Par. Ah! you've had experience. Good night, children.

Gun. Good night. Away with you, Paul.

[*Gundershoff puts Paul out, and shuts the door after him—Michael seats himself in a chair,* L., *at a distance from Catharine.*

Cat. [*Sitting,* R.] Well, here we are alone; and he sits a dozen yards away from me. For a person so nearly related to me, he keeps at a considerable distance. [*Coughs.*] Hem! hem! [*Peeping over her shoulder at Michael.*] He takes no more notice of me than if I were his grandmother's uncle.

Mic. (L.) She shall know who and what I am, and then I will leave this place for ever. He cares not for me, and I must banish him from my heart.—Ah!

[*Sighing.*

Cat. What a sigh! I wonder why he's so unhappy. [*Coughs again.*] Hem! hem! he doesn't hear me. Well, if this is marriage felicity, it ar'nt half so pleasant as sipping mulled hock on a winter's evening. I ought to be happy, so I'll sing. [*Sings.*

Mic. That I should have loved him so fondly, and have met with this return. Ah! [*Sighing.*

Cat. Ah! [*Sighing.*] Well, this happiness is very melancholy. Perhaps I've offended him. I'll cry a bit: a woman's tears always command attention. [*She cries.*

Mic. If I make her my confidant, she will perhaps pity and assist me.

Cat. I will not put up with this any longer—I will know why I'm treated thus. [*Drawing her chair rapidly to his.*] Sir!

Mic. [*Turning gently.*] Ah! is it you, Catharine

Cat. Oh! you have found your tongue at last. My

dear Mr. Von Snachpps, what is the meaning of this? If you won't talk to your wife, your wife must talk to you. What is the matter, dear? [*Taking his hand.*] Are you afraid I shall make a bad wife? You need not be uneasy upon that point. I'm an excellent housekeeper: I can cook divinely—I can work with my needle so neatly—I can sing like a nightingale—I'm the sweetest temper in the world, and can manage and scold servants till they tremble at the very sight of me. Now, what more do you want, to make you happy?

Mic. [*Aside, holding down his head.*] I cannot gain courage to break my secret to her. I have no chance but to quarrel.

Cat. But why don't you look at me. If you won't talk, look at me.

Mic. [*Peevishly.*] I wish you would leave me alone, miss.

Cat. Miss, indeed! Do you know you are speaking to your wife, sir. A girl never marries to be called miss.

Mic. [*Firmly.*] I'm very angry.

Cat. Good gracious, what about?

Mic. You are a coquette.

Cat. I wish I may die if I am. I hate a coquette; I have always made it my study to avoid being one; I never encouraged more than four young men at a time in my life, and if you call me that name again, I shall be in a pet.

Mic. Do you think I did not observe how attentively you looked at Mr, Ferdinand.

Cat. That's an excellent joke, when I'm sure you were the only person that looked at him, and when he ran away you stared after him, quite rudely. But don't say I'm a coquette, there's a dear—because——

Mic. Because the truth must not be told at all times.

Cat. Now, don't speak such dreadful daggers; make it up—kiss me and make it up. [*Presenting her cheek.*] Why don't you kiss me, sir, when I ask you?

Mic. [*Aside.*] She will not quarrel—what shall I do [*Aloud.*] But he returned, and whispered in your ear.

Cat. I know he did.

Mic. He asked to have a private conversation with you.

Cat. [*Rising.*] Which I refused.

Mic. I am not sure of that, and I'm not at all pleased with general appearances. [*Following her about.*]

thered my indignation at the time, but now it breaks out and makes me furious, madam. Don't imagine, because I appear of a timid disposition, that I'm to be imposed upon by a reckless man and a designing woman; I will show you that I have a spirit—and if at one time I endure quietly, at another I revenge. When I am in a rage, I'm a demon—I care for nothing—I can trample all my relatives under my feet, and spread death and desolation around me. There, madam!

Cat. [*Aside.*] What a little devil he is—I'm frightened out of my wits. [*Calling.*] Father, come to my help; father! he says he's a demon—father!

[*Opening the door in the flat.*

Enter FERDINAND LOUISBERG, D. F.

Oh, go away, go away; we have had such a quarrel through you! If you meet, there will be manslaughter and bloodshed.

Mic. [*Aside,* L.] 'Tis he again.

Fer. [*Advancing,* R.] I beg your pardon, friends, for not having joined in your festivities, but—

Cat. [*Aside.*] My husband will certainly think me guilty now.

Fer. But circumstances compelled my abrupt departure. [*Aside, looking at Michael.*] It cannot be—that dress—the situation of the parties—I'll have some conversation with him, I'm resolved.

Cat. [*Apart to Ferdinand.*] Be cautious what you say or do before my husband—he's the most ferocious fellow I ever met with, and as jealous as a blackamoor.

Fer. Indeed!

Cat. He has scolded me dreadfully.

Fer. What! a quarrel on the wedding-day—I must be the mutual friend on this occasion, and make peace between you.

Cat. But it was about you.

Fer. Then none so proper as myself to inquire into the cause of dispute. [*Crossing to Michael.*] My good Mr.—what may be your name, sir?

Cat. (R. C.) His name is Mr. Von Snachpps.

Fer. Will you oblige me by a moment's conversation with you alone?

Cat. [*Aside.*] How he looks at my husband.

Mic. [*Aside.*] What are his intentions?

Fer. [*To Catharine.*] My dear, will you leave us together a short time?

Cat. What! leave my husband at such a crisis?

Fer. But for a few moments.

Cat. I hope you are not going to quarrel about me—it was not his fault that we were married, they frightened us into it; but, as I am married, it would not be so pleasant to be a widow so soon, and I'm afraid, if I leave you together, you'll quarrel and fight, and even if you kill my husband they'll never allow me to have you, and then what's to become of me?

Fer. Will you, my good sir, desire your wife to leave us for an instant.

Mic. My dear Catharine, will you permit this gentleman to speak with me alone.

Cat. Bless me, how calm he is, again: I suppose I must go, or we shall have another storm. As you wish it so particularly, my dear, I'll certainly obey.

Fer. Go, go, there's a love, and I'll give you a kiss to-morrow.

Cat. What did you say

Fer. [*Whispering.*] I'll give you a kiss and a new cap to-morrow.

Cat. I can't allow of any whispering: I'm a married woman now, and if you have any thing to say, you must speak to my husband—oh! bless you, I'm much altered—well, well, I'll go, but don't keep me long. This is the strangest wedding I ever met with.

[*Exit into the room,* R. S. E.

Mic. [*Aside.*] What can he have returned for?

Fer. The more I regard him, the more I'm perplexed—I will know who he may be, at all events. [*To Michael.*] I'm convinced you will pardon this intrusion, my dear sir, when you know—[*Michael turns a little towards him.*]—the very features—

Mic. Well, sir, proceed, if you please.

Fer. The fact is, my friend Snachpps, I wish to speak with you respecting your wife.

[*Catharine appears at the door,* R. S. E.

Cat. [*Aside.*] I knew it was about me.

Fer. Though your charming little wife and I were very intimate before your marriage—I wish I could see his face again. [*Turns, and sees Catharine.*] You will not leave us, you little villain?—Your husband must have

the sweetest temper in the world to put up with such a rebellious spirit. [*Loudly.*] Why don't you obey your husband, madam?

Cat. [*Advancing into the room.*] What the deuce has come to all the men?—I want a light—you do not wish me to sit moping in the dark, I hope. [*Taking a light.*] What brutes the fellows are!

Fer. Go now, there's a good child.

Cat. Take care of him, he's a terrible fellow.

Mic. [*Loudly.*] Will you leave us, madam?

Cat. Oh, he's breaking out again.

[*Exit quickly into the room,* R. S. E.—*Ferdinand shuts the door.*

Fer. (C.) I'm glad to see you have a correct notion of supporting your matrimonial authority: you must be positive with the women, or there's no ruling them. As I was about to observe, an intimacy having subsisted between Mrs. Von Snachpps and myself, I'm afraid the people of this place may have made a little too free with my moral character; but, upon the honour of a colonel of hussars, you need not be uneasy, for there is something in your appearance and face that so interests me in your favour, that I could kill any man that could venture to wrong you. I presume you are not of this country?

Mic. [*Hesitating, and holding down his head.*] No, sir

Fer. And why have you left your own?

Mic. That is a secret known but to myself.

Fer. Oh, my dear friend, I'm not at all inquisitive. Do you know, I am about to make a very singular request?

Mic. What is it, sir?

Fer. I wish to see your face distinctly.

Mic. For what purpose?

Fer. I think I have seen you before.

Mic. That is not unlikely, sir,

Fer. In Poland, if I mistake not, some ten months ago, when I stopped at a town there, with my friend, Frederick Franzel.

Mic. [*Starting.*] Frederick!

Fer. Why do you start?—Did you know that gentleman?

Mic. His name is familiar to me, that is all.

Fer. He was a very fine young man, that Frederick, though I must admit he did not behave so well as he

ought to have done, to a charming creature of that place, whose name, if I recollect rightly, was Augusta Polinsky.

Mic. [*Hiding his face*] Augusta!

Fer. You start again—the names I have mentioned appear to agitate you.

Mic. [*Looking boldly at him.*] I have a reason, sir: the lady of whom you speak is my sister.

Fer. I never heard she had a brother; yet you are certainly very like her; and how is my—that is, where is that dear, that lovely lady?

Mic. Think you, that your friend has a wish to know?

Fer. Indeed, indeed he has—upon my life, he has.

Mic. Tell him, then, that she is nearly heart-broken.

Fer. Don't say so—you hurt my feelings.

Mic. Tell him that the Augusta he once loved is now a wanderer in the world, that she has forsaken her home to conceal her sorrows from those that cannot sooth them, that she is striving to forget one whom she thought could have never forgotten her. She may suffer bitterly in the struggle; but, woman as she is, a woman's pride still hangs about her heart, and she will soon learn to think of him with as little regret as she would of the coldest and most distant of her friends. [*Weeping,*

Fer. [*Aside, weeping.*] Every word has stabbed me to the heart! those accents have sounded upon mine ear before; if it be her, I have a plan shall make her discover who she is. [*To Michael.*] I—I am very sorry the dear young lady should have been so treated by my friend, especially as it is not in his power to make atonement, because he is now married.

Mic. Ah! married! [*Falls in a chair, fainting.*

Fer. [*Supporting her*] 'Tis she! 'tis Augusta! what have I done?—I begin to think I am indeed a villain.

Enter CATHARINE, *at the door,* R. S. E.

Cat. What's the matter?—Oh, bless me! my husband has fainted away.

Fer. Water, Catharine, water!

Cat. I don't know where to get it—this is a strange house.

Fer. Run any where, I implore you.

Cat. Oh, dear, dear, why have you come here, to disturb our happiness in this way?—It's a shame.

[*Running into the room again.*

Fer. [*Kneeling.*] Augusta, dear Augusta, dear Augusta, look up and forgive me.

Re-enter CATHARINE, *with a jug.*

Cat. What are you kneeling to my husband for?

Fer. He was falling from his chair, and I knelt to support him, poor fellow. Sprinkle some water on his face—he revives! he revives! huzza! Catharine, my dear Catharine, attend to him carefully while I run for my aunt—he will recover instantly, but he must not stir till I return. Take care of him, that's a dear good girl—I would not have him hurt for the world—don't stir till I come back with my aunt. [*Aside.*] She shall plead my cause, and gain my pardon. Oh, bless her dear lips—[*Looking at Michael.*] No I mean your's.

[*Kissing Catharine.*

Cat. You have spilt all the water.

Fer. I can't help it, I'm agitated. Be sure you keep him here till I return. [*Exit Ferdinand,* D. F.

Cat. [*Slapping Michael's hands.*] Mr. Von Snachpps, what's the matter?—I'm so frightened, I shall faint away myself, if you don't recover: now, do come to yourself, that's a dear husband.

Mic. [*Recovering.*] Has he gone?

Cat. Yes, dear; but he'll be here again in a moment.

Mic. Let me go, let me go—I'll not see him again.

Cat. Why, what has he done?

Mic. Let me go, I say.

Cat. Oh, my dear husband, you look quite wild.

Mic. I am not your husband.

Cat. Oh, you base man, do you wish to deprive me of my character?

Mic. No, no; I wish but to fly.

Cat. Fly! bless me! he's a lunatic!

Mic. I must leave this place—I am a wretched, deceived, an unhappy being!

Cat. I'm sure I have not deceived you; I told you candidly that Mr. Ferdinand was to have married me to-morrow.

Mic. Don't tell me such a falsehood. Let me go.

Cat. You sha'nt stir till I know the meaning of all this.

Mic. Away, away! I quit this place for ever, and follow me if you dare.

[*Throws Catharine off, who falls into a chair—Michael runs off,* D. F.

Von Snachpps has been striving to make his escape from the Emperor's Head in a white muslin gown, trimmed with sky-blue ribands, and a black velvet hat and feathers in his hand.

Fer. But you have prevented the escape?

Gun. Yes.—It appears he wished to run away from his wife, and although he may not be singular in wish, yet I impressed upon his mind it was rather too soon at present. Carl and Leonard are conducting the unfortunate youth here—and—[*Opening the door.*]—here they come.

Bar. [*To Ferdinand.*] You will now, I hope, repair your faults.

Fer. Yes, my dear aunt, indeed I will.

Enter AUGUSTA POLINSKY, D. F., *in a muslin dress, conducted by* CARL *and* LEONARD, *and followed by Peasants.*

Aug. Let me depart, I implore you.

Fer. [*Running to her and bringing her forward.*] Nay, my dear Augusta, I am repentant. I still love you devotedly—fondly. The peril you have braved for me revives my passion, and whatever may have been my errors, I am willing to reform them. Your father was a brave officer, and an honour to his country,—here is my aunt, who is an excellent lady, and an honour to her's,—and here am I at your feet, whom it is in your power to make a good husband, and a better man.

Aug. And are you not married?

Fer. Not that I know of.

Bar. I assure you, my dear madam, that my nephew has it still in his power to restore your happiness, if you will but condescend to forgive him.

Aug. Forgive him—oh, Frederick!

Fer. Nay, nay, forget that name; the wrongs done by Frederick Franzel, let Ferdinand Louisburg, your husband, repair. [*Kissing her hand.*

Gun. Dear me, and Mr. Von Snachpps has been a lady all this time.

Par. Of course—she was one of your choosing.

Enter CATHARINE, *hastily*, D. F.

Cat. Where's my husband—I can't find my husband any where—have you seen him, father? Mr. Gundershoff, have you seen him? Madam, have—or, [*To Augusta.*] have you seen him, madam?

Aug. I believe you will find him here.

Cat. Where?

Gun. [*Pointing to Augusta.*] There! Your husband's going to marry Mr. Ferdinand.

Cat. [*Looking at Augusta with astonishment.*] Mr. Von Snachpps a woman! I'm born to be unfortunate.

[*Sobbing.*

Fer. Don't be unhappy, my dear Catharine: I admit having made a promise to marry you, and that promise I'll keep.

Cat. You will.

Fer. I'll marry you—to Corporal Peter: his discharge shall be obtained from the regiment, and you shall make him happy with this house and the little fortune intended for Mr. Snachpps.

Cat. Well, that's behaving like a gentleman; and if all promises were so well performed, there would be fewer broken hearts and less work for the lawyers. But in being united to my dear little Corporal Peter, I trust our friends around will offer no objection, and that my happiness may be crowned by their approving smiles.

FINALE.

Now let every sorrow cease,
Sighs are for the times of sadness;
Smiles from you will crown with peace,
And make this hour one of gladness.

Cat. Though no colonel's lady yet,
Still to hope I'll live devoted;
Who knows how a chance may get
My little corporal promoted.

All. Now let every sorrow cease,—
Sighs are for the time of sadness;
Smiles from you will crown with peace,
And make this hour one of gladness.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LEONARD. *Peasants.* CARL.
PARCH. BARONESS. AUGUSTA. FERD. CATH. GUNDERS.
R.] [L.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXLII.

THE

IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

A FARCE. IN TWO ACTS.

BY MACREADY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the words of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.]

	Walnut Street, Phila, 1857.	*National, Boston* 1850.	*Bowery*, 1853.
MR. FROST, - - - -	Mr. A'Becket.	Mr. E. B. Williams.	Mr. Glenn.
CAPT. SEYMOUR, - -	" Porter.	" Sanford.	" J. Dunn.
MR. COLLOONEY, - -	" Floyd.	" F. A. Munroe.	" Griffiths.
EDWARD, - - - - -	" John Sefton.	" J. B. Booth, Jr.	" Hamilton.
MURTOCH DELANEY, -	" Scallan.	" Barney Williams.	" S. Johnson.
CYMON, - - - - -	" Le Moyne.	" J. H. Ring.	" Winans.
LOUISA, - - - - -	Miss A. Graham.	Mrs. J. J. Prior.	Mrs. Yoemans.
CAROLINE, - - - -	" L. Graham.	" Johnson.	Miss Hiffert.
CUBBA, - - - - -	Mrs. Stoneall.	" Ring.	" Dawes.

COSTUME.

MURTOCH.—Livery coat—buff breeches—hat with band, &c. CAPT. SEYMOUR.—Red military coat—white pants, &c. EDWARD and COLLOONEY.—Modern. FROST.—Old man's suit—breeches, &c. CYMON.—Old-fashioned livery.

LOUISA and CAROLINE.—Ladies' morning dresses. CUBBA.—Figured calico dress.

THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter SEYMOUR, L.

Sey. Welcome, once more, my native country! Being immured three long months on board a ship makes land appear more delightful than even our fancy can paint it. Yet am I almost insensible to the pleasure, from being at so great a distance from my beloved Caroline. Oh, Jamaica! happy place! which contains all that is dear to me on earth. Her cruel father must have intercepted the letters I wrote from America, or she would have contrived to let her Seymour know she still retained the same tender affection for him——Good heaven! is it po sible?—Ha! reason contradicts my sense of seeing, and tells my eyes they are deceived—'Tis he!

Enter MR. FROST, L.

Sey. Dear sir, my joy at seeing the parent of my Caroline, so unexpectedly——

Frost. This assurance is past bearing. Damn it! I never am to be happy!—I left the West Indies to live in quiet; and here, one of the first things that presents itself, is the person, of all others, I wish to avoid. But my daughter is in my power, and shall marry the man I have selected for her, directly—I'll take care of her happiness.

Sey. Great care, indeed, to sacrifice her, against her inclinations, to some wretch——But who is he? Let me know where——

Frost. No matter who he is, or what he is; or where he lives, or where I live: you know but little of my family at present, and I am determined you shall know less. [*Crosses*, R.

Sey. (L.) Will you listen to common sense or reason?

Frost. (R.) Yes: who have you brought that can speak them?

Sey. Come, come, sir: what objection can you make to me? My family is unexceptionable.

Frost. That may be; but you are a younger brother.

Sey. Then, sir, my character and principles are, I hope ——

Frost. Such as most of our modern youths', who launch into all the luxury and excesses of the town, and then are obliged to fly the country; while the honest tradesman and industrious mechanic sink into penury and wretchedness.

Sey. I am acquainted with none such; nor do I ever cordially reckon a man in the list of my friends, who could turn away from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor.

Frost. Gad! I believe he is not so bad as I thought him; but Liny is engaged, my word given to a young fellow, with a fine fortune; and I always retain that principle of honour, to serve my friends, when, in so doing, I doubly serve myself. [*Exit*, R.

Sey. Astonishing! 'Tis some comfort, however, to know she is in England.—I would follow him, but it is now the precise time Mr. Wilson appointed to meet me, as second to the gentleman who has challenged my friend, Lieutenant Corbett; and here must I continue, though at the expense of happiness, or, perhaps, be disgraced, for a violation of the most pernicious custom ever regarded in a civilized nation.

Enter EDWARD, L.

Edw. (L.) Oh, sir, such news! Miss Caroline is in town, has been here these two months—I found it out by the greatest chance.

Sey. (R.) How—how?

Edw. Why, sir, I met Cymon, pretended to him that I had left you in America, and he told me they were all come; and that there are great doings preparing for an elegant young fellow from Ireland, who was to marry Miss Caroline immediately.

Sey. By Heavens! no such circumstance ever shall take place—and how to prevent it? Edward, you, in general, have a happy invention, and I am certain, if you exert it, you might gain me an interview, or, at all events, some further intelligence.

Edw. [*Sings.*] "The perquisite softens us into consent." Ah! my invention and genius are at present employed; contriving how I shall avoid the civilities of my tailor, shoemaker, washerwoman, and a few other friends, whom I left rather abruptly. Now they'll renew their former mode of paying their respects to me; and, though I never return one visit, they'll still continue their kind inquiries. If I had but a few guineas to satisfy those gentry, my mind would be easy, my person free; and, thus disencumbered, I should most certainly devise means to deliver from my master a letter to his dear Caroline, before she consults her downy pillow this night.

Sey. My honest fellow, make good your words, and twenty guineas shall be your reward.

Edw. (L.) Twenty guineas! twenty! She has—or, I mean, she shall have the letter. Write it, sir, write it.—Let me have it.

Sey. (R.) While I stop to write, be very particular in observing any gentleman that may be hereabouts; and, if he should seem at a loss, direct him to me, or come directly for me.

Edw. Oh, Lord! Oh, sir, yonder I see my tailor—I told you these people would impede my march, if I was not prepared for them. Dear me, how shall I avoid him?

Sey. Avoid him! Who is he?—what's his name?

Edw. His name is a—the—oh, damn it! 'tis very odd I never can remember the name of a man I owe money to—that is, when I am poor, for then I am always dejected at the sight of them. But, when I have money, and can pay them, I face them as bold as a lion. How do you do? says I, how do you do?

Sey. With those principles, 'tis a pity you should ever want.—Here, take this, and observe my directions while I write the letter. [*Exit*, R.

Edw. I will, sir. What's here?—Ten guineas! Mr. Snip!—Oh, he's off some other way, and I'll be damn'd if I call him back. Let me see—ten guineas! My master is a noble fellow—I wish he was a general, then his pocket might keep pace with his heart. At present, the one is always a day's march behind the other. But how shall I contrive to deliver my master's letter?—No matter: I'll trust to chance, and convince him, with all his despair——

That English wit, howe'er despised by some,
Like English valour, still shall overcome. [*Exit*, R.

Enter COLLOONY, L.

Col. Oh, London! London! dear London, as Archer says, had I millions, I'd spend it all there! it's the *mert* for enjoyment. The leedies so bewitching, the squeers so elegant, the theatres so enchanting, the players so greet, and, in, short, everything so captivating, that I wish, from my heart, I may never leave it. Where is this servant of mine? I decleer, there is no bearing his inattention. I desired him to meet me here at this time precisely; 'pon my honour, I must no longer neglect visiting Mr. Frost and the leedies.

MURTOCH, *singing without*, L.

We Irishmen, both high and low, we are both neat and handy,—
The ladies, everywhere we go, allows we are the dandy;
To be sure we are, and indeed we are——

Enter MURTOCH, L.

Col. Indeed, I'll break your thick head, if you don't hold your tongue, and till me did you find the plece and bring me the money?

Mur. (L.) Well, well; I will, sir.—The—a—och, sir! I wish we were at home again; this is the divil of a place.

Col. I say, sirrah! have you found the bankers?

Mur. No, in troth, sir.

Col. No! pray, thin, where's the chick I gave you?

Mur. Where! Why, sure, sir, you did not bid me keep it?

Col. I bid you give it to the banker, and bring the money: where is it?

Mur. Why, I'll tell you, sir.—The truth is, I did not give him the chick, nor the divil a farthing he gave me, for I didn't see him at all, at all.

Col. Was there iver such a provoking scoundrel? Tell me, this moment, where and what you have been about?

Mur. Och, faith! and I've been tumbled about bravely! for the people here walk the streets as if they couldn't see, for one parson gave me a drive on one side, and, when I only turned to ax him what he done that for, another gave me a shoulder, with his elbow, on the

t'other side; so, upon my soul, sir, I was going backward every step I went forward. But, at last, I saw a crowd staring up; so myself ax'd decently what was the matter—Stop, and luck up, says the man, and you'll see: myself did so, and there was two black pictures of men, with shilelahs in their fists, thumping at one another because the clock was striking. When it had done, they had done, and I was done; for I found they picked my pocket of the *chick* that I held fast in my hand, and everything I had in the world, and the hat off my head into the bargain.

Col. The rascal has been gaping about, *instid of* minding his business—I will most certainly send you home, Dill.

Mur. Och! worrow do, sir, send me home; but mind, I won't go to sea, I got enough of that; if once I get to sweet Bulinrobe, the divil burn me if ever I wish to see foreign parts again, or any but our netrel parts at home—to be sure, it's the sweetest little place in the world, Ireland is.

Col. Why, you scoundrel, do you want to bring a mob about us? Hold your tongue about Ireland, I say. Go, wait at home for me, and don't be exposing——

[*Exit*, R.

Mur. Exposing! to talk of Ireland—faith! sir, begging your pardon, I think a man does not deserve to belong to any country, that's ashamed to own it.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.—Table and two chairs.*

CAROLINE, LOUISA, *and* CUBBA *discovered.*

Lou. Well, Caroline, I vow you are almost ridiculous! fretting to such a degree about a man that, in all human probability, has been in love with twenty women since you parted.

Car. No, no; my Seymour is too honourable. So true and faithful is he, that a blister would appear on his lips, should falsehood touch 'em.

Lou. Very pathetic, indeed! But, for all his truth and tender lips, many a good fib has he swallowed in his life, that was in no danger of choking him.—Nay, no tears! you know how sincerely I feel for you.

Car. Oh, Louisa! where is the soul that can conceive my sufferings? The sun, that cheers the whole creation, affords ... comfort to the unfortunate Caroline.

Cub. Missa, you frette so, you make a de rain come in poor Cubba yies.

Lou. Oh, dear! I wish, with all my heart, Seymour would come and run away with you. We lead a most painful life; for, if your father suffers us to go into the Park, we are obliged to walk stately, and look directly before us, like a pair of coach-horses newly harnessed for a state day; yet, though I rally you, I can't bear the thoughts of your having this young Irishman, whom you have never seen, and, perhaps, can never like; and, indeed, he may not like you; but, to please two old fools, you reluctantly take each other for better for worse, when you'd rather let it alone.

Car. Take him! never! Were he the most accomplished of men, I could be inspired with no sentiment but pity for him.

Cub. Missee, you pity great man—he no good. Me pity poor black,—he no do good—run away; he get whip and chain. Why everybody no be happy, like me?

Lou. You only say so, Cubba; you are not happy.—You don't love your mistress.

Cub. Deeree me! my mout no big enough for me to say how much me love my missa.

Lou. Honest creature! What a pity it is all your country a'n't as good as you.

Cub. Good, bad, all colours! Bochro read great big book, tell him how he can be good; for all dat, some do very bad. Poor black no understand read—how they know good from bad, when them massa no show them good zample?

Lou. But, Cubba, what will you do when your mistress marries Mr. Colloony, and goes to Ireland?

Cub. Me go too. Me leave my country and friend for sake of my missa—me follow her all the world over—missa be everyting to poor Cubba.

Car. How can you, Louisa, mention such a circumstance, even in jest, when you know my sentiments?

Lou. Perhaps your sentiments and mine may be so congenial, that the old gentleman's schemes may be defeated, and you be happy with your Seymour; for, however he may rove, a good soldier will always return to his head-quarters.

Enter FROST, R.

Frost. Come, cheer up, Liny: your lover certainly

will be here to-day—the knot shall be tied to-morrow.

Car. Dear sir, don't expose your Caroline to the misery of refusing, when nature powerfully informs her, 'tis her duty to obey you. Indeed, indeed, I never can love this Mr. Colloony.

Frost. How do you know? you have never seen him. Why, he is young, handsome, rich——

Car. Mention not his qualifications, sir, for my heart is engaged.

Frost. Yes, and my word is engaged—the young fellow coming all the way from Ireland on purpose.—A fine settlement made on you. Is not that better than starving with your Seymour?

Car. Poverty, with him, sir, is preferable to a palace without him. He loves me.

Frost. You're mistaken, it's my money he loves—but he'll never touch a shilling of it, that I'm resolved.

Car. I don't know what your resolution may be, but mine is unalterably fixed. Dear sir, I have only to intreat you will give up the idea of plunging me in wretchedness. Remember that you're a father, sir, and that indulgence should ever unite with that name.

[*Exit*, L.

Cub. Ah! poor missa, she be so good; still she cry great deal. Bochro do wrong, laugh and be happy—nobody ought to be merry when missa frettee. [*Exit*, L.

Frost. Ay, follow her, you—you—whenever I am vext, or in trouble, that angel of darkness is sure to come in my way. I tell her, every hour, that she is in a blessed land of liberty, that she's her own mistress, free as air—in hopes I shall get rid of her; but she won't stir—no, she sticks like birdlime. Then that cursed Cymon comes, with his similes. There was neighbour Diggins robbed last night—by mistake; for I'm sure 'twas my house they meant to attack. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall have my throat cut. They'll be with me to-night. Was there ever such a little, wretched, unfortunate old man!

Lou. La! sir, you frighten yourself with shadows.—Why should the thieves mean to rob you?

Frost. I know they did—I know it. I am misera—no, no, I am happy—you make me happy; you are to me a—a—a sun without a spot—a heaven without a cloud!

Lou. This is a change, indeed! You were but this moment declaring you were a wretched, unfortunate, little old man.

Frost. No, I am not old—fifty, or so—no age for a man. And, if you would take compassion on me, and do yourself justice—

Lou. Oh, sir! if I take compassion on you, I hope you'll do me justice.

Frost. That I will. You know, in the West Indies I administered justice. I was there a justice of peace.

Lou. Yes; but not just now.

Frost. Oh, no! not in office. But the settlement you shall have can be equalled by nothing but my love. I do love you beyond—

Lou. Don't say so, you wish to deceive me. A true lover would hang or drown himself, break his neck, poison or stab himself in a fit of despair: would you do any of these?

Frost. Eh! if you'll marry me, perhaps I may. Who knows what good things time may bring about?

Lou. Ah! there's little good to be expected from him I never knew the old gentleman, with his scythe and his glass, bring anything but gray hairs, thin cheeks, wrinkles, and loss of teeth.

Frost. That's true: and you don't know what a terrible thing it is to be an old maid.

Lou. No. [*Crosses*, L.] Nor I hope I never shall.

[*Knock*, R.

Frost. Hark! there's somebody coming. Will you promise me an interview? I have something very particular to say to you; we'll be quite private. Nay, do now, now—

Lou. Well, sir, you may expect me.

Frost. Oh, my charmer! I'm distracted. Oh! [*Kisses her hand.*] Adieu!

Lou. Adieu! I'm much mistaken if I don't cure the gentleman of his love-fits, before I have done with him.

[*Exit*, L.

Frost. Oh! she loves me, it's too plain; I have long suspected it. What a very engaging, agreeable, nice, handsome little fellow I must be, to captivate so sweet a girl.

Enter CYMON, R.

Frost. What do you want? Who was that knocked at the door?

Cym. A man, sir: he gave me this, as nimble as a fencing-master, and stepped away like a dancing-master.

Frost. Oh, curse your similes! Let me see—from Mr. Colloony; that's delightful! [*Reads.*] "*Sir, my anxiety to take you by the hand can only be equalled by my passionate desire to see your amiable daughter, and, with the speedy assistance of Hymen, shall glory in the liberty of being her slave. The earliest moment possible I hope to make acceptable to Mr. Frost the devoirs of his truly devoted and most assured humble servant, William Patrick O'Brien Colloony*" Oh! he's a fine ardent lover! They shall be married to-morrow morning. D'ye here, Cymon? take care everything is ready for the reception of your new master. How does my purchase come on, the coach-horses?

Cym. Troth, sir, bad enough; they are only fit for the crows. One of them, the sorrel-horse, puts me woundily in mind of a lawyer.

Frost. A lawyer! how now? how can that be?

Cym. Why, sir, he is well paid for every journey he goes: and the other is downright game, for he'd sooner die than run.

Frost. Have done, sir, or I'll brain you. This fellow makes me as melancholy—

Cym. As an owl at noonday. Now, your honour, I'm as merry as a mouse at midnight.

Frost. That's always the case; I'm never out of humour, but you are as pleased as—

Cym. As a peasant with a plum-cake at Christmas, or an old lady on her wedding-day.

Frost. Will any body take this fellow from me? I'll change your tune; I'll make you as sorrowful as—

Cym. As a young bride with an old husband.

Frost. Oh! you damned dog, where did you get that? that's the worst of all. [*Knock*, R.] Go to the door, I say

Cym. Yes, sir; I think I am as whimsical to-day as a merry-andrew's coat. [*Exit*, R.

Frost. That fellow's as bad to me as the gout: I can find no cure for him.

Re-enter CYMON, R.

Cym. Sir, sir—here's a grand gentleman, dressed like a peacock, and talks like a magpie.

Frost. Was there ever such an affronting scoundrel?

show him in. [*Exit Cymon*, R.] It must be Mr. Colloony. I say, Cubbe, send your mistress to me immediately.—Oh dear, this is lucky!

Enter CAROLINE, L.

Car. Did you send for me, sir?

Frost. Yes, yes—here's Mr. Colloony; it can be nobody else.

Enter EDWARD, *dressed in a tawdry manner*, R.

Frost. Sir, I rejoice to see you; how do you? So is my daughter, indeed, sir, though she says nothing. Why the devil don't you speak?

Car. Sir, I—I—

Edw. I have got into the house, at all events, and must trust to impudence for the rest. [*Aside.*

Frost. Sir, she's excessively fond of you; but she naturally expects you to speak first.

Edw. Certainly, my dear sir. Fond of me! oh, ho! then I must be in love. Here goes! [*Aside.*] Oh, madam! you're such a beauty, so full of charms, so all over engaging—such a hand, such symmetry, such eyes, such lips, such smiles, such frowns, such love, such—oh! I'm quite out of breath.

Frost. Well, dam'me, but he's a comical fellow! how he has gallopped over the poor girl! I don't think he has much of the brogue. But, sir, I say, my—

Edw. Then her foot, sir—do but look at her foot, sir—a foot proportioned to the body, the body suited to the face, the face suited to the soul, the soul to the heart, the heart to the mind, the mind to—as my friend Hamlet says, in his *device* to the actors, "the action to the word;" and then she has so much—oh dear, oh dear! I can go no further. Now to try to give her the letter. [*Aside.*

Frost. How his tongue does run! I am afraid Liny will never have him, he's such a fool. But, sir, you confound her with your compliments.

Edw. You wrong me, sir—I can't flatter; I truly love, I adore, I live for you. I—I can't find the letter. [*Aside.*] Oh, madam! say that you'll marry me, or I shall curse my stars, go mad, and die!

Frost. Die and be damned! for you're the strangest fish I ever met. Sir, I'll speak to my daughter, and if—

Edw. Oh! that *if* has driven me to despair, for [*Aside.*]

I have lost the letter. My peace of mind is—dam'me, but it's gone! [*Aside.*] It has undone my quiet, ruined me, blasted all my hopes! Farewell, board-wages, laced liveries, all joy, peace, and happiness! Oh!

Frost. Sir, I'll withdraw a little, to order some refreshment, and—

Car. Dear sir, don't leave me with this wretch, this fool!

Frost. Don't abuse him, Liny; 'tis your charms have made him a little flighty. I wish they'd cut his wings before they had let him away, for he's the wildest Irishman I ever saw. [*Exit*, L.

Car. Sir, I say—

Edw. Stop, madam, for heaven's sake! I am Edward. My master, Captain Seymour, is in town.

Car. Ha! can it be? My Seymour in England?

Edw. Yes, ma'am, and has sent you—

[*Searching for the letter.*

Enter FROST, L.

Frost. I don't like leaving my child with this wild Irishman. Eh! egad, they seem very quiet; I'll listen.

Edw. Dear, dear, I have certainly left it in my other clothes. But the circumstance is this, ma'am: my master, this morning, saw your father; and, on finding you were in town, wrote a letter, which I undertook to deliver to you. [*Frost comes between them, and pushes Caroline off—Edward continues telling her of the letter.*] But I have unfortunately mislaid it. I can assure you he loves you as much as ever; and, if you would but write a few lines, to say that you love him, he'll run away with you, in spite of that cruel curmudgeon, your father, and—[*Turning about, meets Mr. Frost face to face.*] Oh, murder!

Frost. Thieves! Cymon! thieves! Knock him down!

Edw. Yes, sir.

[*Knocks Cymon down as he enters, and exit*, R.

Enter CYMON, R.

Frost. Oh! murder, thieves! Cymon, where are you?

Cym. Here, sir—as flat as a flounder.

Frost. My poor fellow! Go, shut the door, and be sure to bolt, lock, and chain it. But see that impostor out of my house.

Cym. Yes, sir; I'll see every thing as safe as a guinea in a miser's purse.

Frost. Oh, curse your similes! I must go myself, and see every thing secure. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter LOUISA *and* CAROLINE, R.

Car. Thank heaven! I know my Seymour is in England: I have heard enough to convince me he still loves me; and constancy's the only proof of true affection.—I hope he may devise some means to free me.

Lou. If he did not, I am sure he should not have me. A soldier, and in love! and to be afraid of such a little old fellow as your father!

Enter CYMON, *in haste*, L.

Cym. Ma'am, he's come—Mr. Colloony. Lord! I am as much out of breath as a trumpeter.

Frost. [*Without.*] Walk in, walk in, sir.

Enter FROST, *with* COLLOONY, L.

Frost. I am overjoyed to see you; walk in, sir, walk in. Ladies—ladies, this is Mr. Colloony; sir, my daughter and her friend, Miss Belmont.

Col. Ladies, your most obedient. [*Salutes them.*] This warm and kind reception is truly flattering, and impresses me strongly with the idea of my future happiness.

Frost. Oh, I'm sure you'll be very happy. There's a husband for you, Liny. Is he to be compared to your captain?

Car. No; indeed, sir, I don't think he is.

Frost. That's a good girl. Well, sir, you shall be married this morning. Oh dear! And how is my old friend, your worthy father, and all your family? What sort of a passage had you? I suppose you were very much fatigued after your journey? Will you have some refreshment? Oh! I'm so happy—come, tell me all.

Col. All! Upon my honour, he asks all, and will hear nothing. Sir, I left my father and all the family very well, as his letters will acquaint you. I say, Dill! bring up that parcel, Dill.

Enter MURTOCH, *with a portmanteau*, L.

Mur. Here, sir, here. Arrah, Maister Pat, don't be calling me Dill—myself can't bear it; it's making so little of one. My name, ladies, saving your presence, is Murtoch Delany; and, though Maister Pat's my maister, I don't know who the divil made him my godmother.

Col. Get away, sirrah. Sir, you will find, by these peepers, the liberality of my father: he gives me his whole estate, while he lives—and makes me heir to all the rest, when he dies.

Mur. Oh! the divil burn the blade of grass, horse, cow, servant, or any other fixture upon the estate, even to the value of a sucking-pig, but will be all his own.

Frost. Oh! I'm too happy. You shall be united directly.

Col. I should think myself unworthy, indeed, if words could express how much I feel indebted to your goodness. Before I had the felicity of seeing the lady, I could think of nothing else; and such an effect had the description of her on my mind, I decleer I could not sleep a wink for dreeming of her.

Frost. But you did not tell me what sort of a passage you had.

Col. Why, sir, they said it was a good one, but I was sick of it.

Mur. Sick! Arrah, ladies, we were kilt—myself was quite dead; I was all a—I called to the captain to stop—stop and put me out, says I—Nonsince, man, says he; if I put you out, it will be in the water, and then you'll go to Davy Jones. Oh, thank'ye, Loursee, says I,—it's time enough for me to go and live with that gentleman when I am dead in earnest.

Lou. Then you are not fond of the sea, Mr. Colloony.

Col. No, indeed, ma'am: if they'd give me the finest estate upon earth, I could not live in it with any enjoyment on board of ship.

Frost. But come, are not the towns through which you came worthy of observation?

Col. Certainly, sir; your manufactories are so asto-

nishingly greet, they prove at once the wonderful industry and wealth of your nation.

Mur. Ax your pardon, ladies; I'll tell you: I could see three times as much as Maister Pat, for I slept all the way on the outside of the coach, and the divil a manufactory I saw equal to our own. Och! if you could only look at the oyster-beds in Poolbeg, the Foundling, or the Lying-in-Hospital at Dublin, they are the right sort of manufactories.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Mur. Faith! you may laugh, but I am sure there can't be better *manufactrys* in the world, than those that provides comfortable lodgings, and every other sort of bread and meat, for poor craters that can't provide for themselves.

Col. Hold your preeting, sirrah—leedies, I hope you'll excuse him.

Frost. But, Mr. Colloony, do now favour us with your opinion of our country, and an account of your journey.

Col. 'Twas a very pleasant journey: travelling here is much better than in Ireland.

Mur. [*Aside.*] Oh! murther! murther!

Col. The roads are so very excellent, the inns so large, and the mile-stones so regular——

Mur. Och! Maister Pat, don't be running down our country; myself can't bear it; you know the roads are a thousand times better in Ireland: ladies, the miles there are three times as long as they are here; and then the divil a half-mile can you go, but there's a beautiful wooden milestone; I'm sure from, the time we left the Hill of Houth, till we got to that spalpeen place they call Holyhead, the divil a bit of land I saw but what was all covered over with water; pretty travelling, indeed!

Col. Begone, you scoundrel; leave the room, I say.

Mur. Sir!

Col. Leave the room, I say, sir.

Mur. Leave the room, you say, sir; oh, mighty well; there's moré o'the yarn!—Bad travelling! I'll say nothing before the company, but, if ever I forgive this—— ladies, your most engaging conversation—[*Goes off muttering.*] I never can forgive this. [*Exit*, L.

Frost. Your father, in this letter, seems particularly anxious that the marriage ceremony should be performed as soon as possible; now, I'm desirous it should be so too; what do you say, sir?

Col. What do I say, sir? Why, I say, ask the lady; I deem it the happiest moment of my life. He must be covetous, indeed, that could form a wish beyond what is here to be found. [*Bowing to Louisa.*

Frost. Liny, thank him—isn't he an elegant, polite, well-bred man? Arn't you surprised and rejoiced—the licence is ready—I'll go to the parson; it must be done before twelve; we have but an hour and a half.

[*Exeunt Frost and Colloony*, L.

Lou. Caroline, how could you treat Mr. Colloony in such a manner? You scarce looked at him. Are not you on the very brink of matrimony? To disappoint him now, what would the world say?

Car. Yet disappointed he shall be, and I am in no dread of what people may say—the truly virtuous mind makes itself judge, and, satisfied within, smiles at that common enemy, the world.

Enter FROST, L.

Frost. Come, girls, prepare; Louisa, you shall go to ——you shall be bride's-maid. Hadn't you rather be a bride?

Lou. Why, sir, I can't say I should have any objection.

Frost. Oh, charming! you make me young again!—Egad! I begin to think——oh, dear! go and prepare, for Mr. Colloony will return directly. [*Exit Louisa*, R.] Oh, the lovely, sweet——

Enter EDWARD, *singing*, L.

Frost. Well, sir, what do you want?

Edw. Sir, I—a—beg pardon, sir, I believe I am come to the wrong house.

Frost. Then pray, sir, go to the right house.

Edw. Yes, sir. [*Exit, singing*, L.

Frost. Do, sir.—Cymon, who is that fellow? He had but an ill look, me thought. Shut the door there.—Now, Liny, my love, be a good girl; I'm so pleased, that I shall give you an additional hundred pounds, for you to——

Enter EDWARD, L.

He here again! I thought you were gone to the right house.

Edw. This is it, sir. Pray, did not a gentleman of the name of Colloony——I got that from the Irish servant [*Aside.*] go out of this house a little time ago?

Frost. Yes, sir; but, if you want him, he'll be back directly.

Edw. No, sir, he will not.—A sad accident has happened to him.

Frost. Mercy on me! I hope not.

Edw. Truth, indeed, sir—I'll tell you the particulars—at the corner of the next street a gentleman attacked him—sir, says he, you are a villain, then drew his sword, and pushed violently at him—thus, sir, thus, madam—thus—[*Pushes the letter over Frost's shoulder, which she does not notice.*] Oh, the blind creature!

Frost. Dear me, how unlucky! I wish he was returned—I hope he is not hurt.

Edw. He is, sir; yes, he is—it's rather an odd place.

Frost. Where, where?—Is it in a mortal part?

Edw. It's in the back, sir—in the back, ma'am, in the back.—Damme, but she'll die a maid. [*He turns his back to her, and the letter is fastened to it—she takes no notice of it.*] And so, Captain Seymour, ma'am——

Frost. Oh! that cursed captain!

Car. Captain! what, was it my——

Frost. No, no, it was not.

Edw. Yes, yes, ma'am, it was—a——

Frost. [*Stopping his mouth.*] No, no,—she must not know he is so near her. I don't think—at least, I hope, it was not Mr. Colloony.

Edw. Yes, it was, sir.

Frost. Why, how was the gentleman dressed?

Edw. Why, sir; he had a scarlet coat on, a riding-habit, sir; he was in boots, and had a cockade in his hat.

[*Fixes the letter over the cockade, and pushes it towards her, which she takes.*

Frost. And how is Mr. Colloony? Tell me.

Edw. Why, sir, as soon as Captain Seymour saw the blood trickle from his antagonist, he jumped to him, took him in his arms, thus, and carried him to Doctor Julep's, this way.

Car. Blessed contrivance! 'tis from my Henry; but, how to send an answer? If I go to my room, Edward may be gone before I can write—what shall I do? Invention assist me. [*Writes with her pencil on the letter.*

Frost. But what did the doctor say? Did he think him in danger?

Edw. Why, sir, we hope not—he probed the wound, and, after muttering a great many gallipot phrases, that none but the brethren of the pill-box understand, he pronounced him out of danger, and ordered him to be put to bed, his stomach to be fomented with a—a—bason of soup, and——

Car. If this does but succeed—[*Aside.*] Sir, sir, this fellow's an impostor—I'll let my honoured father know your villany. Sir, while you were listening to his story, he forced this letter into my hand; but, to show how I regard the writer, there, take his impertinent scrawl back again. [*Throws it on the ground.*

Edw. The art of man won't prevent her being an old maid!—Ma'am——

Frost. Oh, you damn'd dog! let me see it, my dear—we'll throw it into the fire, and this fellow out of the window.

Car. No, sir, I cannot wish him a greater punishment than to return his letter just in that manner.

Edw. Here's usage for my poor master—but, ma'am, is there nothing for, or by way—a——

Frost. Oh, you want something, do you? I'll pay you; there's wood upon wood—come along, Liny; and, if ever I catch you in this house again, I'll leave you no more brains than a fiddler.

[*Exeunt Edward,* L., *Frost and Caroline,* R.

Enter MURTOCH, *singing,* L.

Och, whiskey, it's you that's my darling,
It's you that keeps me on my feet,
And often you cause me to stagger,
Whenever we chance for to meet.

Mur. Maister Pat, I'm come to desire that you will—a—oh, he's gone! It's well for him—I was just going to discharge him—he vexes me so when he speaks congrumshously about the sod—I won't, for I can't, bear it—I have made Cymon blind drunk in love with Ireland—I was telling him all about it, and he supped up my intelligence like a gentleman; to be sure, he mixed it a little, for he emptied the best part of two bottles of port, that miss gave to make much of me; and there he lies

stretched on the floor, snoring as quiet as a stone in a wall. I'm quite up—I'm almost corned, faith! with lucking at him drinking it.—To be sure, I'm not the naaty—I wish I had something to do—that somebody would affront me, or a fine young lady fall in love with me, or any divarting accident of that nater.

Enter CUBBA, R.

Cub. You want speak a wi' me?

Mur. Och, honey, what's this? Sure, the crater wouldn't be in love with me. She is! she is! and I am sorry for her, but she can't help it. Honey, it won't do—now don't think of it—avourneen.

Cub. Me no understand you.

Mur. She does not understand me; what a misfortune it is to want larning. If your schoolmistress had been a gintleman, she'd teach you the manners to say you did, whether or not. I'll larn you to spake good English when my master marries your young lady.

Cub. Me hope me not live till den—me sure missee break her heart, and me rader die den see it.

Mur. Oh, faith, if you die, you won't see it, to be sure—may be you'll hear of it, and that will be the same thing. Miss a ——troth, I forget your name.

Cub. Me name Cubba.

Mur. Pooh, pooh! be asy, Miss Cubbaugh!—That's being too agreeable—your father a king?

Cub. Iss.

Mur. Oh! it's king of the Morice-dancers she means; ay, ay, that fellow had a black face—I saw him yesterday.

Cub. No, no; him live at de Gold Coast.

Mur. Where?

Cub. At de Gold Coast—now nobody here, you shut your eye, me tell you something dat make my heart open in two. But you look so good—you not be angry with Cubba.

Mur. Oh! the devil an angry I'll be—I never was angry with one of the fair sex in my life. There, honey, my eyes are shut—go on—now the devil a word I can hear.

Cub. Me love a you dearly—but me no want you love me, dat be very wrong—your face white, me poor negro—me only tell you make me easy, den me pray for you be happy.

Mur. I knew it! I knew it! Black, brown, green, or yellow, I bother them all. Oh, Murtoch! you murtherer of beauty, what are you about—but the milk of compassion rises within me for poor Cubbaugh—I wish she was not sooty. Who knows, may be the journey will bleach her. Troth, it's a shame your mistress never found out that fellow that advertises to whiten ladies' hands and faces, the limping Jew—he'd make you as fair as a daisy. Och! if you had even a bit of the violent soap, honey!

Cub. No matter my colour, if me do right. Good black face be happier den bad white.

Mur. Troth, and I believe she may be the daughter of a king, for she has the mind of a prince. If her face was but as white as her heart, she'd be a wife for a pope.

Cub. You tell a *Syman* fine story about your country, me like to hear.

Mur. Och, honey! she likes my history, she—— sweet crater, she's choking with sense; then, you shall have it—you know I left off at the exchange—the next is the Parliament-House, but I suppose you heard of the chimneys setting the walls afire and burning every stick of them—the live pillars all run away, but the dead ones stood there, as if they were determined to support it as long as they lived—I must go to my master immediately—but I'll tell you all in a bit of a planxty.

SONG—MURTOCH.

If you travel the wide world all over,
And sail across quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail unto sweet Balinrobe.
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who lived in the reign of King Shamus
Ere he was at Boyne overreach'd.
Chorus. With my whack fal de ral, &c.
Oh, the land of Shilelah for me!

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise,—
That city where first, as a spinster,
I opened these pair of black eyes;

In this town there is fire without smoking,
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
And then there's such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.
With my whack, &c.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
The sons of the brave O's and Mac's,
Who died whene'er they were victorious,
And after that ne'er turn'd their backs.
Our heads are stout and full of valour,
Our hearts are wise and full of brains—
In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
And the ladies reward all our pains.
With my whack, &c.

Saint Patrick is still our protector;
He made us an island of saints,
Drove out snakes and toads like an Hector,
And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
Then, if you'd live and be frisky,
And never die when you're in bed,
Come to Ireland and tipple the whiskey,
And drink ten years after you're dead.

Chorus. With my whack fal de ral, &c.
The land of Shilelah for me! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter SEYMOUR *and* EDWARD, L.

Edw. There's your letter again: that's all the answer I could get.

Sey. My letter! 'Sdeath! you rascal, is this your boasted cleverness? Did you see my Caroline?

Edw. Yes, sir; and, after many efforts, at last I gave the letter into her own hand, and her father in the room. But she returned it just as you see, and is positively to be married this morning.

Sey. Unlucky scoundrel! 'tis to you I owe all my misfortunes: by listening to your wretched, paltry schemes, I have lost all that was dear to me on earth; but you shall injure me no more—all the punishment I can at present inflict, is, to divest you of my property, and discard you—so strip, sir, and never let me see your face again.

Edw. Sir?

Sey. Call a coach, sir, throw the clothes into it, and begone. Strip, I say.

Edw. What, sir, in the street? I shall catch cold, sir.

Sey. Do as I desire you, rascal, or—

Edw. Yes, sir, yes—coach—co—Lord, sir, you are joking.

Sey. I am serious, sirrah. Do as I order you; no words, but—

Edw. Yes, sir, yes. Here's gratitude! Who the devil would be a footman now, I wonder? There, sir, there's your coat; all the rest is my own.

Sey. Quit my sight. And here, sir, take this letter as your reward.

Edw. Oh! sir, virtue is its own reward; I look for none. Eh! what's this? Ha, kind fortune! you never deserted me.

Sey. What is the fellow loitering about? I wish he'd ask for his coat again. [*Aside.*

Edw. Sir, I have one favour to beg, before I go: will you be so kind as just to look at the outside of that letter?

Sey. Look at! [*Taking the letter.*] Ha! what's here? [*Reads.*] "*This is the only method I have to acquaint my dear Seymour that I am still the same—my heart is wholly his.*" Transport! [*Kisses the letter.*] My charming—

Edw. Ahem! ahem!

Sey. My dear Edward, what shall I say to you?

Edw. Nothing, sir—you've said enough: 'tis to me you owe all your misfortunes.

Sey. Nay, nay—put on your coat.

Edw. No, no, sir; get another servant. I'll never—

Sey. Nay, for heaven's sake, Edward. I own I have been rash.

Edw. Rash! to make me strip here in the open street, and expose me to all the world—

[*Walking about, from* L. *to* R.

Sey. [*Following him.*] But, Edward, do put on your coat.

Edw. Not I, sir, I despise a coat—when there's no money in the pockets.

Sey. [*Gives money.*] Now, my dear fellow, have done.

Edw. Lord, sir, I have done. Money and a good place have stopped greater men's mouths than mine.

Sey. Take your coat, and put it on.

Edw. Yes, sir;—a little of your assistance, if you please.

Sey. My assistance!

Edw. Yes, sir; dam'me if I put it on without it. [*Seymour helps him on with his coat.*] I have often assisted you on a similar occasion.

Sey. Well, come, only think of my anxiety!

Edw. Who would not be a footman, now? It's well you're a gentleman, sir.

Sey. Why?

Edw. You make a very good master, but you'd be a damned bad servant.

Enter CUBBA, L.

Cub. Massa bring a my dear good missa to make her marry great man. She send a me to look for you. Here a shee come—O dear missa!

Sey. Why, there's no man but her father.

Cub. No; chum-chum meet her at de church.

Sey. Never—let the consequence——

Edw. Here they come, sir. Let's retire a little—come, Cubba, and mind what I say— [*They retire.*

Enter FROST *and Ladies, one on each side,* L.

Frost. Dear me, the time is getting rapidly over, and I dread that fellow's having any more schemes to bamboozle and cheat me; but I think, if he does now, he must be cunning—come on, Liny.

Cur. Why, sir, how very ridiculous you'll make yourself and me in this business—you see plainly Mr. Colloney won't be here—pray, sir, put it off till to-morrow.

Frost. No, no; I am certain he will be here—egad! yonder he comes—Louisa, your turn shall be next—to-morrow, we'll—oh dear!

Enter COLLOONY *and* MURTOCH, R.

Col. I hope, sir, I hav'nt kept you weeting: madam, I take——

[*Addressing himself to Louisa—Edward takes Cubba's hand, slips Caroline's gently away, and puts Cubba's in its place, under Frost's arm.*

Frost. Mr. Colloony, don't be ashamed to be seen with your wife before marriage; here she—oh the devil!

Mur. Arrah! is it my own little daffy-down-dilly you

want, Maister Pat, to bring home? Oh, thunder! Arrah, be asy!

Frost. Oh, thunder, indeed! what hocus-pocus is this?

Col. Sir, I take your daughter as the greetest gift this world can he—

Frost. Take her! where will you find her?

Col. Here, sir—this lady—

Frost. That lady! No, no, no; she is no daughter of mine—she is engaged—she is—Oh, Liny! why don't you pursue and bring back your wife that is to be? This poor girl has no fortune.

Col. Why, then, it is very lucky I have enough for us both; and, if this lady will make it more by sharing it with me, it's all at her service.

Enter SEYMOUR, CAROLINE, *and* EDWARD, R. U. E.

Car. Dear sir, I can't bear to see you so miserable: be reconciled; and our future conduct shall prove that to make you happy is all we wish.

Frost. Ah, confound you all! I'll never—yet stop: since Providence has so far interfered—'twould be presumptuous any longer to oppose your happiness. She is yours, sir, with a good fortune, and the blessing of an affectionate father.

Lou. Ay; now you look like the good-natured little man I always considered you. Let us be friends.

Frost. With all my soul—I must love you—give me your hand—at my time of life, I think it's much better to be a good friend than an indifferent—

Mur. Faith! you're right, old gentleman—but all our great joy and happiness will be nothing but downright grief and misery, if the hands of all our friends do not loudly whisper in our ears, they have no objection to the "Irishman in London."

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

EDW. CAR. SEY. MUR. FROST. COL. LOU. CUB.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXLIII.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM;

OR,

MESMERISM.

A FARCE, IN THREE ACTS.

Elizabeth (Simpson)

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume---Cast of the Characters---Entrances and Exits--Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[ANIMAL MAGNETISM.]

	Park, N. Y. 1809.	*Walnut Street, Phila.*, 1886.	*Bowery, N. Y.* 1857.	*Philadelphia,* 1848.	*Covent Garden,* 1788.
MARQUIS, - -	Mr. Robertson.	Mr. J. G. Porter.	Mr. Fitzgerald.	Mr. C. Hill.	Mr. Macready.
LA FLUER, - -	" Harwood.	" Hadaway.	" J. Sefton.	" Burton.	" Blanchard.
DOCTOR, - - -	" Twaits.	" C. Porter.	" Lingard.	" W. Jones.	" Quick.
PICCARD, - -	" Lindsley.	" Meyers.	" Gourley.	" Brooks.	" Rock.
FRANCOIS, - -	———	———	" Holland.	" Peterson.	———
JEFFRY, - - -	" Hogg.	" Mestayer.	" Haviland.	" Archer.	" Cross.
CONSTANCE, - -	Miss Dellinger.	Miss Channock.	Miss De Courcy.	Mrs. Plumer.	Mrs. Wells.
LISETTE, - - -	Mrs. Twaits.	Mrs. Willis.	Mrs. E. Eddy.	" C. Hill.	" Mattocks.

COSTUME.—[Animal Magnetism.]

MARQUIS.—Full dress suit, embroidered—white silk stockings—pumps and buckles—handsome *robe de chambre* over it, and cap. *Second dress:* A doctor's scarlet gown.

DOCTOR.—Crimson velvet suit, with black buttons and trimming—black stockings, with white clocks—long curled powdered wig—square-toed shoes and buckles.

LA FLEUR.—Old-fashioned spotted velvet coat and breeches—scarlet gold-laced waistcoat—scarlet stockings, with white clocks—square-toed shoes—buckles—three-cornered hat, and long curled wig.

JEFFRY.—Black jacket and breeches—canvas apron and sleeve-covers, to tie round the wrists—blue stockings—shoes—black patch over left eye.

PICCARD and FRANCOIS.—Black and scarlet gowns—long curled wigs, &c.

LISETTE.—Neat slate-colored gown, trimmed with pink—white stockings—colored shoes—and cap.

CONSTANCE.—White satin, handsomely trimmed.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre;* D. F. *Door in Flat;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* C. D. *Centre Door.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the audience.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Doctor's House.—A table, chair, pen, ink, paper, and wafers.*

Enter CONSTANCE, R. *hastily, meeting* LISETTE, L.

Con. LISETTE, Lisette, who do you think I have just seen?

Lis. Your old guardian, I suppose.

Con. you think I should look thus pleasant, if it was [illegible]?

Lis. Who, then?—our jailor who keeps the keys?

Con. What, poor Jeffrey? ha, ha, ha!—How you [illegible]

Lis. no; I guess who you mean;—the young Marquis [illegible] and he has passed so frequently under your window these few days, that I am amazed your guardian, with all his suspicions, has not observed him.

Con. He has walked by, above ten times within this hour, and every time with his eyes fixed up to the lattice of my window, and I had no heart to remove from it, for, every time, he saluted me with a most respectful bow.

Lis. (L.) Was his valet with him?

Con. (R.) No; but I saw another person in deep conversation with him, a strange-looking man, who appeared like one of the faculty, for his dress very much resembled that of my guardian's.

Lis. Who could it be?

Con. But what most surprised me, he had a letter in his hand, which he respectfully held up to me; but I could not reach it.

Lis. I know who it is—La Fleur, valet to the Marquis, disguised as a doctor; and I have no doubt but, under that disguise, he will find means to introduce himself to your old guardian, and perhaps be brought into the very house;

and if I can assist his scheme I will; for is it not a sham the Doctor should dare, here in Paris, to forbid both yo and your servant to stir from home; lock us up, and tre us as women are treated in Spain! [*With ange*

Con. Never mind, Lisette, don't put yourself in a passion for we can learn to plot and deceive, and treat him as men are treated in Spain.

Lis. Right, madam! and to prove I am not less inclined than yourself to Spanish manners, I am as much in love a you are.

Con. Not with the Marquis?

Lis. Do you think I don't know better where it is my duty to love? I am in love with his man.

Con. I wish I knew the contents of that letter he held out to me.

Lis. That you are beloved—admired—I can tell every word in it—I know every sentence as well as if I had read it—and now, madam, it is my advice, you sit down and answer it directly.

Con. Before I have read it?

Lis. Yes, yes; give your answer at the time you receiv his letter—consider how convenient it will be to give the one, while you take the other:—we are so watched, you know, that we ought to let no opportunity pass, for fear we should never get another; and, therefore, when he finds means to send his letter, you must take the same to return yours.

Con. But if my guardian should ever know I had written to a gentleman—

Lis. I'll write for you:—and, should there be any discovery, the letter will be in my hand-writing, not yours. We must lose no time—the Doctor is abroad at present, and it must be both written and delivered before his return.

[*Crosses and sits at the table,* R. *and begins to write.*

Con. But, my dear Lisette—

Lis. Don't put me out

Con. What are you saying?

Lis. [*Writing.*] What you are thinking.

Con. You don't know my thoughts?

Lis. I do. And here they are, in this letter.

Con. Let me look at it?

Lis. No, don't examine your thoughts, I beg you won't: [*Folds the letter and rises.*] besides, you have no time to read it. I must run to the garden gate and deliver it immediately—[*Crosses,* L.] The worst difficulty is, having, for

near an hour, to supplicate this poor simple decrepid fool of the old Doctor's to open me the garden gate for a moment: Jeffrey! [*Calls.*

Con. The Doctor has lately appointed Jeffrey his apothecary—he is busy preparing of medicines, and will be angry at being disturbed.

Lis. No matter—it may save the life of some of his master's patients.

Enter JEFFREY L. S. E.; *a bandage on his left eye, and one on his right leg.*

Jef. [*Comes between them.*] You made me overthrow the whole decoction.

Lis. Great apothecary!

Con. (R.) And alone worthy the physician under whom you have received instructions.

Jef. I am very sorry I overthrew the decoction, for it was for my use—my leg is in pain still, and I am not yet satisfied the dog was not mad.

(L.) I tell you, I am sure he was not; and, had you suffered him to live, it would have proved so.

Jef. My master ordered me to kill him.

Lis. Merely to make you believe he was mad, and to show his skill by pretending to preserve you from the infection.

Jef. Nay, don't speak against my master.

Who was it undertook to cure your eyes?

He; and, thank heaven, Lisette, I shall not suffer more from that!

Lis. Why, then, do you wear a bandage?

Jef. To hide the place where it was.

Lis. And is it thus the Doctor cured you?

Jef. He was so kind to put my left eye out, in order to save the right.

Con. Well, still you are more fortunate than the God of Love; for he has no eyes at all—

Jef. And I shall have two, very soon, for my master has promised me to buy me one at the great manufactory, which will be much handsomer than either of my other—a very handsome glass one.

Lis. And if the Doctor will remake you thus, piece by piece, in time, my dear Jeffrey, you may become a very pretty man:—but you know, Jeffrey, I love you even as you are.

Jef. Love me—that's a good joke—Lisette, I am afraid you want something of me, you speak to me so pleasantly.

Lis. Want something of you—how could such an idea enter your head?

Jef. Because, when you don't want something of me, you huff me, and cuff me,—from morning to night, eh, eh! you look no more as you do now. Why, if I was dying, I durst hardly speak to you.

Lis. Well, henceforward you shall have no reason to complain. But do you know, Jeffrey, I have a little favour to ask of you.

Jef. Aye! I thought so—

Con. (R.) My dear Jeffrey, we will make you any recompence.

Jef. (C.) What is it you want? If I can do it without offending my master, I will.

Lis. (L.) If you don't tell him, he'll never know it—

Jef. But I tell him every thing—he pays me my wages for telling—and I must not take them without earning them.

Con. If money is of such value to you, here, take my purse.

Jef. No; it is not money I want, it is something else.

Lis. What, what, then?

Jef. [*Looking at Lisette with affection.*] Oh! Mrs. Lisette, you know what I want, but you always denied me.

Lis. Pshaw! if I could grant it, indeed, without my master knowing it—

Jef. Oh! I won't tell him of that, I protest.

Con. Well, Jeffrey, what is your favour?

Jef. Just one salute of Mrs. Lisette.

Lis. Oh! if that's all, after you have obliged us, you shall have twenty.

Jef. But I had rather have one now, than the twenty you promise after.

Lis. Come then, make haste, if it must be so.

Jef. [*After saluting her.*] Oh! the first kies of the girl one loves, is so sweet.

Lis. Now you are ready to comply with our request?

Jef. Tell me what it is?

Lis. To give us the key of the garden gate.

Jef. I am very sorry I can't oblige you.

Lis. Why not?

Jef. For several reasons.

Lis. Tell me one?

Jef. In the first place, I have not got the key—my master took it with him when he went out.

Lis. You know you tell a falsehood: he has not got it—is this your bargain and your gratitude?

Jef. Nay, if you are angry at that, give me the kiss again.

Lis. Ugly, foolish, yet artful and cunning wretch! leave the room! You make love to me, indeed? Why, I always hated you, laughed at you, and despised you.

Jef. [*Crosses*, L.] I know that.—Did not I tell you, when you spoke so kindly to me, you wanted something; how then could you expect me to oblige you?

Lis. I shall ever detest the sight of you.

Jef. Unless you want something, and then you'll call me again—and then I shall kiss you again. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit, shewing the key*, L.

Lis. I never was so provoked in my life.

Con. My dear Lisette, if our two lovers, the Marquis and his servant, prove no more fortunate in their schemes, than we have been in ours, I fear I must, according to his desire, marry the Doctor—and you Jeffrey.

Lis. I marry Jeffrey!—Here comes the Doctor.

Enter DOCTOR, L.

Doc. (L.) What an indignity!—I can't put up with it—I can't bear it—I'm ready to choak with passion!

Con. (R.) Dear sir, what is the matter?

Doc. I am disgraced, ruined, and undone.

Con. And what has caused it, sir?

Doc. A conspiracy of the blackest kind. [*Crosses*, C.] man's weakness is arrived to its highest summit; and there is nothing wanting but merit, to draw upon us the most cruel persecution.

Lis. (L.) Ah! I understand—the faculty have been conspiring against you.

Doc. (C.) They have refused to grant me a diploma—forbid me to practise as a physician; and all because I don't know a parcel of insignificant words, but exercise my profession according to the rules of reason and nature. Is it not natural to die? Then, if a dozen or two of my patients have died under my hands, is not that natural?

Lis. Very natural, indeed.

Doc. But, thank heaven! in spite of the scandalous reports of my enemies, I have this morning nine visits to make.

Con. Very true, sir: a young ward has sent for you, to attend his guardian—three nephews have sent for you, to attend their uncles, very rich men—and five husbands have

sent for you, in great haste, to attend their wives.

Doc. And is not that a sign they think what I can do?—Is it not a sign they have the highest opinion of my skill? And the faculty shall see I will rise superior to their machinations. I have entered upon a project, that, I believe, will teaze them—I have made overtures to one of their professed enemies, a man whom they have crushed, and who is the chief of a sect just sprung up; of which, perhaps, you never heard, for simply, by the power of magnetism, they can cure any ill, or inspire any passion.

Con. Is it possible?

Doc. Yes—and every effect is produced upon the frame, merely by the power of the magnet, which is held in the hand of the physician, as a wand of a conjuror is held in his; and it produces wonders in physic, equally surprising.

Con. And will you become of this new sect?

Doc. If they will receive me—and by this time the president has, I dare say, received my letter, and I wait impatiently for an answer. [*A knock*, L.

Enter JEFFREY.

Jef. A Doctor, at the door, desires to speak with you.

Doc. A Doctor in my house?

Lis. I dare say, it is the magnetizing Doctor you have been writing to.

Doc. Very likely—I dare say 'tis Doctor Mystery; shew him in, Jeffrey. [*Crosses*, L. C.

Jef. Please to walk this way, sir. [*Exit Jeffrey*, L.

Enter LA FLEUR, *dressed as a Doctor.* L.

La Fleur. (L.) Doctor, I hope I have your pardon, that, though no farther acquaintance than by letter, I thus wait upon you to pay my respects.

Con. [*To Lisette*, R.] It is the same I saw with the Marquis.

Lis. (R. C.) [*Aside.*] And it is La Fleur, his valet.

La Fleur. And to assure you, that I, and all my brethren, have the highest respect for your talents, and shall be happy to have you a member of our society.

Doc. (L. C.) I presume, sir, you are Doctor Mystery, author and first discoverer of that healing and sublime art, Animal Magnetism.

La Fleur. I am.

Doc. And it will render you immortal—my curiosity

to become acquainted with the forms and effects of your power is scarcely to be repressed a moment. Will you indulge me with the smallest specimen of your art, just to satisfy my curiosity?

La Fleur. You are then entirely ignorant of it?

Doc. Entirely.

La Fleur. And so am I. [*Aside.*] Hem—hem—you must know, Doctor.

Doc. Shall I send the women out of the room?

La Fleur. By no means—no, no; but I will shew both you and them a specimen of my art directly.—You know, Doctor, there is an universal fluid, which spreads throughout all nature.

Doc. A fluid?

La Fleur. Yes, a fluid—which is—a—fluid—and you know, Doctor, that this fluid—generally called a fluid—is the most subtle of all—that is the most subtle.—Do you understand me?

Doc. Yes, yes——

La Fleur. It ascends on high, [*Looking down.*] and descends on low, [*Looking up.*] penetrates all substances, from the hardest metal to the softest bosom—you understand me, I perceive?

Doc. Not very well.

La Fleur. I will give you a simile then.

Doc. I shall be much obliged to you.

La Fleur. This fluid is like a river—You know what a river is?

Doc. Yes, certainly.

La Fleur. This fluid is like a river, that—that—runs—that—goes—that—gently glides—so—so—so—while there is nothing to stop it—But if it encounters a mound or any other impediment—boo—boo—boo—it bursts forth—it overflows the country round—throws down villages, hamlets, houses, trees, cows, and lambs; but remove obstacles which obstruct its course, and it begins again, softly and sweetly, to flow—thus—thus—thus—the fields are again adorned, and every thing goes on, as well as it can go on. —Thus it is with the *animal* fluid, which fluid obeys the command of my art.

Doc. Surprising art! but what are the means you employ?

La Fleur. Merely gestures—or a simple touch.

Doc. Astonishing! give me some proof of your art directly; do satisfy my curiosity.

La Fleur. I will,—and by holding this wand, in which is a magnet, in a particular position, I will so direct the fluid, that it shall immediately give you the most excruciating rheumatism, which will last you a couple of hours. I will then change it to the gout—then to strong convulsions—and after into a raging fever; and in this manner shall your curiosity become satisfied.

[*Holds up his wand as if to magnetise.*

Doc. Hold, Doctor, I had rather see the experiment on some one else.

La Fleur. Oh then, sir, I have now at my house a patient, whom the faculty have just given up as incurable; and notwithstanding his disorder is of a most violent and dangerous kind, I will have him brought here, and I will teach you to perform his cure yourself.

Doc. By the power of magnetism?

La Fleur. By the power of magnetism.

Doc. That would do me infinite honor indeed—but why bring him to my house—pray, who is he?

La Fleur. A young man of quality.

[*Constance crosses,* R. C.

Con. (R. C.) Dear, sir, let him be brought hither, and let me see the cure performed.

Doc. [*Takes La Fleur aside.*] I can't say I approve of a young man being brought into my house—for you must know, Doctor—that young lady is to be my wife:—as we are not exactly of an age, another may make an impression.

La Fleur. Consider my patient's state of health; he is like a dying man.

Doc. But he'll be well after I have cured him.

La Fleur. Very true. [*Doctor whispers La Fleur.*] True—certainly it is. [*They whisper again.*

Con. Why this whispering? I am ignorant what are the virtues of your art, Doctor, but I am sure it has not that of rendering you polite.

La Fleur. Pardon, madam—I was but instructing the Doctor in some particulars of which you may hereafter have reason to be satisfied.

Lis. I doubt that, sir, unless your art could render this solitary confinement we are doomed to, agreeable.

La Fleur. Before the end of the day, you shall prefer it to all the false pleasures of the gay world; for what are more false than the pleasures derived from balls, masquerades, and theatres?

Doc. Very true.

Lis. Well, I must own I love a theatre.

La Fleur. The worst place of all, to frequent—once in my life, I was present at a theatrical representation; but such a piece did I see,—ah! the most dangerous for a young woman to be present at.

Lis. [*Eagerly crossing*, R.] Pray, sir, what was it?

La Fleur. An honest gentleman, of about seventy years of age, was before the audience in love with a young lady of eighteen, whom he had brought up from her infancy, and whom he meant to make his wife.

Doc. Very natural.

La Fleur. A young gentleman of the neighbourhood, because he was young, rich, and handsome, imagined he would suit the lady better.

Doc. Just like them all.

La Fleur. He therefore disguised his valet, who, under the mask of friendship, introduced himself to this good man, the guardian.

Doc. A villain! he deserved to be hanged.

La Fleur. And seized the moment when he embraced him as I now embrace you—to stretch out his hand, while it was behind him, and convey a letter to the lady's waiting maid. [*La Fleur embraces the Doctor, and exchanges letters with Lisette; Lisette gives the letter she receives to Constance; La Fleur puts the other into his pocket.*]

Lis. And she gave him another.—I have seen the play myself;—and it was very well acted. [*She retires up*, R.

La Fleur. And is it not scandalous to put such examples before young people?

Con. And pray, Doctor, do you think I am not under sufficient confinement, that you take the same methods to make me still more unhappy.

La Fleur. [*To the Doctor.*] Why does your ward dislike confinement?

Doc. Because she dislikes me.

La Fleur. Are you sure of that?

Doc. Yes, I think I am.

Con. I am dying with curiosity to read my letter.

[*Aside, and exit*, R.

La Fleur. This wand shall cause in her sentiments the very reverse. In this is a magnet which shall change her disposition. Take it, [*Gives the wand.*] and, while you keep it, she will be constrained to love you with the most ardent passion.

Doc. I thank you a thousand times. [*Quite in rapture.*

Lis Excellent. [*Exit*, R.

Doc. Her maid has overheard us.

La Fleur. No, no; but take me into another apartment, and I will explain to you what, at present, you are not able to comprehend—after which, you will permit me to step home, and fetch my patient hither.

Doc. Certainly—when I am in possession of my ward's affection, I can have nothing to apprehend from him.—And you are sure she will now become favourable to me? You are sure I shall attract her?

La Fleur. Yes, sure—by the loadstone. [*Exit*, R.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another apartment in the Doctor's Ho... A Table and Chair*, L. *Couch*, C. *and Table, with c... cine Chest, Bottle of Water, and Glass upon it,*

Enter LISETTE *and* CONSTANCE, R.

Lis. I overheard it all—and he has given your g... the wand in which you heard him say the magn... contained—and while he keeps it, it is to magnet... and force you to love him, in spite of yourself.

Con. All this agrees with the letter he has given me from his master, in which the Marquis informs me, by what accident that letter, my guardian sent to the Doctor who professes magnetism, fell into his hands, and immediately gave him the idea of disguising his valet, and sending him hither under the name of that Doctor;—but where is La Fleur now?

Lis. Just left your guardian, and gone home to bring the patient you heard him speak of—and I would lay a wager, that very patient is no other than the Marquis himself.

Con. But for what end is all this?

Lis. That they have planned, you may depend upon it.—For the present, you have nothing to do but to pretend an affection for your guardian.

Con. It will be difficult to feign a passion my heart revolts at.

Lis. Never fear your good acting!—Besides, I will take an equal share in it.——

Con. How? you!

Lis. I'll fall in love with the Doctor as well as you. If the magnetism affects you, why not have the same power over me? and if it makes you love him, it shall make me adore him.

Con. Hush! here he comes. [*They retire up stage.*

Enter DOCTOR, *with the wand*, L.

Doc. [*Crossing* L. *Aside.*] What he has told seems so very surprising, that nothing but proofs can thoroughly convince me—and now for the proof! [*Looks at Constance.*]

Lis. [*Aside to Constance.*] He ogles you, cast a tender look, and accompany it with a sigh.

Con. [*Sighing*] Alas! [*Coming down,* R.

Doc. My dear Constance, my lovely ward,—what, what makes you sigh? Weariness of your confinement, I suppose?

Con. Ah, sir! [*Sighing.*

Doc. Come, come, I confess, the restraint you have been under has been too much, and I am not surprised you have taken a dislike to me.

Con. A dislike to you? Ah! sir! [*Sighing.*] Oh, guardian! [*Going to speak, turns away and hides her face.*

Doc. [*Aside.*] I believe it will do. Come, come, Constance, do not sigh and make yourself uneasy; you shall not live many weeks thus retired, for I am thinking of marrying you very soon [*Turns eagerly to him.*] to a fine young gentleman [*Turns away from him.*

Con. Ah, cruel! [*Near crying.*

Doc. What did you say? If I have the good fortune to be beloved by you, let me have the happiness to hear it from yourself?

Con. Yes, cruel man!—some invincible power compels me, in spite of my resistance!—Yes, I love you.

Lis. And I adore you! [*Coming down,* L.

Doc. [*Starting.*] What! you too? I did not expect that!

Lis. No, mine is not merely a love, but a rage—a violence—I dote to distraction—love you to the loss of my health, of spirits, of rest and life.

Con. If you do not take pity on the passion which burns in my heart!— [*With tenderness.*

Lis. If you can be regardless of the flames which consume me with violence——

Con. Can you be insensible of my tender pleadings?

Lis. Take care how you turn my affection to hatred.

Doc. [*Goes from between them. Aside.*] What a terrible situation I have got myself into!—the effect of the magnetism is very natural; it acts upon one as well as another; but Lisette's love is very troublesome. I'll call Jeffrey in, and give up part of my power to him; he will take the wand for a few minutes, and charm Lisette.

Con. Why do you thus run from me? Is this the return my love demands?—But be not uneasy; death shall deliver you from an object, whose passion you despise.

[*Turns from him and crosses,* R.

Doc. (C.) Oh, that you could but read what is written in my heart!

Lis. (L.) Ah, sir, behold the state [*Kneels*] to which you have reduced a poor innocent. If I am treated with kindness, I am naturally soft, gentle, and tender; but, if I am neglected [*Rising.*]—by all that's great and precious, I will do some strange thing either to you, or my rival.

Doc. This Lisette is so furious, she makes me tremble; I must put an end to her affection.—Jeffrey!

Enter JEFFREY, L.

Jef. Here, sir; what do you want with me?

Doc. Take this and carry it to my study. [*Gives the wand.*]

Jef. Yes, sir—directly. [*Crosses,* R.

Doc. Stop a moment, Jeffrey; stop a moment.

Jef. Two or three moments, if you please.

Doc. [*Aside.*] Now we shall see what effect it has.

Lis. [*To Constance.*] I see through this design; let us fall in love with Jeffrey.

Con. With all my heart.

Doc. Well, Jeffrey—and—and how do you do, Jeffrey?

Jef. Pretty well, considering my leg, where the dog bit me, and considering I can only see with one eye.

Lis. But even that misfortune does not prevent your looking very agreeable, Jeffrey.

Doc. [*Aside.*] It succeeds; she is taken.

Jef. What! Are you beginning to laugh at me again?

Lis. Laugh at you! No, Jeffrey. I now wonder how it was possible I should ever laugh at you; how becoming is that bandage—And the eye we *do* see has a thousand

times more bewitching charms, for the absence of that we do not. Dear Madam, only observe him.

Con. Who can resist that amiable figure, dearest Jeffrey?

Jef. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Doc. [*Aside.*] This is as bad as the other.

Jef. I think the mad dog has bit us all.

Lis. Is it possible you can love Jeffrey? No, no, your situation forbids it; take, take my master; I resign him to you. [*Puts him over,* L. C.

Con. No, I resign him to you.

Lis. I will not have him.

Doc. This is a very disagreeable situation.

Lis. Jeffrey, will you be deaf to my passion?

Con. Yes, I am sure he will prefer me.

Jef. No, I won't: I have been in love with her this twelve months, and I'll make choice of her.

Con. Then what will become of me?

Doc. I can bear this no longer; give me that. [*Snatches the wand.*] And do you make up some medicines.

Jef. Ah! my dear Lisette! you have made me so happy, I must shake hands. [*Offers to take her hand; she slaps his face.*]

Lis. Learn to behave with more reserve for the future.

Jef. Ecod! I think you have not behaved with much reserve; did you not hang upon me, and said you loved me?

Lis. Love you! Behold my master, and do not imagine I can love any but him.

Con. No; who can love any but him?

Doc. This is worse and worse—where is the Doctor? If he does not come and give me some relief, I am a ruined man. [*A loud knocking,* L.] Jeffrey, see if that is him. [*Exit Jeffrey,* L.] I have no doubt but it is, and with him the young patient, on whom I am to prove my skill. Constance, and you Lisette, leave the room for the present.

Con. Yes, if you will go with me; but how do you think it is possible for me to leave you?—a feeling which I cannot explain—

Lis. And one I cannot explain—

Doc. But I am going to prescribe—and it is improper.

Enter LA FLEUR, L *leading the* MARQUIS, *dressed in a handsome robe de chambre and night cap, the* DOCTOR *and* JEFFREY *draw the chair for him,* C.

La Fleur. This, Doctor, is your patient.—This is the renowned physician, from whom you are to expect a cure.

Doc. (R. C.) He looks surprisingly well, considering how much he has suffered.

La Fleur. That renders his case the more dangerous.—I would rather a patient of mine should look ill, and be in no danger, than look well, and be in imminent danger.

Mar. (C.) To conceive the sufferings I have undergone, a being must be transformed; he must be more, before he can conceive what I have felt—for months have I led this agonizing life!—But I am told, Doctor, you can put an end to my disorder—you have, in your possession, that which can give me ease;—but by what science you are master of so great a power, I own, is beyond my comprehension.

La Fleur. [L. *of Marquis.*] Dear sir, you know not all the resources in the art of medicine; trust firmly, that you are in the hands of persons well informed and well practised—we know how to give nature a fillip.

Doc. Doctor Mystery, do you use your authority with these females, to leave us to ourselves.

Con. (R.) I can't go.

Lis. (R.) Nor I.

La Fleur. I believe it is very true. [*Goes and feels pulses.*] No, they can't go—no—the force of the [illegible] will not suffer them to go. [*To the Doctor.*] What think of the power of magnetism now?

Doc. It has double the power I desire, and I will to act on Lisette.

Con. [*To Lis.*] I hope the Marquis is not really

La Fleur. [*Comes forward with the Doctor.*] I will remedy that. [*Whispers the Doctor, while the Marquis makes signs of love to Constance; she gets nearer to his chair.*] Now attend to what I am going to do; I will turn the whole affection of the maid upon myself.

Doc. I will be very much obliged to you. [*La Fleur whispers the Doctor again.*]

Mar. [*In a low voice to Constance.*] One word only—will you be mine, should my scheme prove successful?

Con. What is it?

Mar. I have no time to say; but answer me, will you be mine?

Con. I will.

Doc. [L. C. *In a low voice to La Fleur.*] Very well, extremely well: this will do very well, and now deliver me from her love as soon as you can.

La Fleur. (L.) I must approach her, and 'tis done. [*Goes*

to Lisette, makes signs of magnetism; then, in a whisper,] I am in love with you; feign to be so with me.

Lis. I am in earnest, without feigning,

La Fleur. (R. C.) So much the better; it will appear more natural. [*Returns to the Doctor.*] It's done; observe how she looks at me. [*During this, the Marquis and Constance are exchanging sighs.*]

Doc. (L.) What an art!

La Fleur. (L.) But I will shew its power in a manner yet more astonishing.

Con. [*To the Marquis, in a low voice.*] I was on the point of being married to my guardian.

Doc. Is it possible?

Mar. [*Forgetting himself, and in warmth.*] Distraction! that must never be. [*Doctor turns to him in surprise; Lisette perceiving him.*]

Lis. Oh, heavens! look to the patient.

La Fleur. One of his fits has seized him. [*Marquis pretends a fit.*] but it's nothing, it will soon be over.

Mar. Nay, do not hide yourself; oh! oh! that I could plunge this steel [*Holds up his handkerchief*] a hundred times in that detestable heart; come on, monster, and acknowledge thy conqueror, expiring under this hand.

Doc. I'll go into the next room; it is me, I believe, he is going to kill. [*Going over to* R. *of Marquis.*

La Fleur. (L.) But he has no weapon; don't be afraid.

Con. [*To La Fleur.*] Oh, dear sir, relieve him from this terrible fit.

Doc Do; I beg, you will.

La Fleur. I cannot wholly relieve him at present; but you shall see me change the manner of his raving: behold my power. [*Pretends to magnetise.*] See, his countenance changes; his looks express tenderness—now it is no longer fury that transports him; but the soft languor of love now pervades his senses.

Mar. [*Looking at Constance, who is* R. C.] Oh! charming Arpasia.

La Fleur. Arpasia was the name of his first love; he fancies himself near to her. [*Marquis rises from his chair, and kneels to Constance.*]

Mar. Is it you, then, whom I behold; but, alas! you do not suspect what I have suffered in your absence; and I only retain my life, in the pleasing hope of one day passing it with you, and rendering yours as happy as my own; what am I to think of this silence? You do not answer to

my tender complaints. Ah! you hate me, you despise me; —but dread the effects of this contempt; I feel it is in my power to accomplish all. [*Rising.*

Lis. He is going into his raving fit again; pray, madam, speak to him, if it is but a word.

Mar. Speak to me one word, if it is only one word.

La Fleur. Your ward is afraid of disobliging you; but give her leave to speak to him, if it is but one word, only to be witness to a scene so nouvelle.

Doc. But, harkye.

La Fleur. Pshaw! pshaw! She looks at you for consent: tell her, she may say yes—just yes.

Doc. But why suffer her to speak?

La Fleur. Consider you are in possession of the magnet, and nothing can prevent the power of that charm.

Mar. Ah! cruel; ought I thus to wait for a word from those lips? you wish then to behold me die?

Doc. Well, well, answer him, yes.

Mar. Do you love me?

Con. Yes.

Mar. [*Kisses her hand.*] I am transported!

Doc. [*Endeavouring to separate them.*] Hold! This is a fit as powerful to me as it is to you.

Lis. Dear sir, let him alone; he may fall into his again.

Mar. What thrilling transport rushes to my heart; nature appears to my ravished eyes more beautiful than poets ever formed! Aurora dawns—the feathered sters chaunt their most melodious strains—the gen physrs breathe their choicest perfumes, and the in... scene intoxicates my very soul.

Doc. Come, change this fit into another.

Mar. And you, who listen to me, partake my joy; come and dwell with me under the shady branches of the river-side; come, lovely shepherdess; [*Takes hold of Constance.*] come, young shepherd; [*Takes hold of the Doctor.*] mingle in the dance.

Lis. Come, young shepherd, [*Takes hold of the Doctor with one hand, and La Fleur with the other.*]

Doc. I can't dance.

Mar. In vain you refuse; pass with gentle steps the mossy banks; and join in the rural pastime. [*Takes their hands and dances them round the stage, the Doctor awkward and unwillingly.*] [*All exeunt, D*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Doctor's House.—Couch, with pillow and counterpane.—Table, with pen, ink, and paper on* R.;—*Table on* L., *with decanter of water; glass, powder-puff, &c., on it.*

Enter LISETTE *and* LA FLEUR, L.

Lis. But when is this farce to end?

La Fleur. (R.) My master, now he is introduced, will take advantage of some circumstances, to obtain, either by force or stratagem, the Doctor's consent to his wishes; and as he finds he is beloved by the young lady, which before he was in doubt of—

Lis. (L.) Pshaw! he might easily have guessed her sentiments. A young woman, weary of confinement as she was, is easily in love with the first young man who solicits her affections.

La Fleur. And may I hope you love me?

Lis. Aye, sir, I am weary of confinement, like my mistress.

La Fleur. A thousand thanks, my dear Lisette.

Lis. But while Jeffrey keeps the keys of every door, no creature can either go out, or enter, without his leave.

La Fleur. And is there no way to get rid of him?

Lis. Yes; a thought strikes me this moment: a couple of days ago, one of our neighbours' dogs bit him, and our Doctor, merely to show his skill in the cure, persuaded him the dog was mad: suppose we make the Doctor himself believe he was really so, and that poor—

Enter DOCTOR, R. *with the wand.*

Doc. He has had another fit; but I have just now left him in a sound sleep, which came upon him as suddenly as any of his waking paroxysms.

La Fleur. If that is the case, he must be left alone; we will not disturb him.

Lis. [*Aside to La Fleur.*] When I return, be sure to confirm whatever I shall say. [*Exit*, L. H.

Doc. What! have you persuaded her to leave you?

La Fleur. Yes, for a little while.

Doc. Why, too much of love is something tedious. I

come once more to talk with you, Doctor, upon this surprising art, which, though you have taken such great pains to explain, I am still far from comprehending so much as I think I ought.

La Fleur. I will, before long, give you such proof.

Enter LISETTE, *followed by* JEFFREY, L.

Lis. O, save me! save me! or I am a dead woman

Doc. (R.) What's the matter?

Jef (L.) This is no joke; and I won't take it as such.

Lis. [*Goes between La Fleur and Doctor.*] Have a care of him; speak low, he'll be at us.

Doc. Will be at us?

Lis. [*In a low voice.*] Jeffrey is mad! [*Crosses,* R.

Doc. What do you say?

Lis. I found him in his bed, gnawing the bed-clothes; and when he saw me, he would have gnawed me. [*The Doctor turns to him.*] Don't look at him, sir, don't look at him.

Doc. Why, I don't think this possible; the dog that bit him was not—

Lis. Indeed, sir, he was as mad as ever—

La Fleur. Indeed, the poor creature looks [illegible] horrible infection had seized him.

Doc. Why, I can't say but I think he does.

Lis. And I'll give you the true proof immedi[illegible]

[*Takes a glass of water, and throw[illegible] on him.*

Jef. (L.) What's that for; how dare you use [illegible]

[*In a gr[illegible]*

Lis. There; you see what a dislike he has to [illegible]

La Fleur. That is a symptom which confirms our suspicions.

Doc. [*With an air of skill.*] An evident sign of the hydrophobia.

La Fleur. Yes, of the hydrophobia—

[*Lisette comes with another glass of water, to throw at him; he starts over to* R.

Lis. See, see, how he looks, only at the sight of water.

Jef. If you dare throw any more upon—[*Holds up his hand.*]

Doc. Lisette, let him alone; it is dangerous to push the poor creature to extremities. Doctor, suppose we magnetise him?

La Fleur. No; magnetism in cases like this, can have no effect

Doc. What remedy then?

La Fleur. I know of but one, and that is, to smother him.

Lis. The only thing in the world.

Doc. And we ought to lose no time, if it must be done.

Jef. (R.) What, smother me! [*Falls on his knees to the Doctor.*] Oh! sir, have pity on me.

Doc. (R. C.) Don't be frightened; it will be over in ten minutes.

Jef. But I had rather not.

Doc. Ungrateful wretch! do you consider the consequence of living?

Lis. (R.) For shame, Jeffrey; don't ask such a thing.

Doc. But, since he won't consent with a good grace, we must seize him all three together.

Jef. Ah, mercy, what will become of me?

Lis. [*Aside to Jeffrey.*] Run out of the house, and never come back, if you would save your life. [*Jeffrey runs off,* L.

La Fleur. He sha'n't escape; stop him there!

[*Exit after him,* L.

Doc. Why, he has run into the street; what a deal of mischief he may cause; and, as I am alive, he has run away with all the keys in his pocket.

Lis. But, luckily, the doors are open.

Doc. But, why does not the Doctor come back?

Lis. Depend upon it, he will not leave him, till he has secured him in some safe place where he can do no mischief.

Enter CONSTANCE, R.

Con. Dear sir, come to the assistance of your patient: he has followed me to my chamber, and frightened me out of my senses: I thought he was going to die. Indeed, sir, he is very ill; I am sure he can't live long.

Enter MARQUIS, R. *creeping slowly to the couch, as if unable to walk.*

Mar. Oh, Doctor, relieve me from this pressure, or I die.

Doc. I wish my brother physician was returned. [*Alarmed.*] Come, sir, lean your head this way; where is your complaint?

Mar. Here, here it lies. [*Laying his hand on his stomach.*] I fear this will be the last hour of my life.

Doc. No, no; I hope not. [*Magnetising him sometimes*

with one end of the wand, and sometimes with the other.]

Mar. The malady changes its place. Oh, my head; remove it from my head, make it descend. [*The Doctor more frighted.*] Now it flies to my heart; it sets it on fire; it tears it to pieces.

Doc. I wish the Doctor would return.

Mar. My tortures redouble—vultures gnaw me. Can't you remove them? [*Attempts again to magnetise.*] No, no; my strength fails me—my eyes lose their sight—I die—

[*Groans, sinks on the couch, and remains motionless.*

Lis. Oh! he's dead—he's dead—he's dead. [*Crying.*

Con. [*In tears too.*] What will become of us all?—he's dead—he's dead. [*They cross to and fro.*

Doc. I am quite shocked at it—but, my dear children, don't make such a noise. [*Trembling.*] The neighbours will hear you, and they will say I have killed him, with some of my experiments.

Lis. It was that fatal wand you put upon his heart.

Doc. Yes, I suppose I directed the fluid the wrong way; but, perhaps, he only fainted—who knows but we may recover him,—I will go and find some of my new invented drops, which may, perhaps, restore him. [*Feels in his pocket*]; and that poor unhappy Jeffrey has taken away the key of my cabinet, where all my drops are.

Con. [R.] Break open the locks then, there is no time to lose.

Doc. And Doctor Mystery not to return;—every thing conspires to ruin me. [*Crosses* R.] I was loth to receive this patient into my house,—my heart foreboded some ill consequence. Dear me! dear me!

[*Exit,* R. *in great uneasiness.*

Mar. [*Rising.*] If my scheme succeeds, the consequence will be such as you little dream of. Where is La Fleur?

Lis. Gone to secure Jeffrey somewhere out of the house.

Mar. If he does not return soon, all my long-concerted plan is overturned.

Lis. Here he is.

Enter LA FLEUR, L.

La Fleur. I have lodged him safe for these two days.

Mar. [*Taking off his robe.*] Give me your clothes, and take this immediately, and be dead.

La Fleur. Dead! what do you mean? [*Crosses,* C.

Mar. Ask no questions; but lie down on that couch, and counterfeit being dead.

Lis. Your master has been doing it this half hour.

La Fleur. [*Dressing himself.*] It is very strange; but since you command it—

Mar. Dare not stir, or breathe!—All depends on your acting well; you must have your face powdered, [*Lisette powders his face.*] that he may not know you.

La Fleur. Now, I am in character.

Mar. Where are my people?

La Fleur. At the tavern in the next street, both disguised like Doctors.

Mar. That's right; I fly to them directly. [*Going*, L.

La Fleur. Your night cap, your night cap.

[*Marquis throws it to him.*

Mar. And give me your wig. [*Puts it on.*] I hear the Doctor coming. Farewell! play your part to a miracle.

[*Exit*, L.

Con. And heaven prosper your designs!

La Fleur. [*Sitting on the couch.*] But what does all this mean? I don't understand.

Lis. Hush! dead people never speak.

[*Throws him down on the couch.*

Enter DOCTOR, R.

Doc. Well, how is he, what does he say?

Lis. Why, like all other persons in his state, he does not complain.

Doc. Hold this bottle to his nose, and sprinkle this on his face.

Con. Alas! he is gone, and nothing can be of use.

Doc. How a few moments have changed him: I should'nt have known him again; he's as white as ashes: lay your hand upon his heart, Lisette, and feel if it beats at all; for my part, I am so disconcerted with the accident, I am fit for nothing.

Lis. [*Lays her hand on his heart.*] All is still, sir.

Doc. Is there no motion?

Lis. None in the least—[*Slaps his face*]—like marble—[*Slaps again*]—has little feeling in it.

Doc. Doctor Mystery not returning, I conceive this was a plot upon me.

Lis. And this poor creature was in the plot, you think, and died on purpose to bring it about?

Doc. No; but the other found he could not cure him, and so left the disgrace of his death to me; and my enemies

will take the advantage of it,—considering how many of my patients have died lately.

Lis. What are we to do with the body?

Doc. I have yet one hope left; it is my last, and I won't hesitate, but about it instantly.

Con. What resource?

Doc. [*To Lisette.*] He is certainly dead, is he not?

Lis. Certainly! there can be no doubt of that.

Doc. And, do what we will, nothing worse can happen to him.

Lis No, certainly, not in this world.

Doc. Well then, I will try an experiment upon him, which I once read, and I have often had a vast mind to try it upon Jeffrey; but, as he was alive, it might have proved fatal.

Lis. What is it?

Doc. No matter, you shall see it performed, and I can't say I have much doubt of its success. Begin to take off some of his garments, while I go and get all the apparatus ready. [*Exit.*

La Fleur. But I am not such a fool to stay till you come back; my master may say what he will, but I will go away.

Lis. Nonsense, man! have you not undertaken to be dead? Come, finish your part with a good grace.

Con. Pray do, La Fleur.

La Fleur. But what experiment is he going to try upon me? I always hated doctors, and would never let any one of them come near me.

Con. But this is not a doctor; the college have refused to admit him; so don't be afraid.

La Fleur. O! if that's the case.

Lis. [*Throws him down as before.*] Hush! play your part.

Enter DOCTOR, *with a bag of instruments*, R.

Doc. Lisette, help me with these instruments, and then run and watch that skillet of oil on the fire, and, when it boils, bring it hither.

Lis. But, suppose any body should come in while we are trying the experiment?

Doc. Right—I'll lock the door, my fright makes me forget every thing. [*Exit*, L.

La Fleur Let me see the instruments.

Lis. Pshaw! what signifies seeing them, a'nt you to feel them?

Doc. [*Speaking without.*] What! force into a man's house, whether he will or no?

Con. I hear a noise! [*Looks out.*] It is the Marquis returned; and all his schemes, perhaps, will be fulfilled.

[*La Fleur lays down again.*

Enter MARQUIS, PICCARD, *and* FRANCOIS, L. *disguised as Doctors, the* MARQUIS *having changed his dress, hat mask over his face. Enter* DOCTOR, L. (PICCARD *and* FRANCOIS *go behind Couch*, C.)

Mar. I have powerful reasons for entering this house—I came hither accompanied by these physicians, sent with me by the college, to demand a patient, who was this morning brought hither by a notorious professor of quackery; the young gentleman is of family, and nearly allied to me.

Doc. [*Aside.*] I am undone!

Mar. Where is he, sir? I must see him, and speak with him.

Lis. At present you can't speak with him; he is in a better world. [*Pointing to La Fleur.*

Mar. Alas! behold him there, or am I deceived! No, it is he himself whom I see!—and he is dead. Gentlemen, I call you as witnesses that he is dead, and that yonder stands the assassin. [*Piccard and François examine the body; Piccard puts on his spectacles.*]

Fran. [*Feeling his pulse.*] Yes, he is dead; but he is not dead according to our rules.

[*They place themselves at the table.*

Mar. [*At Couch*, L.] O! my dear friend, and are you gone?—But your death shall be revenged. Villain! [*To the Doctor.*] tremble! for thy life shall answer for this. Gentlemen, gentlemen, please to take notes of what you see and hear in this house. [*The Doctors write.*

Lis. [*Comes down*, L.] Dear sir, have pity on my poor master; he has killed the poor gentleman, to be sure; but it was without malice.

Doc. But you know, gentlemen, this is not the first patient that has been killed during an operation.

Pic. Aye, by the authority of the college.

Doc. [*To the Marquis.*] Dear sir, my only hope is in your mercy.

Mar. Then despair! for know, I am the Marquis de

Lancy, and call to your remembrance with what insolence you rejected all my overtures to espouse your ward:—here is the advantageous contract I repeatedly sent to you, which you had the arrogance to return to me without even deigning to look at.

Doc. (C.) Only deliver me from this trouble, and I will sign it without reading it at all.

Mar. (L.) But will the lady also sign it?

Con. (R.) No! for how can I wed another when he (*the Doctor*) is the object of my love?

Doc. But consider, my dear Constance, that I am old and ugly, jealous and infirm; indeed I am, indeed I am, I protest, Constance.

Con. But my love for you is so implanted in my heart.

Mar. If that's the case,—come, sir, follow us. [*Going*, L.

Doc. Stay; give me the contract and let me sign it. [*Aside.*] I will once more have recourse to the wand.

Mar. What imports your signing, if your ward will not?

Doc. She will sign.

Con Never!

Doc. Give me the contract, and hold that. [*Gives the wand to the Marquis; takes the contract, and signs it.*]

Mar. What's this?

Doc. Keep it; never let it go from you.

Con. Yes, I feel a desire to sign, give me the contract.

Doc. Aye, I was sure of it. [*Constance signs.*] And there, Marquis, is the contract. [*Giving it him.*

La Fleur. [*Rising.*] Ah! I breathe again! I am a little better!

Doc. [*Starting.*] Why, is he not dead?

La Fleur. No! I am mending apace.

Doc. Gentlemen, tear in pieces the process. [*To La Fleur.*] Oh, sir, what misery have you brought upon me!

La Fleur. And what misery would your damned instruments, and your boiling oil, have brought upon me?

Doc. How did you hear, in that fit, what I said?

La Fleur. Very easily, sir; return him the wand, and the ladies, I dare say, will fall in love with him again.

Doc. [*Looking at him: then at the Marquis.*] My eyes are open! I recollect them both! but this was the sick man! [*To the Marquis.*

La Fleur. But I was the dead one!

Doc. I am cheated, defrauded!—What, ho! neighbours!—here are thieves! murderers! [*Calling.*

Mar. Nay, Doctor, reflect upon the arts you made use

of, to keep my Constance yours, even in spite of her inclinations; then do not condemn the artifice I employed to obtain her, with her own consent. A reward like this, urged me to encounter every hazard and every danger. For believe me, Doctor, there is no magnetism like the powerful magnetism of love.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LISETTE, LA FLEUR, DOCTOR, MARQUIS, CONSTANCE.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXLIV.

HIGHWAYS & BY-WAYS.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A Description of the Costume---Cast of the Characters---Entrances and Exits---
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS.]

	Drury Lane, 1831.	*Park, N. Y.* 1831.	*Bowery, N. Y.* 1857.	*Philadelphia*, 1849.	*Museum, Boston*, 1857.
CHARLES STAPLETON,	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Richings.	Mr. Fitzgerald.	Mr. Crocker.	Mr. Wilson.
NARCISSUS STUBBLE,	" Liston.	" Barnes.	" J. O. Sefton.	" Chapman.	" Warren.
JAMES, - - - -	" Yarnold.	" Povey.	" O'Neal.	" Eberle.	" Wheelock
ROBERT, - - - -	" Eaton.	" Collett.	" Allen.	" Stevens.	" ———
JOHN, - - - - -	" S. Jones.	" Bissett.	" Cloudesly.	" Oliver.	" ———
ELIZA GORDON, - -	Miss S. Phillips.	Mrs. Wallack.	Miss De Courcy.	Mrs. Wilkes.	Mrs. Eckhart.
MISS PRIMLY, - -	Mrs. C. Jones.	" Wheatley	" Keough.	" Jones.	" Vincent.
MISS SUSAN PLAT,	" Orger.	" Vernon.	Mrs. Eddy.	" Thayer.	Miss Skerrett.
HOUSEMAID, - - -	" Webster.	Miss Jessop.	" Beane.	" Clairville.	———

CHARLES STAPLETON.—Blue frock coat, buttoned up—white waistcoat—white trowsers—Wellington boots—round hat—riding whip—black kerchief—green spectacles.

NARCISSUS STUBBLE.—*First dress:* Military traveling cloak and cap—brown coat—fashionable short shepherd plaid trowsers—shawl pattern waistcoat—boa round the neck—fashionable stock—Wellington boots—mustachios. *Second dress:* Green coat—shoes and white stockings.

JAMES.—Plain suit of black—stockings and shoes.

ROBERT.—White livery—black breeches—white stockings—shoes and buckles.

JOHN.—Ibid.

ELIZA GORDON.—*First dress:* Handsome white muslin. *Second dress:* Fashionable canary satin—necklace—bracelets.

MISS PRIMLY.—Old-fashioned gown of sprigged satin, with a crimson ground—white petticoat—white muslin kerchief—cap and apron—white stockings—high-heeled shoes.

MISS SUSAN PLAT.—Red riding habit—jockey straw hat, with blue ribbands—reticule.

HOUSEMAID.—Sprigged muslin gown—white apron—cap and kerchief—white stockings—black shoes.

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Elegant Apartment in Miss Gordon's Mansion—door,* C. F., *a door* R., *another door,* L.—*a window,* R. U. E, *through which is seen the country, covered with snow—a fire-place, and fire lighted,* L. U. E.—*a table,* L. C., *another table,* R. C.—*four chairs, &c.*

Enter ELIZA GORDON *and* MISS PRIMLY, R. D.

Eli. (C.) Heigho! well, Primly.

Miss P. (L. C.) My goodness! well, indeed! 'tis not well, I think, miss, to be moped up here, where nobody ever knocks at the door, where nobody ever comes near enough to do so, as if it was haunted—where we are breathing our beauties away in the desert air.

Eli. How my heart beats! Five hours have elapsed since I arose this morning, and no one has arrived yet—oh, dear!

Miss P. Eh! whom do you expect?—Since your aunt died, twelve months ago, and you made me come and reside with you in this immense mansion-house, where one is cut off from all matrimonial speculation, like a nun—a thing I never was used to—no chance of seeing a male in this cross-road place—my goodness! I have given up the idea of such a thing; and yet you are so monstrously impatient to-day——

Eli. True, Primly, true; you know there are times when one cannot account for certain odd sensations—— [*Crosses to* R.

Miss P. Odd sensations! my goodness! I've odd sensations from morning till night: this solitude will be the death of me; and you, you'll die of the fidgets—I always consider the devil's tattoo as the first summons to heaven—ah! if you knew what it is to remain a miss so long—not but what I might have been married three times, if I had liked.

Eli. Primly——

Miss P. Yes, miss, my last chance was in ninety-eight. My goodness! I have seen everybody comfortably settled, and I still remain *Miss* Primly.

Eli. [*Sighing.*] Heigho!

Miss P. My goodness! that's very like a love sigh.

Eli. I will tell you—I am—oh, dear!

Miss P. Well, what?

Eli. I am momentarily in expectation of the arrival of a husband.

Miss P. Husband! you've taken away my breath! [*Aside.*] I couldn't have been more surprised if I had been married myself. [*Aloud.*] But how, miss? when, miss? where, miss? and pray, what kind of man, miss, is this invisible husband?

Eli. I don't know.

Miss P. Don't know?

Eli. No: I shouldn't know him if I was to see him. Listen: I was yet a mere child, when family interest, and the will of my aunt, compelled me to sign a contract of marriage with my only cousin. So determined were my father and aunt on this union of their nearest of kin and estates within a ring fence, that the entire property we have to live on (with the exception of a small annuity each) goes to distant relatives if this contract is not made good, and the ceremony performed before I am eighteen.

Miss P. My goodness! I wish my parents had had it in their power to have left me so provided for.

Eli. From that hour to this, the thought of it never entered my mind, till this letter arrived to disturb my repose. [*Giving the letter.*] Read, Primly, read.

Miss P. It is lucky somebody jogged your memory, or you might have lost your estate, without thinking of it, for you will soon be eighteen.

Eli. I want some months of it yet; besides he, in consideration of my sex, is compelled, by the will, to seek the fulfilment of the contract.

Miss P. My goodness! what odd doings! [*Reads.*] "*London, December 6th—Dear Eliza, Charles Stapleton has arrived here.*" My goodness! Mr. Stapleton, whom I remember when he was a boy, no higher than my waist: he was a charming little fellow then, and what must he be now? Why, you were inseparable.

Eli. True; but the friendship of childhood seldom

warms with years into a tenderer passion. Read on, Primly.

Miss P. Let me see. [*Reads.*] "*You can easily imagine that ten years' travel has a little changed him in appearance, particularly*——" Why, yes,—a strange alteration takes place from eleven to twenty-one. "*But every one allows him to possess wit, grace, and amiability.*" And what every body says must be true. "*I have no doubt, this contract of marriage, which his parents forced him to sign, and the stipulations attending it, occupy his thoughts entirely.*"

Eli. A pretty alternative I have, truly—either to lose my estate, or use every effort to win the affections of a man of whose head or heart I know absolutely nothing. And when I reflect, that he will arrive this very day—

Miss P. I didn't see anything about that in the letter.

Eli. Because you prefer talking to reading, Primly. [*Takes the letter, and reads.*] "*He has been making numerous inquiries about his affianced wife; but your abode being so retired, hardly any one can furnish him with the least intelligence.—One of his most intimate friends informs me that he leaves town to-morrow for your residence, and will be with you, at the latest, on the 8th instant.*"

Miss P. Why, that is to-day, sure enough; and I am attired so inelegantly.

Eli. [*Reading.*] "*He will arrive on foot, disguised as a traveller who demands hospitality, in consequence of having mistaken his road—then decide from actual observation, either to make himself known, or at once break off a match which may prove equally disagreeable to both parties.*" Well, Primly, what say you to this?

Miss P. Why, I say, this affianced husband ought to prove he can render *himself* agreeable, if he expects to find you so. You have lived happily hitherto, and are not to lose all your little comforts without reason. I would make him marry me, if I was you, whether he liked it or no; and, if he didn't behave well, I'd sue for my conjugal rights. [*Crosses to* R.

Eli. My resolution is taken: I will not foolishly throw away a handsome fortune, nor shall any sentiment but love on his part unite us. But tell me, Primly—you understand these things—how shall I demean myself, so as not to disgust him at first sight? For, having never quitted this solitude, I am totally ignorant of those elegant accomplishments which constitute the charms of

your dames of quality. I am certain he will find me silly and insipid—I perceive it myself.

Miss P. Nonsense, nonsense, child—trust to the unsophisticated inspirations of nature—it does wonders in these matters: carry me in your eye.

Eli. Well, then—at first, do not let him know who I am; say that the intended Mrs. S. is absent, and designate me as one of her friends.

Miss P. Hold, miss, there—these by-ways generally lead to a bad ending—always walk in the broad and high road of truth, if you wish a man to respect you. Say to him, when he arrives, you are Mrs. S.—I am the intended Mrs S., which my servants and Miss Primly can prove—and the thing is settled. Take my advice. I missed being a mistress three times from over scrupulosity; and if a fourth should ever present himself, rely upon't, I'll take him at his word.

Eli. No matter—now attend: I require——

Enter JAMES, C. D. F.

Eli. James, is he—I mean——

Miss P. [*Crossing to* C., *and covering Eliza's embarassment.*] What is the message you have to deliver?

James. (L.) Madam, there is a man at the door, who he is a traveller, and has lost his way.

Miss P. [*To Eliza.*] It must be he.

Eli. [*To James.*] Well——

James. He requests the favour of shelter for a short time, and to be allowed to dry and warm himself by the kitchen fire, as it both snows and freezes.

Eli. Show him in here, and treat him with the greatest respect and attention.

James. Yes, madam.

Miss P. The greatest attention and respect, mind——

James. Yes, miss. [*Aside.*] What's in the wind now I wonder?

Eli. Tell him, I hope he will make himself quite at home, and that I shall wait on him in a few minutes.

[*Exit James,* C. D. F.

Miss P. [*Calling.*] Make haste, James. [*To Eliza.*] When a husband comes to offer himself, and in December, it would not be decent to let him cool his heels too long in the hall. Ah, miss, your's is an enviable situation!

[*Exit,* C. D. F.

Eli. Oh, dear! I am getting very nervous; but hope

glimmers through my cloudy fears, and seems to promise days of happiness.

SONG.—ELIZA.*

Oh! what a joyous day,
Beaming with pleasure—
Light bounds my heart, so gay;
Joy without measure—
Rapture now fills my breast.
Sorrow subsiding,
Now my poor heart's at rest,
All care deriding.
Strike, then, the castanets;
Trip it in measure,
Chasing all vain regrets
With sounds of pleasure.
Fal, lal, la, &c.
Oh! what a joyous day,—
Love's light is gleaming;
And o'er yon pathless way
Brightly is beaming;
Sons of the tow'ring mount,
Vale's fairest daughters,
Taste of love's crystal fount—
Sweet are its waters.
Strike, then, &c. Fal, lal, la, &c.

Enter JAMES, C. D. F., *showing in* STUBBLE, *who is wrapped up in a military cloak, having on a military cap, wearing mustachios, and holding under his arm a carpet bag —the snow remaining on his cap and cloak.*

James. This way, sir.

Stu. You are very good, 'pon my life—you are too good—you are, indeed. I can manage very well below. Bless you, I've no objection to the kitchen—especially as it is near the pantry.

James. Shall I take your cloak and cap, sir?

Stu. Thank you—you are very good. [*James takes them.*] What a splendid house, both outside and in—I may say it is magnificent,—upon my life, I may.

James. My mistress, sir, desires you will make yourself quite at home, and she will wait on you in a few minutes. Will you take some refreshment?

[*Presenting a chair.*

* The author is indebted to a distinguished nobleman for this very pleasing song, which is published by A. Lee and Lee, Quadrant.

Stu. You are very good. [*Aside.*] How civil and polite the people are in this house! I never met with such attention in the whole course of my perigrinations. [*To James.*] I'll take advantage of your kind offer.

[*Seating himself.*

James. Red or white, sir.

Stu. [*Not understanding him.*] Red or white? I beg pardon—but you said red or white.

James. Wine, sir.

Stu. Oh! as I am not particular, I'll taste a little of both.

James. Then, sir, you shall have a cold fowl, and the best wine our cellar can produce, in as quick time as it is possible to place it on a tray and ascend the stairs with it. [*Exit*, C. D. F.

Stu. You are very good. What an extraordinary reception! They take me for a military man—they always do in the country. This cloak and cap, and these sham captivators, give one such an air—I call them [*Alluding to his mustachios.*] love's air-guns—I always mount them when on my rambles; I find they have ten times the effect of the eye artillery, though I am pretty good at that. Then I always contrive to be as near the high-water mark of fashion's stream as my means will allow. Had these shepherd's plaid trousers made out of my bed-room cotton curtains. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! rather short—attic-window length. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! This waistcoat and boa are the fag ends of Mrs. S.'s shawl and tippet. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Some persons might think I was put to my extremities by travelling on foot: but no—when I have done collecting orders for our straw manufactory at Chippenham, I always prefer returning home that way—one has time to admire the beauties of the road. One of them smiled at me when I passed her this morning, which induced me to follow her; but she led me such a dance, that, curse me, if I didn't lose her and my way, too, as completely as ever the babes in the wood did. *Babes* in the wood! I must go home—and, when I do, what have I in perspective? a marriage, and the straw business. Oh! I shall arrive soon enough. In the meantime, I'll just put down this bag, which that modern Penelope, Mrs. S. that is to be, made with her own delicate hands. [*Puts the carpet-bag on a chair*, R.] How we adore each other! When business calls me from her, and "home, sweet home,"

our souls are so oppressed, they sink into our shoes, and with a sigh I exclaim, at parting, "Sukey, adieu! pleasure, good bye!" And yet, because I have had the misfortune (and it is really a misfortune) to be signalized as a man standing high in Cupid's calendar, I can't leave home for a fortnight without the loving and beloved creature, who is to be the wife of my bosom, sending me a dozen letters, full of love and madness, jealousy, and revenge; though she has my written promise, signed, sealed, and witnessed, with possession of my money, plate, and every moveable of value—with the exception of myself. She can't help it, I know, but is it my fault that I am endowed with an unusual degree of sensibility, a good person, and a sort of contagious amiability? But this said refreshment has not made its appearance yet. If they should be humbugging, after all!

Enter JAMES *and* ROBERT, C. D. F., *with a tray, which they place on the table, near the front,* C.—JOHN, *with another tray, stands* L., *on which are the pickles, wine, &c.*

James. Your refreshment, sir

Rob. Chair, sir.

Stu. [*Sitting down at the table,* C] 'Pon my life, it is a fowl, and I'm a Turk if it a'nt real wine—well, it's quite astonishing.

James. [*Going up to Stubble,* R.] Bread, sir.

Rob. [*Going up to him,* L.] Wine, sir.

Stu. You are very good—won't you pick a bit?

James & *Rob.* [*With surprise.*] Sir!

Stu. [*Aside.*] Oh, I had forgot. [*Aloud.*] I mean, won't you pick a bit of this when it goes down stairs?

James & *Rob.* Sir!

Stu. [*Aside, helping himself to a bit of fowl.*] I had better stop my mouth with this leg, or I shall put my foot in it.

James. (L.) [*Handing pickles.*] Chilis, sir.

Stu. [*Not understanding him.*] Yes, rather; but I shall soon be warm now, I thank you.

James. I mean chili pickle, sir.

Stu. Oh, ha! [*Aside.*] Are those red things nice, I wonder? [*Eating chili.*] Dam'me! they're red hot!

James. Warmed your tongue a little, sir?

Stu. Yes; and you'll feel the effects of it if you play any of your tricks upon me. A glass of wine. [*Aside.*] I must tip these Cyclops a bit of gentility. [*Speaking loud.*] I say, give us another glass of wine, and be damn'd to you. [*Robert hands wine*] Now, you don't call that a glass of wine, do you?—Why, it isn't above three parts full.

James. I beg pardon, sir——

Stu. [*Catching the eye of one and then the other—aside.*] I can't eat while they stand watching me. [*Aloud.*] Hark'ye, your mistress said, I believe, I was to make myself at home.

James & Rob. } Yes, sir.

Stu. Then quit the presence. [*James and Robert attempt to clear away.*] No, no, leave the refreshment, for talking has given me a fresh appetite.

[*Exeunt James, Robert, and John,* C. D. F.—*Stubble sits and eats.*

Enter Miss Primly, R. S. E., *very mysteriously.*

Miss P. [*Speaking almost in a whisper.*] Madam is still at her toilette, and I have taken the opportunity it has afforded me, to see him, and inform him of every thing. She charged me to keep it a secret, but it is for the happiness of both I speak.—Sir, [*Going up to Stubble.*] sir—

Stu. [*Half choked and frightened.*] Eh! ma'am!

Miss P. (R.) [*Making a formal courtesy.*] I believe, sir, you are the handsome traveller——

Stu. [*Rising.*] I am, ma'am.

Miss P. [*Aside.*] He is an uncommon well-made man, and those mustachios give him quite the air of a traveller. I should hardly have recognised him for my pretty little Charley, if there hadn't been a family likeness. [*Looks round mysteriously, and then beckons him forward.*] Hist! hist!

Stu. [*Aside.*] Who the devil is this, I wonder?

Miss P. She has been expecting you with the greatest impatience.

Stu. Has she, indeed?—But who is she?

Miss P. Why, your affianced wife.

Stu. What, Mrs. S. that is to be?

Miss P. To be sure,—I'm convinced she loves you already

Stu. Well, I know she does: how long has she been here?

Miss P. Above seven years: ever since her father died.

Stu. [*Aside.*] Oh, this is some fetch. Why, I left her at Chippenham seven days since. [*Aloud.*] Do you mean to say that the intended Mrs. S. that is to be, has been living here upwards of seven years.

Miss P. Yes, I'll take my oath on't.

Stu. What, my Sukey?

Miss P. Your Sukey?—Oh, fie, sir, to talk in that indelicate way. Sukey, indeed! no, your Eliza, whom you know you are bound to marry. You would disguise yourself—you would find out this, that, and t'other—but we have found you out.

Stu. Out! yes, and you very kindly took me in.

Miss P. Into your own house, where a charming girl is ready to obey the will of her parents, and receive you as her husband. You see I know as much as you do, good sir.

Stu. [*Aside.*] A great deal more, I think. [*Aloud.*]. Then who do you take me for?

Miss P. For one who will shortly be the proprietor of this mansion, and the husband of my sweet mistress.

Stu. [*Aside.*] Here's unlooked-for luck!—Dame Fortune is smitten with me herself—my planet must be Venus.

Miss P. Don't you remember Primly, sir?—Why, I taught you to run.

Stu. Yes; I have some recollection of it now.

Miss P. I dare say, I'm a little altered since then?

Stu. Yes, a little: I'm a little altered, too, you know.

Miss P. Oh, astonishingly! who would ever believe I had dandled you on my knee.

Stu. [*Aside.*] I can't believe it myself—it is my fate to receive favours from the fair—what can I do?—I can't help being engaging—the women will run after me—they would, I verily believe, if I was to go to Van Dieman's Land, or the Swan River. "I am but mortal; and, Fate, do thou dispose of me." Is my intended handsome?

Miss P. Lovely: fresh as a rose—just what I was at eighteen.

Stu. Ah! I can easily imagine what you were at that age. This is a fine estate?

Miss P. Oh, a princely domain; and the income derived from it immense.

Stu. [*Aside.*] Then she must be handsome. 'Pon my life, I shan't dislike being the proprietor of such an estate as this. It's a sort of character one can play without much study—do this, do that, and it's done [*Aloud.*] My good madam—

Miss P. Call me Primly, sir—plain Primly.

Stu. Well, then, I will call you *plain* Primly—won't it be rather difficult—awkward, I mean.

Enter JAMES, C. D. F.

Stu. Oh, this is my chili friend.

James. (C.) Is my mistress in her chamber?

Miss P. (L. C.) What do you want with her?

James. I came to inform her of an accident that has happened in our cross-road—the pair-horse coach which comes round this way three times a week, has broke down not far from here.

Miss P. [*Pointing to Stubble.*] Speak to this gentleman.

James. [*Surprised.*] Ma am!

Miss P. Is the man deaf?—Take your orders from this gentleman.

Stu. [*Aside.*] Well, the least I can do is to do as I have been done by. James, stir your stumps! send immediate assistance to these poor travellers. Let the house, the wine, be all at their service. Get out the cold meat and the pickles—spare nothing—I know what it is to be sharp set after sitting outside a coach in a hard frost, with a cutting north-easter blowing in your teeth. [*Exit James,* C. D. F.

Miss P. [*Aside.*] The same good heart he possessed when he was breeched.

Stu. In the meantime, my dear Primly, had I not better make myself a little more presentable. I don't think I have quite the air of the master of an establishment like this, as I am.

[*Crosses to* R., *sits down, and opens his carpet-bag, and takes out a shirt, a cravat, and pair of stockings.*

Miss P. [*Calling.*] James!

Enter JAMES, C. D. F.

Miss P. Show this gentleman to the best apartment.

James. (C.) To the best apartment!

Miss P. (L.) Why, the man's crazed! To the best apartment—do you understand? the best apartment. Here, John!

Enter JOHN, C D. F.

Miss P. Assist this gentleman off with his boots.

[*John crosses to Stubble, and takes hold of his leg.*

Stu. [*Striking him on the shoulder.*] Hollo! what are you up to? none of your nonsense.

John. Boots, sir.

Stu. Oh, presently.

Miss P. Don't trouble yourself, sir. [*Calling.*] Here, James! Robert!

Enter ROBERT, C. D. F.

Miss P. John, carry those things to this gentleman's apartment. [*They each take an article.*] I went myself to see if they had lit a fire, and put every thing in order—now don't crumple those things.

Stu. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my life, this is one of the most comfortable old souls I ever met with.

Miss P. This way, sir. John, open the door.

[*John opens the door,* L.

Stu. [*Crossing to* L., *and bowing to the Servants.*] You're very good. 'Pon my life, this is very agreeable.

[*Exit Stubble,* L. D.—*They all show him great attention, and exeunt after him.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in the Mansion.*

Enter HOUSEMAID, JAMES, JOHN, *and* ROBERT, R.

Hou. (C.) Now, James, do tell us all you know about this strange man and his strange reception.

James. (L. C.) Oh, don't ask me. I know nothing, nor I can't learn. Is Tom gone to bring these tumble-down folks here, as Mr. What's-his-name desired?

Hou. Ay, what's his name, that's what we want to know. Hang me, if I don't think there is some witch-craft in it—here have we been for years, without a soul darkening our doors that could be called a visitor, and

when this chap comes, who looks no more like a gentleman than I do—he is treated like a prince.

Rob. (L.) Ay, if he were a prince, it would make all the difference, whether he were a gentleman or no. For it's customary to treat all princes as come here with such display, that one of the dinners we give them would buy their whole domain.

James. Very true: John pays for all.

John. (R.) No, he don't.

James. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I was not speaking of you, but John Bull.

Hou. Talking o' that, I wonder what missus is about to give such an ordinary chap as that ere encouragement. She must be at her last prayers.

James. Stuff and nonsense! Why, I might as well think of marrying the kitchen-maid.

[*Crosses conceitedly to* L.

Enter MISS PRIMLY, L.

Miss P. Hoity toity! here's a commotion; pray, can you find no employment, that you are idling your time away? Thank heaven, you have now a master that will not be imposed on, like your good-natured mistress.

All the Servants. A master!

James. Master! did you say master, madam?

Miss P. Yes, James; the gentleman you had the honour to attend just now, is the intended husband of your mistress and your future master.

Rob. (R.) Why, he asked me to pick a bit with him.

Miss P. Ay, ay, that was only to preserve his incognito. He came here in disguise, to ascertain what kind of a lady was to be his wife.

Hou. But, I say, ma'am, do great folks never love one another, then, before they be man and wife?

Miss P. Very seldom, child; or after, either. [*A bell rings,* R.—*the Servants do not move.*] There's your master ringing. [*All the Servants run* R. *to answer it.*] Now where are you all running to?

All. To wait on master, ma'am.

Miss P. One at a time, if you please. James, do you go, and the rest of you hasten to receive the people who have met with the accident on the road.

Rob. [*Crossing to* L.] What a nice man master is.

[*Exit,* L.

James. And very handsome. [*Exit,* R.

Hen. [*Crossing to* L.] Oh, one could see, with half an eye, he was a gentleman born.

[*Exeunt Housemaid and John,* L.

Miss P. What a charming man this Mr. Stapleton is. He told me just now I was one of the best of women—amiable creature! Well, I'll go and see if he is in want of anything. But this coach turning over will upset us all—I must let Miss Eliza know what a delightful husband she will have; but he'll soon convince her of that himself. My goodness! here is a lady and gentleman coming up the avenue already—some of the passengers, I dare say—they look like man and wife. I declare, what with this marriage and the accident, this will be one of the pleasantest days I have had for a long time. I wonder whether any nice, single, middle-aged man has had his arm broken—I'm an excellent nurse, and that's a desirable quality in a wife. [*Exit,* R.

SCENE II.—*Same as Scene I., Act I.*

Enter MR. STAPLETON, *with green spectacles, and* MISS SUSAN PLAT, C. D. F., *shown in by the Servants—Stapleton carrying her bonnet-box completely crushed, and covered with snow.*

Sta. [*Entering.*] Thank'ye, thank'ye—we shall do very well, now—look to those ladies and the other travellers. [*Exeunt Servants,* C. D. F.

Miss Plat. (L.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! deuce take them plaguy coaches, say I. I kept calling out to the coachman "you'll be over! you'll be over!" and sure enough over we went—the coachman with his head into my bonnet-box—look here, sir, [*Taking out her bonnet.*] my beautiful split straw split all to ribbons. They don't care how or where they drive. I wish *Muckadam* would just come and look at the ruts in this out-of-the-way road, and if he didn't say—[*Checking herself.*]—swear, he must have more good words at his tongue's end than I should, if I were a man. If the people at this great house had not been civil enough to give us shelter for a little bit, I don't know what we should have done. Pretty figures we should have cut, trudging through the snow and mud to the next village.

Sta. (R. C.) I consider myself extremely fortunate, in being so near at hand to assist you. [*Aside.*] Nothing could fall out better than the upsetting of this coach for

me. It having procured me an accidental introduction into this house, when I was at my wit's end how to accomplish it.

Miss Plat. Ah, sir! I am greatly obliged to your kindness. No man could be more gallant or delicate in his attentions. I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

Sta. I am happy in being enabled to satisfy you on that point.

Miss Plat. But people do fall very awkwardly under such circumstances. There's a fine impression of my figure in the snow. [*Aside.*] Oh, I'll make that Stubble shed many a briny tear, for bringing his Susan into this pickle!

Sta. I hope you are not hurt, madam.

Miss Plat. Not that I know of, thank ye, sir. My feelings are more hurt than my person: you will hardly believe it, sir, but I am in pursuit of a husband.

Sta. [*Drawing off a little.*] Are you indeed, madam?

Miss Platt. Yes, sir. Mr. S.'s journey this time was to get in *wholly* orders.

Sta. Oh! at one of the universities?

Miss Plat. La! no, sir—at Andover and Devizes. He ought to have been home eight days ago.

Sta. [*Approaching her again.*] Then you are married?

Miss Plat. Not quite, sir: last Sunday week was the third time of asking. Susan Plat, spinster, to Narcissus Stubble, widower. The ceremony was to have taken place immediately, to prevent accidents, and the knot is not tied yet. You hav'nt the pleasure of knowing me, I believe, sir—I am in the straw line—the first in Chippenham—quite famous, sir, for my shapes, from Leghorn to Dunstable. So well am I known, sir, that if one of my customers puts her head out of doors of a Sunday, you're sure to hear every body say, "That's one of Miss P.'s pokes!" or, "That's one of Miss P.'s cottages, walking with Mr. Mite, the cheesemonger;" or, "There goes one of Miss P.'s gipsies into the fortune-teller's." Mr. S. occupies my first floor, and when at home dyes for me once a week, and does all my blocking. A shocking thing, isn't it, to be obliged to leave home, with such a business as mine. Why, you'll hardly believe, sir, I have a dozen hands at work at this moment, stitching and stealing straw; and, instead of looking after them, I'm looking after this fickle Mr. S. How-

ever, I've got his written promise, and possession of all his cash and his moveables, as he calls them, locked up in his room, and the key in my pocket. But what are those, compared with connubial comforts?

Sta. 'Tis a pity he is missing at a time like this.

Miss Plat. [*Half crying.*] Ah, sir, he is always *missing* —he is as inconstant as the wind—as vain and fickle as the weather thing at top of the church.

Sta. You think him a little inclined to be gay?

Miss Plat. I know him to be outrageously gay—as gay as a white chip hat, trimmed with orange and blue ribbons.

Sta. Then I don't wonder at your being doubtful of his constancy.

Miss Plat. If you knew all, sir, you wouldn't wonder at anything. But no, sir: formerly, I confess, being a little doubtful—and I had sufficient cause—he was always flirting with my hands, making them giggle and laugh, instead of stitching, till I was forced to lock 'em up, to keep 'em at arm's length. All I wish now, sir, is to marry him, that I may teaze and vex him, and never let him rest, night or day.

Sta. Your intentions are much to be commended, and show you are not at all vindictive. [*Aside.*] Thank heaven, this is not my intended—a pretty specimen of promised happiness!

Miss Plat. As I say to Miss Furbelow, the milliner, when she envies me my shapes, "What's the good of being jealous? tormenting yourself, and every body about you." No, no—no more jealousy for me! That's all over now—I know what it is too well. [*Perceiving Stubble's bag on chair,* R.] Eh! what do I see? can I believe my eyes?

Sta. What is the matter, madam?

Miss Plat. Nothing, sir. Only that thingamery bag is so like Mr. Stubble's, that [*Aside.*] I could almost swear —I think I know the shape of it too well to be deceived.

[*Stapleton retires up,* R.

Stu. [*Without,* L. S. E.] My good Primly, will you be kind enough to desire them to clean my boots?

Miss Plat. What do I hear?

[*Going towards the door of Stubble's room,* L.

Enter MISS PRIMLY, R. D.

Miss P. [*Crossing to Miss Plat, and holding her, to*

prevent her going into Stubble's room.] My goodness! where are you going?

Miss Plat. [*Embarrassed.*] No where. I know the person who is in that apartment very intimately, and I would——

Miss P. Oh! you do, do you? you know Mr. S.?

Miss Plat. [*Aside.*] Mr. S.! it is he, sure enough. [*Aloud.*] And pray, madam, how long have you known Mr. S.?

Miss P. Ever since he was bre——unmentionably clad. He is at present here incog., to see how he likes my mistress, before he brings matters to bear. So, not a word—mum—he has not yet declared himself.

Miss Plat. Oh, he has not yet declared himself! [*Aside.*] I am arrived very opportunely.

Sta. [*Who has been looking towards the door Miss Primly entered at.*] I don't see anything of her—or at least any one who resembles my fancied portrait of her. [*To Miss Primly.*] May I be permitted to speak to Miss Gordon?

Miss P. [*Aside.*] So, he wants to speak to Miss Gordon. These poor children will never have a moment to themselves. [*To Stapleton.*] Miss Gordon is paying some visits in the neighbourhood, and will not be at home to-day. [*To Miss Plat.*] My master, Mr. S., is particularly engaged. [*Goes up,* R. C.

Miss Plat. [*Aside.*] Her master! I shall choke with rage! But I'll——I declare, my mouth's as clammy as if I had swallowed a pot of starch—I must get a glass of water, and gulp down my feelings; I'll keep myself cool, then see how far he will push his perfidy—and make him turn as white as if he had been bleached by my presence. I'll have an action for breach of promise—I'll rouse all the courts in England against him—I'll court him!—At any rate, I'll have damages—I feel as if I had assault and battery at my fingers' ends! Oh, that I might trim him as I would a bonnet! I'd stick him full of pins, and throttle him with the ribbon.

[*Exit,* C. D. F.

Sta. [*Aside.*] With these glasses on, I think I may defy the most curious to know me. [*To Miss Primly.*] So, then, Miss Gordon is from home!

Miss P. I have already told you so, sir.

Sta. Then pray be kind enough to tell me who that pretty young lady is. [*Pointing off,* R.

Miss P. Oh, that's a friend of my mistress's. [*Aside.*] My goodness! what a very odd couple.

Enter ELIZA GORDON, R.

Eli. Oh, Primly, I have been looking for you. [*Perceiving Stapleton.*] Mercy on me! this must be he.

[*They salute each other very ceremoniously.*

Sta. I am informed, madam, that Miss Gordon is at present from home.

Eli. [*Aside.*] So, so, Primly has observed my orders. [*To Stapleton.*] I am exceedingly sorry, sir——

Sta. Her absence is of no consequence—I did wish to have seen and spoken to her; but now—[*Aside.*] had this beautiful creature been my intended, I should have been the happiest dog alive.

Eli. Miss Gordon will return to-morrow.

Miss P. Yes, to-morrow——

Eli. In her absence, she has requested me to perform the honours of the house, and I hope, sir, you will do us the pleasure of remaining here till her return.

Miss P. [*Aside.*] What!

Sta. Madam, I—[*Aside.*] that look has won my heart, and lost my estate. Just such a lovely being was I in hopes to find Miss Gordon. [*Aloud.*] From what I have seen and heard, I prefer writing. Rest assured, madam, it is with sincere regret I am obliged to decline your invitation. [*Aside.*] What an adverse fate is mine! I already feel this to be the only woman I could ever love, and yet interest and honour, as regards the lady's loss of fortune, compel me to oppose the dictates of my heart, and fly from all that would render life endurable in the married state. [*To Eliza.*] Madam, I most respectfully take my leave. [*Exit,* C. D. F.

Eli. Oh, Primly, I am enchanted!

Miss P. With what?

Eli. With him.

Miss P. With him? my goodness! with that gentleman who said nothing to enchant any body, that I heard, unless there be witchery in his spectacles.

Eli. Oh, they were merely assumed as a disguise. What an elegant manner he has—do not suffer him to leave the house, for I begin to feel very angry with myself for not declaring who I was at once.

Miss P. Why, who do you take him to be?

Eli. Stapleton.

Miss P. What, your intended husband?

Eli. Certainly.

Miss P. My goodness! Mr. S. is a very different person to this—I have seen him, spoken to him. Ah! when you see him, you will be enchanted.

Eli. Then, this person——

Miss P. Was travelling with his wife by the coach that broke down, just now.

Eli. His wife!

Miss P. Yes; a very smart body, I assure you. They came here arm-in-arm.

Eli. What have I done?

Miss P. But Mr. S. [*Looking off*, L.] As I live, here he comes! Look at him, madam—what a fine figure, upright as the Monument, and a pair of mustachios that would add dignity to a duke. [*They retire up*, R.

Enter STUBBLE, *dressed very smart*, L.

Stu. 'Pon my life! I begin to feel like a landholder, instead of a land-trudger.—This is a deuced sight better than Suckey and the straw business—it's very odd, though—Lord! if there should be such a thing as an enchanted castle,—I have read of such things. [*Seeing Miss Primly.*] Ah, Primly! how do you do, Primly? Something like, now, eh? They can't say a tailor made me. [*Seeing Eliza*, R.] I say, is that the lady who is anxious to be bone of my bone? 'Pon my life, she is a lovely creature.

Miss P. [*Advancing towards him.*] Isn't she! she's horribly nervous about seeing you, though.

Stu. Yes, I know: I feel a little odd, myself; but that will soon wear off, when we get used to one another.—Hem! what a handsome couple we shall make. [*To Eliza.*] Hem!

[*Crossing to* C., *rather confused.*

Miss P. [*Apart to Stubble.*] Don't speak too plainly, at first.

Stu. No; I know, bless you,—I'll give her a touch of the high-flown parliamentary style, where all sense is enveloped in mystery, like London in a November pea-soup-coloured fog. Hem!—[*Eliza advances*, R.]—hem!—[*In great confusion.*]—hem!—[*To Primly*, L.]—It's coming—I've got it here. [*Touching his forehead.*] Hem!—I—how do you do?—hope you are well?—I am very well, thankee.—Fine day—hem!—It's very extra-

ordinary—I say it's very extraordinary, how some individuals of our species, who have never clapp'd their oculars on each other, are imperceptibly attracted towards other individuals of our species by a species of loadstonativeness. [*Turning to Primly.*] What do you think of that, eh?

Miss P. That's not speaking too plainly, certainly.

Eli. I do not doubt, sir, that your arrival will add much to the happiness of us all; but I am at this moment so greatly agitated——

Stu. Which is very flattering to me; and when we know each other better——

Eli. Yes, sir; I will endeavour to remove the unfavourable impressions this reception must give birth to.

Stu. Bless you! you shall never give birth to any unfavourable impressions, I promise you. [*Apart, to Primly.*] The sight of me is too much for her.

Eli. You are not obliged to proceed on your journey, I presume.

Stu. No, bless your little heart, I have plenty of time before me; only, the sooner it's over the better. [*Eliza and Primly retire up,* R., *and converse.*] Bravo! I am regularly installed here, and I like it amazingly—'pon my life, I do.—I can't help heaving a sigh for Sukey, though.—What a victim I am to the tender passion.

[*Retires up,* R., *and joins Primly and Eliza.*

Enter STAPLETON, *unperceived,* C. D. F.

Sta. (L. C.) No; I will not go: it is absolutely necessary I should have an interview with her, and—[*Seeing Stubble.*]—what man is this?

Stu. [*To Eliza.*] A dinner teté a teté—the honour is too great. [*Kisses her hand.*

Sta. [*Advancing.*] I beg ten thousand pardons, madam; my presence is doubtless intrusive, and I will retire.

Eli. No, sir, there is not the least occasion.

Sta. I perceive that this retreat is not quite so inaccessible to male society, as I was led to expect; I really had some fears, when I was about leaving the house, that dangers might encompass this solitude; but I shall now quit it, well assured of your safety, seeing in whose company I leave you.

Stu. [*Aside.*] Who is this ironical gentleman, I wonder.

Eli. I am ignorant, sir, of what you are complaining.

Sta. I, madam! I complain!—who shall have given me such a right?—I merely meant to observe, madam, that there are sentiments we may regret having formed, and illusions by which we are sadly deceived.

Miss P. [*To Eliza*] Well, this is very pretty, for a married man. Why does he not attend to his wife, poor neglected thing.

Eli. [*To Stapleton.*] I now see the consequences of what I considered an innocent pleasantry. I told you that Miss Gordon was from home, and that I was one of her friends; I deceived you, and whatever opinion you may please to form of this little falsehood, I feel it necessary to avow the truth,—I am Miss Gordon herself.

Sta. [*With great vehemence.*] How?—Is it possible?—Can I believe my ears?—You are——

Stu. [*Stepping in, and drawing himself up with mock dignity.*] Yes, sir; I am—no, she is Miss Gordon.

Eli. Any further communication must be through this gentleman. [*Pointing to Stubble.*] I beg, therefore, you will put aside your incognito; inform him who you are, and the ties by which we are bound to each other.—Come, Primly. [*Exeunt Eliza and Primly,* R. S. E.

Sta. [*Aside.*] What the devil does all this mean?—I had better preserve my incognito, till I ascertain the real state of things.—I suppose she has united herself to this man, and wished, on account of the property, to have preserved the secret as long as possible.

Stu. [*Aside.*] I must get rid of this chap.—I'll affront him.

Sta. Well, sir, I—— [*Going up close to Stubble,* R. C.

Stu. Hollo! don't speak to me with goggles on, as if you would penetrate the bottom of my heart and see all its little palpitations.

Sta. Sir, I——

Stu. I won't hear a word, till those windows are removed, you're staring through. [*Aside.*] I declare they put me out of countenance; if a lady was to serve me so, I should blush.

Sta. [*Aside.*] I have a great mind to—but no—my ends will be best attained by coolness. [*Aloud.*] Well, sir, since you insist—— [*Takes off his spectacles.*

Stu. [*Boldly.*] To be sure, I do. [*Aside.*] I have frightened him; all owing to these mustachios,—they

make me look so fierce. [*Aloud.*] Ay, now you are something like.—Bless you, it is impossible to improve nature—ecce signum. [*Turning round.*

Sta. And now, sir, you will inform me what relation exists between you and Miss Gordon?

Stu. The relation is very natural and very simple.—I am her husband—that is to be.

Sta. Her husband that is to be?

Stu. That is to be.

Sta. I am rejoiced to hear it. [*Shaking Stubble's hand violently.*] Damm'e it is not quite so bad as I expected.

Stu. [*Aside.*] Curse the fellow! he has nearly shook my arm off—I'll return the compliment. [*Taking Stapleton's hand, and squeezing it very hard.*] I shall always be glad to see you, and beg you will consider yourself as one of the family; my heart is in my hand, sir.

Sta. [*Aside.*] What a hard-hearted villain he must be, then. [*To Stubble.*] Do you know, sir, that I am particularly acquainted with the gentleman Miss Gordon is bound to marry.

Stu. Very likely: but she has changed her mind, you see.—I was bound to another, by promise—a pie-crust promise. I am not such a fool as to let love stand between me and a wife with rents sufficient to buy up the French rentes,—curse me but I'd have her, if she had but one eye, one arm, and one leg of a sort.

Sta. [*Aside.*] Oh, oh! [*Aloud.*] Of course you are aware Miss Gordon forfeits the whole of her property, the moment you become her husband.

Stu. No, I can't say I am aware of any such thing.

Sta. Is it possible you are ignorant——

Stu. Ignorant!—what do you mean by ignorant?—No, sir—but what if I choose to be ignorant, if I have my reasons for it. There are family secrets, that are not for strangers to penetrate: you don't know what marriage is, sir, or you would not jest upon so serious a matter as the union of two fond hearts in one. Begone, and quit the building. [*Turns up,* R.

Sta. I merely mentioned a well-known fact, and——

Enter Miss PRIMLY, R. S. E.

Sta. I dare say this confidential-looking lady can confirm my statement.—Madam, will you be so kind as to answer me one question? [*Crosses to* C.

Stu. Ay, and answer him truly, as you hope to be married.

Miss P. [*To Stapleton*] Well, sir?

Sta. What will Miss Gordon lose by not marrying Mr. Stapleton?

Miss P. The whole of her property, to be sure—every stick and stone.

Stu. And this is the truth—

Miss P. Law! you know it is—but I must commence arrangements for your marriage. [*Exit*, C. D. F.

Stu. For my hanging, you mean: a pretty noose I was going to poke my head into. This house is a d—d large man-trap, in which I had like to have been caught.

Sta. I hope you are now satisfied?

Stu. Oh, yes, I'm satisfied, with a vengeance; and had I nearly forsook my Sukey and the straw business—my money and moveables, for this?—In what a gulf of ingratitude was I about to plunge—horrible, horrible!

[*Falls into a chair*, R.

Enter MISS PLAT, C. D. F.

Miss Plat. [*To Stapleton.*] Oh, sir, I have come to solicit your kind offices, under most heart-rending circumstances.

Stu. [*Standing amazed at seeing Miss Plat.*] By gosh! my intended wife!

Sta. His intended wife! [*Taking Miss Plat's hand, and checking her from speaking.*] So, so, sir, you would be the husband of every pretty woman you see?

Stu. That's nothing to the point, sir; I wish to know what business that lady has here, when she ought to be at home?

Miss Plat. (L. C.) [*Aside.*] It is he, sure enough, and whiskered like a cat.

Sta. (C.) She is here with me. [*Taking her arm in his.*

Stu. (R. C.) With you, sir? you will please to inform me what species of intimacy exists between you and that lady?

Sta. Death and the devil, sir! she's my wife.

Stu. Your wife?

Sta. That is to be. [*Aside.*] I'll be even with him. [*To Miss Plat.*] Second me in what I have said.

Miss Plat. [*Apart to Stapleton.*] I will, never fear—I'll have my revenge on him.

Stu. And you, madam, you will not dare to be in the same story.

Miss Plat. [*Taking Stapleton's arm, and looking at Stubble through her eye-glass, with pretended astonishment.*] My dear friend, who is this odd-looking man?

Stu. Her dear friend! before my face, too! I'll have an action for breach of promise.

Miss Plat. Really, my good man, I know nothing of you. [*Affectedly.*] and cannot imagine the cause of your trouble and agitation. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Sta. [*Aside.*] Bravo! don't spare him. [*To Miss Plat.*

Miss Plat. [*To Stapleton.*] My dear, only look at him —don't you think we ought to call for a strait waistcoat, and have his head shaved. If he goes mad, the queer wretch may bite. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Stu. Queer wretch! bite! I'm bit, I think—this coolness confounds me. My dear soul, permit me to refresh your memory—I am Narcissus Stubble, straw manufacturer, at Chippenham, in the county of Wiltshire—'pon my life, I am.

Miss Plat. You! ridiculous! and have you the assurance to pass yourself off for another man?—Base counterfeit! you, you my much-loved Narcissus—you Mr. Stubble! to your utter confusion, behold him in this gentleman, to whom, with this key, I give up the whole of the property he intrusted to my care, and who, in a few hours, will call his devoted Susan his for life.

[*Embracing Stapleton.*

Stu. What! will you attempt to persuade me I am not myself?

Sta. You cannot be yourself, sir, or you would not attempt to palm so gross and palpable an imposition upon an unsuspecting female.

Stu. Pho! humbug!

Miss Plat. How you have obtained the knowledge of my dear Stubble's name, I know not—suffice it, I am not blind to his person or his virtues.

Stu. Then look at me, my dear.

Miss Plat. You, you vampire?

Sta. [*Tenderly singing to Miss Plat.*] "Meet me by moonlight alone."

Stu. Am I asleep or awake?—When I come here, I find myself the intended of a person who is not my intended, and when my real intended comes, I find she's not my intended, and that her intended is not me. [*Stapleton and Miss Plat laugh.*] Come, don't put your risible muscles in motion at me—I am a lamb about to

be sacrificed, but it shall not be on the altar of mirth. [*Stapleton and Miss Plat seat themselves on one chair very lovingly.*] Let go her hand, I command you

Sta. The man's mad! therefore, my dear Susan——

[*Kissing her hand, rising, and coming forward.*

Stu. (R.) Oh, for a constable! my property for a constable! [*Kneels to Miss Plat, who is in* C.] Sukey, I sue for mercy!

Sta. (L.) [*Kneeling on the other side.*] Don't listen to him, Susan.

Stu. Oh, you Bonassus!

Enter Miss PRIMLY, C. D.

Miss P. (L. C.) What do I see! Mr. Stapleton at the feet of another!

Sta. (L.) [*Jumping up.*] I am known! [*Aside.*

Miss P. (R. C.) [*Taking Stubble's hand.*] Pray, rise, Mr. S. If my mistress should come ——

Stu. Blow your mistress!

Miss Plat. Let me go, sir.

Stu. Sukey dear, Sukey, my love, I beg, I implore.

Sta. [*To Miss Plat.*] Don't forgive him yet. [*Laughing.*

Miss P. I suppose you are not aware that this gentleman, who stands there looking at you, is this lady's husband?

Stu. Her fiddlestick! Primly [*Turning to her, which gives Stapleton an opportunity of taking Miss Plat's place by the side of Stubble.*]—my dear Primly, it's all a hoax—all fudge; she's mine, by right. [*Taking Stapleton's hand, supposing it to be Miss Plat's.*] Now, my dear Sukey—[*Discovering his error, rises in a passion.*] This is too much! I won't stand this any longer.

Sta. Nor I either, sir; and, if you presume to speak to this lady again—you understand——

Stu. Pistols, I suppose—very well, sir—I am ready to follow you. [*Stapleton goes up to* C. D. F.

Miss P. Oh! I'll alarm my lady, or she'll lose her husband. [*Exit,* R. S. E.

Miss Plat. I hope he'll shoot him.

Stu. [*Going, and looking at Miss Plat, expecting her to prevent him.*] She does not stop me—you see, Sukey, I'm going—going to be made sausage-meat of. Nothing affects her—then come along.

[*Exeunt Stapleton and Stubble,* C. D. F.

Stu. [*Returning immediately.*] Did you call, my dear!

Miss Plat. No!

Stu. Oh! [*Goes out, and returns again.*] She takes it as coolly as if I was going to a ball instead of a bullet.

Miss Plat. You are the master of your own actions.

Stu. Ah! you would not say such a cutting thing, if we were married.

Sta. [*Returning,* C. D. F.] Come, sir.

Stu. I'll be shot if I fight for such a woman as that.

Sta. [*Coming down,* R.] Then I shall horsewhip you.

Stu. (C.) You'll do what, sir?

Sta. Horsewhip you, unless you fight me or pull off those mustachios.

Stu. [*Going up to Stapleton.*] Do you mean that in joke or earnest?

Sta. In earnest! [*Very fiercely.*] Choose your alternative!

Stu. [*To Miss Plat.*] Oh, frailty! thy name is Sukey Plat.

Sta. Come, sir, you have insulted my intended, assumed my name—and, by heaven! you shall do one or the other, or take the consequences. [*Shaking his whip.*

Stu. You see what I am suffering on your account! [*Pulls off one of his mustachios.*] Your perfidy, ma'am, shall be cried about the streets, three yards a halfpenny.

Sta. The other, sir.

Stu. The other what? Oh! you see what a martyr I am to my affections. [*Pulling off the other mustachio.*] There!

Sta. You made me take off my spectacles, you know—so it's merely tit for tat.

Stu. Of course, that was my only motive for complying. Fear was out of the question.

Sta. Oh, that was very evident; besides, the lady may be better able to recognize you now.

Stu. So she may: will you recognise me, Sukey?

Miss Plat. Me! never. [*Flouncing by him.*] So, I'll go and prepare for our departure, my dear.

Sta. Do, my sweet.

Miss Plat. As for this man of straw, whose head is only fit to block bonnets on—this intruder among the human species——

Stu. [*Going up to her.*] Well, my dear——

Miss Plat. Oh, you insinuating wretch! [*Exit,* C. D. F.

Stu. She's dead to all my little fascinations.

[*Horn sounds without,* 1. U. E.

Enter ROBERT, C. D.

Rob. The coach is repaired—and that's the guard's horn, calling the passengers together.

Sta. Oh, this damnable house! not a moment to be lost. Now for one desperate last effort to make her know me—for, if she persists—— [*Horn sounds again.*

Rob. [*To Stapleton.*] They'll start without you.

Sta. [*Going.*] Not for the world!

Sta. [*Stopping him.*] Oh, you—stop the coach! stop my wife that is to be.

[*Rushes out*, C. D. F., *followed by Robert.*

Sta. Ha, ha, ha! excellent! I have given him a Roland for his Oliver, that he will not easily forget.

Enter ELIZA GORDON *and* MISS PRIMLY, R. S. E.

Miss P. This way, miss—I shouldn't wonder if they're fighting now.

Eli. Where is Mr. Stapleton

Sta. Here, madam.

Eli. [*Evidently agitated.*] What mean you, sir?

Sta. That you have been imposed upon; and that I am the true Charles Stapleton, as this letter will testify.

[*Handing her a letter.*

Miss P. Then I have not been paying my court to the rising sun, after all: that's owing to his being behind a cloud.

Eli. [*Having hastily read the letter.*] My joy is too great for utterance. Oh, Stapleton! from what a prospect of misery have you relieved me.

Sta. Pardon me the pain I have caused you, and the abruptness of the declaration that you have inspired me with a love, ardent as it is sincere.

Eli. What, already!

Sta. Even so; and may I be permitted to hope a return?

Eli. As I can perceive no objection to the vowed affection of our childhood, I think you may.

Sta. Oh, Eliza, you have rendered me the happiest of men. [*Kneeling.*

Enter STUBBLE, C. D.

Stu. (L.) She's as stubborn as a mule! no making her know me. [*Sees Stapleton at the feet of Eliza.*] What do I see? This chap at the feet of my other intended! If you please, sir, may I ask what business you have there?

Sta. [*Rising.*] All the business in life, sir, when I am about to become her husband.

Stu. I say, my friend, *you* now would be the husband of every pretty woman you see—eh? And you, ma'am, are rather inconsistent, considering you would be my wife—will he, nill he.

Sta. Sir, you deceived her, by taking upon yourself the name of Stapleton.

Stu. I—never—I deny the imputation——

Eli. How, sir!

Stu. I call upon Primly to verify it—who would have it she had dandled me on her knee, and breeched me, though I never clapped eyes on her till to-day.

Sta. Well, all is forgiven—the fault was mine, in having proceeded clandestinely. But soon, my dear Eliza, our union will remove all doubt.

Stu. So, between two wives, I am left without any—verifying the old proverb. Well, after all, I don't know what there is to grieve at: take away a wife—what remains? liberty, love, and the lasses. So, I'll set off to London, where new conquests await, and—— [*Going.*

Enter Miss Plat, c. d.

Miss Plat. [*Taking him rudely by the arm.*] But not without me, Mr. Stubble.

Stu. [*Embracing Miss Plat.*] I'm owned! I'm owned! the lost Stubble is owned!

Miss P. And, as I think you have been sufficiently punished, I forgive you, providing these cross-road accidents lead to the High Ways of Marriage.

Sta. I beg to return the key of your moveables.

Stu. Oh, Mrs. S. that is to be will take care of them. And now I have nothing on earth to desire. Maids, wives, and widows, if you but smile on the peccadillos of your devoted Stubble—a fig for the men! I happen to know what petticoat government is—this not being the first time I have entered the holy state of matrimony; and, to speak in matrimonial phrase, does any one know any just cause or impediment why your hands should not be united, to keep our High ways and By ways passable? This is the first time of asking!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Miss Prim. Eliza. Stapleton. Stubble. Miss Plat.

R.] [L.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXLV.

COLUMBUS

EL FILIBUSTERO!!

A NEW AND AUDACIOUSLY ORIGINAL HISTORICO-PLAGIARISTIC, ANTE-NATIONAL, PRE-PATRIOTIC, AND OMNI-LOCAL CONFUSION OF CIRCUMSTANCES, RUNNING THROUGH

TWO ACTS AND FOUR CENTURIES,

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty Seven by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

AS PERFORMED AT BURTON'S THEATRE, DECEMBER, 1857 AND AT HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, 1858.

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JUAN RODERIGUES DE FONSECA, Archdeacon of Seville, keeper of the king's conscience, [a handsome sinecure,] and court spiritual adviser generally, therefore, naturally opposed to Columbus and the spread of knowledge, - - Mr. Holman.

FERNANDO DE TALAVERA, an old picture, very much improved by time, - - - Mr. Barrett.

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COLUMBUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall of Audience in King Ferdinand's Palace.*

KING, QUEEN, *and an entire pack of court cards, discovered.*

COMPLIMENTARY CHORUS, ["*Gustavus,*"] *by the courtiers, enthusiastic and ecomiastic, as in duty bound.*

Hail! oh, king of Arragon!
Reign! oh, princely paragon!
Down upon your marrowbone,
Long live the king!
Monarch mightier is he, sir,
Than Joe Smith or Julius Cæsar,
Brigham Young or Nebuchudnezzar,
Long live the king!
And hail to Isabella, too,
For she's a right good fellow, too,
And a right good tune to bellow to,
Is long live the queen!
She's fairer than the fairest fairy,
Sweeter than the Scottish Mary,
Nymph or Nereiad there's n'ary
One like our queen.
[*Cheers from the administration.*

King. This cheering fire, defenders of the great,
Is grateful to our royal tympanum, of late
Elated by our victories among
Those mongrel Moors, to hear our praises sung
We've had no time; but now the wars are ended,
And in the usual way, our faith defended,
That is by slaying every slavish minion
Who dares to differ with us in opinion.

Although by proxy those great deeds were done,
We think we've earned the right to have some fun;
So loud let every office-holder shout,
Or else we'll send them to the right about.
[*The several sticks shout accordingly.*
Louder, you puddin' heads, aldermen and all,
Or else our city hall we'll overhaul,
And cut your heavy jobs and contracts down,
And then we'll see who'll represent the town.
Tell us what news is stirring in the city?

Fonseca. So please you, sire, the Vigilance Committee
A foolish foreigner this day has found,
Who swears, confound him, that the world is round,
And swings, on what the fellow calls its *axis*,
Just once a year.

King. He's thinking of the taxes.

Fonseca. It taxes both credulity and patience
To listen to the mountebank's relations.

Queen. Perhaps he's right—let's ask him here to sup,
There may be something in——

King. My love, shut up.

Fonseca. But that's not all he says.

King. I want to know.
What does he say?

Fonseca. He says, my liege, below
There is a corresponding half-world——

King. We know better
For did it correspond we'd have a letter.
We've nothing from that latitude, in fine
We hav'n't had an equinoctial line—
So it's all bosh.

Queen. 'Twould be as well to hear
The man himself.

King. Now, don't you interfere.

Fonseca. And more than this—your majesty will laugh,
Of course—the fool asserts, the other half
Has mountains, vallies, seas, just like our own;
With men and women——

King. What, turned upside down!
Strange kind of man, to think mankind, like flies,
Could in such strange position stand—he lies.

Fonseca. But, above all, the chap maintains that gold
And precious gems lie there in heaps untold.

Queen. What, diamonds?

Fonseca. And pearls of countless price,
Rubies and amethysts.

Queen. Take my advice
And look into this matter.

King. You look out;
Bell, hold your tongue—we know what we're about.

Let some one summon here this foreign catiff
Who thus presumes to know more than a native.
Hast heard his name?

Fernando de Talevera. Columbus.

King. That's a dove.

Queen. I like it—'tis the type of peace and love—
You called me so at first.

King. Be quiet, do;
Don't talk, my dove, until you head your *coo.*
Who is this pigeon?

Fernando. I saw him hawking
Some maps and charts; sad and fatigued with walking,
He rested on a convent step—his son
Lay near him, hunger-pinched and wan
With weakness—yet the heartless crowd passed on,
Even without the tribute of a sigh.
At length, a poor friar, himself not overfed,
Gave to the wanderers a loaf of bread.
The gift was timely, yet the proud man's soul,
I plainly saw, revolted at the dole,
Although 'twas thankfully received. He woke
The famine-stricken boy, and quickly broke
The loaf in two—one half the lad received,
And with such ravenous haste—it deeper grieved
The sorrowing man. I read his anxious fears;
I saw the dry crust moistened with his tears,
And turned away dimsighted and heart-sick.

King. I'll take my oath that friar was a brick.
He's poor, it seems, despite of all his pains—
Then, ten to one, the fellow's cursed with brains.
If so, I'll steal 'em, for mere brains *alone* are
Seldom any use to the first owner.

[*Laughing heard without*

CHORUS. [*Outside.*]

Laughing Chorus, "Der Freischutz."

Such madman's words, how shall we style 'em?
The ass has broke from some asylum;
A world across the western sea!
'Twon't do, Columbus—no, siree.

Ecco Italiani, "Trovatore."

Scizzerrere!
Oh fel magia moshio
As a marchera, che si won't returno,
Scizzerere!
Ti himup to some trio,
Prodo, for here he cant Soggiurno!

Columbus. [*Without.*]

Bi guingo, lam orti the crowdo,
Astar, nota onei se nir.
Ah mi tiseri—
Ah mi tiseri Mustay.
Hadio hadio buta dimo
To geta Sangarie.

Chorus.

Du tell, du tel guist erim
The luni supposes notin.
Scizzerere!
De te nim ti Sonli ad ute uno.

Columbus.

De te nim O damit, de te nim O no.

King. Go, bring him in—and now we'll pump him dryer
Than the dry crust he got from that same friar.
Queen. Unworthy thought.
King. Bell, if there's any tin,
You'll tintinnabulate—I mean ring in.
If there's a chance, the main one you won't lose,
But caution and precaution both we'll use.
We'll see this mariner—if aught accrues
From his projected cruise, we won't reject it,
But with the glory of our reign connect it.
By our own royal judgment we'll abide,
And if we find him slippery, let him slide.
Fonseca. I hope your majesty will deign to pause.
Before this man, who scouts our mundane laws,
You thus encourage—our estate it shocks
That he should trifle with the orthodox.
The church has settled that the world is flat.
King. There cannot be the slightest doubt of that.
He comes—don't fear, we'll find out his intents.

Enter COLUMBUS, *peddling stationery.*

Col. Twenty-five maps of the world for four cents.
King. Who are you, stranger, that with daring speech
A new cosmogany presume to teach?
Col. A ci-devant poor flat-boat captain, sire.
King. Flat broke 'twould seem to judge from your attire.
Go on, unfold yourself, pay out.
Col. My lord, I will.
Will you oblige me with the chord? [*To leader*

Biographic Cantata.

Introductory Recitative.

Mio simplissima storio dost thou requesto,
Oh give earo unto mi relazioni,
But if this foreign lingo, you cannot digesto
I'll try the purissimo Anglo Saxoni.

Aria Familiaria.

My name it is Columbus, I was born in Genoa
Of poor but honest parents, so the story always goes.
My father was a mariner, and he mar-ri-ed my mother there,
And I was the offspring as you may readily suppose.
Sweet infancy's days when the brain very little *wit* is in,
As is mostly the case passed unconciously bye,
Oh my parent's expected I'd become a steady sober citizen,
But I was bound to be a sailor boy, by jingo, or die.

For many a long year I have plough'd the wild ocean,
And many strange notians and natives have seen,
But now in my head I have got a sort of notion
That there's some place else somewhere that aint been seen yet.
To find this place out is the only thing I live for,
Ambition and fame in that single path lie
Just to help me along some assistance pray give, for
I'm bound to find Columbia, by jingo, or die!

King. What is't youv'e got within your silly brain?
Col. A Main land, sire, there is beyond the Main.
Fonseca. Let it remain there.
King. Stop a minute—
We'll hear him talk, there may be something in it.
Queen. Pearls and rubies grow there, we are told?—
King. Now do be quiet;—aye, and lots of gold.
Col. I'm almost weary, sire, of telling o'er
To Princes all the gifts I have in store,
For him who will accept the golden key,
And will for such a chance my patron be.
To my own land I fain would give the prize,
But there was no speculation in their eyes,
And not a real but to realise
My ardent Spirit's hope's, would they advance,
French leave I took of them, and unto France
Laden with gall, pursued my weary way,
But the great Lewis had by reckless play
Collapsed his treasury, for like a stoker
The British King had singed him at drawpoker,
The winning King I tried, while he was flush,
But for my suit he did'nt care a rush,

From ice bound tracts to where the tropic sun
Breeds in the teeming ooze strange monstrous things—
I see upswelling from exhaustless springs,
Great lakes appear upon whose surface wide
The banded navies of the earth may ride,
I see tremendous cataract's emerge
From cloud aspiring heights, whose slippery verge
Tremendous ocean's momently roll o'er,
Assaulting with unmitigated roar
The stunned and shattered ear of trembling day
That wounded, weeps in glistening tears of spray!

King. We grieve your sensibility to shock,
See something else or down will go our stock.

Col. I see upspringing from the fruitful breast
Of the beneficent and boundless West,
Uncounted acres of life-giving grain,
Wave o'er the gently undulating plain,
So tall each blade that you can scarcely touch
The top!

King. Ah! now, my blade, you see too much.

Col. Within the limits of the southern zone
I see plantations, thickly overgrown
With a small shrub in whose white flower lies
A revenue of millions!

King. You surprise
Us now, we'll cotton to that tree!
Go on, old fellow, what else do you see?

Col. Some withered weeds—

King. Pooh!

Col. From which men can evoke
Profit as wonderful!

King. From what?

Col. From smoke.

King. Ah, now you're in the clouds again. Good gracious!
Think of the stock, and don't be so fugacious.

Col. I see a river, through whose limpid stream,
Pastolus like, the yellow pebbles gleam;
Flowing through regions, where great heaps of gold,
Uncared for, lie in affluence untold,
Thick as autumnal leaves, the precious store.

King. My eyes! why didn't you see that before?
We'll go ourself, we mean we shall "go in."
Go on.

Col. I see small villages begin,
Like twilight stars, to peep forth timidly,
Great distances apart; and now I see
Towns, swol'n to cities, burst upon the sight,
Thick as the crowded firmament at night.
I see brave science, with inspired soul,
Subdue the elements to its control;
On iron ways, through rock and mountain riven,

Impelling mighty freights, by vapor driven;
Or with electric nerves so interlace
The varied points of universal space.
Thought answers thought, though scores of miles between—
Time is outstripped——

King. We're not so jolly green.
My friend, come, ain't you getting rather steep?
We beg to probability you'll keep.
What see you now?

Col. The plethora of wealth
Corrupt and undermine the general health.
I see vile madd'ning fumes incite to strife,
Obscure the sense and whet the murderer's knife.
I see dead rabbits——

King. That's enough—give o'er;
It won't be prudent to see any more.
You've evidently over-taxed your head—
Just take a whiskey skin and go to bed.
Meantime, we give our royal approbation
To your grand scheme of general annexation,
And that in stealing gold you may not cease,
Receive the order of the "Golden Fleece."
I must keep dark—of course you have the "nous"
To pass judiciously the custom house.

Col. It will be hard, I know, to put the blinders
Upon the new marshall Don Isaiah Rynders.
Our freight, mere farming implements we'll call—
A cargo of threshing machines—that's all.

King. The oyster trade just now is rather bad,
We know a couple of sloops that can be had
Dirt cheap for cash. We'll give you the command,
And you can start at once.

Col. I'll be on hand
At any moment, sire, that you propose—
My trunk is packed, when I put on my clothes.
Hope and your royal favor to my heart
Ambition impulse energy impart,
Ere long, like swelling sails, to be unfurled;
Blow, friendly gales, they'll bring you back a world.

King. Bring back a world! that would be, I must say,
Handsome return for such a small outlay.

Queen. Dear me! does anybody know how late
It is?

King. I don't for one.

Queen. It's half-past eight.

King. Good gracious!

Queen. Yes, indeed.

King. Well, don't you worry;
We'll go to bed, but as we're in a hurry—
The scene must operatically end—
We'll sing good night to our distinguished friend.

SLEEPY CHORUS, *with yawning accompaniment, in which it is hoped the spectators will not join.*

Fonseca. "*Enchantress.*"

We are so nappy that to bed we must start,
The courtier doth easily lie;
To make us happy, though before we depart,
A night-cap I'll have on the sly.
Oh deary me, how sleepy are we,
Ye—ah!—aw! [*yawning,*] &c.

Duetto Cordiali. Ferdinand and Columbus.

Sonny, all right, good night,
We'll meet at breakfast in the morning,
And take a bite when the early light
Of the morn gets up, the dawn adorning.
In all the independent journals
We'll have a first-rate notice;
To succeed without the aid of the diurnals,
We know now-a-day no go 'tis, &c., &c.
[*All go off with bed candlesticks.*

SCENE II.—*A modest and retiring apartment in the palace.*

COLUMBUS *enters with a nightcap, which, in a moment of abstraction, he swallows.*

Col. I've made a precious bargain here, I swear—
This downey king expects the lion's share
And hasn't taken one, the common way
In which the poor world-worker gets his pay.
On one side, enterprise, toil, danger, death!
And on the other, mouthfuls of mere breath.
A vain man—worshipped, transitory name,
But ah! to sparkle in the heaven of fame
Eternal as itself, and life outlast,
Still ever-present in the living past.
To think one's memory may fill unsought
A Sovran throne within the realm of thought,
When piled up centuries their shadow flings
Across the records of forgotten kings;
What to such destiny are earthly joys?

FERDINAND, (*the king,*)—*in robe de chambre, and nightcapped —looks from door,* F.

King. Friend Christopher, you're making too much noise;
Please to remember this is not an inn.
Col I beg your pardon, sire, it was the gin;
By that, and your kind promises elated,
I own I did feel somewhat elevated.
King. Well, just blow off your froth and settle down. *Exit.*

Col. All right, your majesty. Oh, great renown,
What alights aspiring poverty endures
That through such patrons the great prize secures;
It riles me even now, to think this thing
In after ages to my fame will cling,
And like dead fruit upon the living tree,
Hang on to my green immortality.
Could this mean king, unless by my deserving,
Awake the genius of a Prescott or an Irving!
There's no use moralizing now, because
What will be will be, as what has been was.
And talking of what will be—a strange thought
Just crossed my mind with difficulty fraught:
If some small scribbler, in a future day,
Should try to weave my story in a play,
I'm curious now to know what he would do
For female interest to carry through
His plot, if any, for *my wife's* at home;
I couldn't ask her majesty to roam
Amongst my rude adventures—I guess
He'll find himself in a delightful mess.
He'll want a heroine, the rules despotic—
Hollo! that gin, by jingo, *is* narcotic. [*Yawns.*
Where can he find one? Out of some French play,
No doubt; that will be, then, the usual way.
French thought, French plot, French wit, French moral, cast,
And published, probably, by French, at last.
I'm going—going—gone. [*Sleeps.*

COLUMBIA *appears in luminous opening, at back—comes forward and touches* COLUMBUS, *who starts, and looks at her with astonishment.*

Colum. Columbus, wake!
Col. Hollo, ma'm, who are you, for gracious sake—
Attired in such extraordinary guise?
Colum. It's strange you should exhibit such surprise.
Don't you know your own child?
Col. I'm not so wise
A father.
Colum. No! nor yet old Uncle Sam?
Col. Haven't the honor.
Colum. Well, his niece I am,
In fact the genius of the mighty land
On which will rest your name and fame.
Col. I understand.
You're Hail Columbia, then—well, I declare,
I'm very glad to see you—take a chair.
Colum. Excuse me.
Col. From your cap and spangled bodice,
I took you first for Crawford's sculptured Goddess.
Colum And so I am—myself and Liberty
Are one

Col. Thus, undivided may you ever be.
Colum. I feel obliged.
Col. Pray tell me, if you please,
Are you that same liberty Demosthenes
So thundered for, until the cute invader
Beneath the patriot espied the trader,
And putting golden pebbles, it is said,
Into his mouth, shut up his noisy head?
Colum. Alas, I am, and *you* need not be told
That by such *patriots* I'm always sold.
Col. Likely enough; but may I make so bold
As most respectfully to ask, what is it
Produces me the honor of this visit?
Colum. Of course you know you're sleeping in that chair?
Col. I did *not* realize the fact, I swear.
But if you say that——
Colum. I assure you.
Col. Oh!
It's quite enough for you to tell me so.
Colum. You wish to know, then, why I made this call?
Col. If not too much to ask——
Colum. Oh, not at all.
You were just now much puzzled in your mind
In wondering where a dramatist could find
A heroine——
Col. Yes, I remember.
Colum. Look at me—
I mean, with you, to cross the Western Sea.
Col. But what induces you so far to roam?
Colum Simply the wish to reach my future home
As quickly as I can. By adverse fate
Compelled reluctantly to emigrate,
My business here is virtually ended,
The firm of "Freedom & Company" in fact suspended.
Col. I'm sorry to hear that—'twas my belief
That your investments here were just as safe
As—the Bank of England, I was going to say,
But lately that comparison won't pay.
Colum. But see, 'tis morning—your effects are stored,
The ship awaits us—shall we go on board?
Conveying Liberty, that humble bark
Unharmed shall ride, and like the primal ark,
Where its keel rests another world arise,
And Freedom hang its shingle on the skies.
Col. Are my prophetic visions, then, so near
Fulfilment? Oh, I feel uncommon queer;
Is it ambition so distracts my head,
Or last night's "tod" before I went to bed?
Colum Courage, Columbus; you have scenes of strife
Before you—even periling your life.

But I'll be with you in the hour of need.

Col. I'm very much obliged to you. indeed—
Thankful such guardianship to have secured.
Between ourselves *my* ship is not insured.

Colum. I'll take the risk. Behold our banner spread! [*Displays flag.*
Protection dwells within its folds.

Col. "Nuf ced."
I'm game to follow that, so go ahead.

SONG—*Columbus.* "*Star-Spangled Banner.*"

Oh, say, shall I see, ere my soul takes its flight,
Though the last ray of life should be fitfully gleaming,
A new country arise, on whose banner of light
Freedom's sons may behold the bright heaven of their dreaming.
Should a factious hand dare
Its proud folds to impair,
May it withering fall, and Columbia still bear
Her own star-spangled banner, forever to wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

[*Exeunt*, L. H.

SCENE III.—*The stage represents the deck of the Santa Maria.*

COLUMBUS *and his rude assailers discovered in threatening atititudes.*

STRIKING CHORUS OF MUTINOUS MARINERS.

[*Taken from miscellaneous sources.*]

"Our captain swears he'll have his fling
So come let's fling him in the 'frigidum sine,'
For an old salt, 'tis just the thing,
At home he'll be in the middle of the briney."

Col. [*Sings.*] Must I be dished, while thus so surely
Verging on the land of Plato,
Its hard to be so prematurely
Dropped just like a hot potato.

Sancho. We'll give you one more chance unless you wish
To give a free lunch to the hungry fish,
You'd better take it, far enough we've come,
So just 'bout ship at once and let's go home.

Col. My home is on the rolling deep.

Pedro. In another minute
Your home, depend upon it, will be in it.

Bartol. We've made up our minds, our grub and grog
Are fading fast, there's not an egg for "nog"
Left in the hatchway, if you don't consent
To take the back track, it is our intent
To sack you first and then to sack your stores!

Col. Oh, men intractable, your chief implores
But one day longer!

Sancho. Not another hour!
All. No! no!
Col. Before such brutes 'tis cowardly to cower,
While I have life, right onward will I steer!
Bartol. We'll cut your tiller-ropes soon never fear!
No longer listen to his common pleas,
Seize the old tar and pitch him in the seas!
[*They make dangerous demonstrations.*
Col Oh! Spirit of my vision, where art thou?
On thee I call, redeem thy promise now!

Enter COLUMBIA.

Colum. She's here! [*Sailors shrink back in affright.*
Col. I'm saved!
Colum. What means this horrid din?
If its a free fight, you can count me in!
So many against one, now understand
To aid the weak I'll always be on hand!
Col. The Indian Empire's mine, your threats I mock
Rebellious *Sea*poys, now *I* "have-a-lock,"
Will shut you up!
Sancho. Hallo! My precious wig,
Here's a strange craft with a new fangled rig!
Where do you hail from?
Colum. Back, senseless crew!
'Tis just such mindless reprobates as you
That mar the calculations of the wise,
And clog the wheels of glorious enterprize!
Pedro. Pshaw! this palaver, mam's all very well,
But where we're driving to if you could tell,
We'd like it better.
Colum. [*To Columbus*] *You* are not so blind
But in the passing current you can find
Sure indications that the land is near.
Col. Within my heart I thought so, but the fear
Of raising hopes the end might not fulfil,
Stifled the new-born thought, and kept me still.
See! See! What's floating there?
Sancho. By jingo! greens!
And now I smell—
Pedro. What? Orange groves?
Sancho. No, pork and beans!
Pedro. Hogs! then hurrah! our tribulation ends,
Its very clear we're getting among friends!
Bartol. Look, look, here's something else now passing by.
[*They fish up a piece of Connecticut pastry.*
All. What is it?
Colum. What, you pumps, why pumpkin pie!
Sancho. What's this?
[*Fishes up immense walking-stick with knobs on it*
A knobby stick

And on the knob
Inscribed distinctly—

All. What?

Sancho. "The Empire Club.
"The owner fitly will reward the finders
"If it's returned—"

All. To whom?

Sancho. "To Marshall Rynders.

[*A Play-Bill is fished up.*

All. What's this?

Colum. A bill of Burton's Theatre, you noodles!

Col. What are they doing now there?

Colum. "Sleek and Toodles."

Col. I hear the birds.

Colum. They're cat-birds if you do.

Col. The cat bird's song must be "the wild sea-mew,"
There's music somewhere nigh.

Colum. Don't be emphatic,
It's Dodworth's band on board the Adriatic,
She'll pass us soon upon her trial trip,
Look at her well, Columbus, such a ship
You never saw—and never will, I swow,
Unless he dream it, as he's doing now.

[*The Adriatic passes across, the Band playing "Yankee Doodle.*

Colum. See where she steams majestically down.

Sancho. My eyes and limbs, why it's a floating town!

Col. Right against wind and tide and not a sail,
The flying dutchman, that is, without fail:
Hurrah! look there, I'll take my oath I spy land!

Colum. Of course you do.

Col. What is it?

Colum. Coney Island!

[*All the sailors cluster around Columbus.*

Sancho. Oh, glorious admiral, upon our knees
We ask forgiveness—

Col. See what men are these
Attired in such extraordinary style?

Colum. They are the magnates of Manhatta's Isle,
Every distinguished guest they're bound to meet
And feed—don't fear, they can afford to treat,
For hospitality's a public trait,
Therefore the public can't object to pay.

[*Castle Garden extends itself from the Battery. Pier No. 1 appe crowded with Reception Committees, &c. Columbus landed the usual honors. "That Gun" takes its usual noisy part in demonstration. Columbus is surrounded by enthusiastic admi Columbia remains unnoticed in the back-ground. Banners played on which are inscribed "Columbus for Mayor," 'People's Choice." "Columbus for Governor—Down with an else," "Columbus for President," "Liberty for ever," "Wh oppose us."*

1st Cit. Welcome, old tar!
2d Cit. Old fellow, how do you do?
Col. Exceedingly well, I thank you, how are you?
1st Committee Man. Here, take my arm and let's escape the crowd
2d C. M. Hello! this pipe-laying can't be allowed!
His party has no chance, sir, we can lick it,
With such a name as yours upon our ticket.
C. Man. You see we've lost no time. [*Points to Banners.*
Three cheers for Columbus! [*They cheer vociferously.*
Colum. As I expected
By those time servers, I'm of course neglected.
2d Com. Keep silence there for the address!
[*About to read long document*
1st Com. Go 'long!
Dry up! Where's Kerrigan? let's have a song!
All. Hurrah! a song, a song!

FINALE—*Dis-concerted piece, by the antagonistic Politicians.*
Chorus, "Gustave" Vive le Roi.

Swearing death to all who cave
What care we for the law?
He who bolts, we'll touch the knave
On the raw, on the raw.
Hearts that gold and rum inspire
Legal threats ne'er can fright,
He who slumps we'll knock him higher
Than a kite, than a kite.

Infernal Row, a la Robert le Diable.

Sound the tangrang and the hibang
Let the cowbell ding-dong;
Blow the riprack and the gripsack.
And the soft hotel gong!
Shout away it does'nt matter what you say,
Tol de dol de diddle day.

The Curtain Falls to Babylonish Confusion.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*In which the spectators are gratified by another view of the same palace, but in an empty state. It being the 1st of May* HIS MAJESTY *moves in, followed by* RODRIGUEZ DE FONSECA.

King. Archbishop, we're dyspeptic, dull, ennuyed,
And some amusement very sadly need.
Fon. Sire, I'm your soul's physician, solely, so,
What medicine to prescribe I hardly know,
The operatic folk are here to day,
And give, I'm told, a splendid *matinee.*
The sweetest singing birds I understand
That ever came from song's own native land,
Delicious Italy!
King. Delicious goose!
You know the squalling's only an excuse,
The whole affair you may depend upon its
Only an opening show of new spring bonnets.
Fon. A play perhaps might quicken your sensations.
King. I'm sick of local plays and French translations.
Fon. The model artistes—
King. [*Virtuously indignant*] What?
Fon. Not as orignally
Shown, but etherialized—there's a new ballet.
King. No, no, I'm tired of their old Grandpas,
And can't translate their jumps and entrechats.
Fonseca. Some painting's have arrived, sir, which are said
To be superior.
King. Is the artist dead?
Fonseca. Not yet, my liege, I think.
King. Ah, that's a pity
They won't sell 'till he *is*, in this great city.
Fonseca. I scarce know what amusement to propose—
Were you in temper for exciting shows
We might go hear the aldermen debate,
Or the police commissioners dilate
On party straws, while through the city's walks
High-handed rowdyism rampant stalks.
King. Be good enough to change the conversation
We cannot help the city's situation,
If it's inhabitants don't watch the game
And see all's fair, they've but themselves to blame
Rule or mis-rule depends upon their voice
They pay's their money and they has their choice,
Can you suggest no kind of recreation
To quell this hypochandriac sensation?
Fonseca Well, let's see, Sire—if you have the leisure
You might, combining piety and pleasure,

Cook a few heretics.

King. [*Rising up.*] That *would* drive off the blues!
I *could* enjoy a dozen roasted Jews
On the half-shell—

Fonseca. Sire, I regret to say
We're out of Jews, upon your last birth day.
We dressed them all.

King. Why, what a burning shame!
Is there nothing unorthodox that you could name?

Fonseca. Scores of poor debtor's in our prison's dwell—

King. Would rather fry of course,—they'll do as well.

Enter DIEGO, *unceremoniously.*

King. What ho! Diego, whence this anxious face?

Diego. [*Presents Telegraph.*] A Telegraph, your highness,
Cape Race.

King. For us it seems—well, what of that, my lad?

Diego. Sire, I'm in hopes there may be news from dad!

King. [*Unfolding strip of pap*
Faith it's extensive, from it's length I guess
T'was meant for the assoicated press! [*Rea*
"Discount increased"—"Fund's easy"—"Cotton"—bo
"The Queen's expected soon to have another"—

Diego and Fonseca. [*Naturally surprised.*] What?

King. "Drawing room"—Pshaw! they leave that line set up
"Improved stock"—"Agricultural prize cup"—
Ah! here we are—"Now coming through the sound
The Sloop Santa Maria homeward bound.
"Columbus master—from the Indian oceans,
"Freighted with odds and ends, and Yankee Notions."

Diego. Dad coming home! huzza! I hope and trust
The old boy's brought back plenty of the dust
If so his pockets will be soon attacked,
I'm deuced short just now, and that's a fact.

King. Our admiral returned, with lots of gold
Of course, our Bell this good news must be told!
Ah! here she is!

Enter ISABELLA *and the whole Court.*

King. Come, Bell, our oceanic stock's
Right up, we'll have a pocket full of rocks.

Queen. I'm glad to hear such welcome sounds as these!
Beck's bill is stiff and so is Tiffanny's.

Fonseca. Columbus back! from him I'll take the shine
Or else his star will overshadow mine.

King. We're in such jolly spirits we could sing—
And will—play up! [*To leader of orchest*

Leader. What, sire?

King. Oh! anything

Leader. The gold song from "Robert?"

Sing. That's just the thing!

Singular vocal melange—KING.—"*Robert le Diable.*

Gold, gold, gold, is no chimera
Though sung to the opera stalls,
Bold, bold, bold, to risk so queer-a
Joke within the opera walls,
Where so much capital moulders
And the dividends don't come along
Every blessed shareholder's
Most unmistakably sold for a song.

Choral interruption—"*Rigoletto*"

Hard times, hard times, we've suffered
Enough by the hard times
Par-times, par-times, we'll soon have the regular par-times!
Star times, star times, Columbus will bring in the star times!
Let's meet him, and greet him
With a hip! hip! hip! hurrah!

Selfish and unprincipled solo—FONSECA.—"*Poor Soldier.*"

Now the money panic,
Lately so tyranic,
Is bound to start it's apple-cart
Before the "Oceanic,"
Oh! the "Oceanic!"
I owe the "Oceanic"
A heap for shares, so unawares
Must "*bear*" the "Oceanic."

Solo—DIEGO—"*The Quaker's Wife.*"

Father and I are both in town,
For up he's got to poney,
Or I shall have to simmer down,
And think of matrimony.

Her Majesty signifies her intentions—"*Jeannette and Jeannot.*"

Oh! I'll have such brilliant parties now as never yet were seen,
For lately my allowance was particularly mean,
But now the specie's flowing in, the banks will all be flush,
And you had best believe it, that we'll go it with a rush.

"*Lucy Neal.*"

And all will you see kneel,
Oh, all will you see kneel,
Before the great and mighty dollar
All will *you* see kneel.

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferdinando. My liege! my liege!
King. Why, what irregular's this?
Or rather interruption, what's amiss?
Ferdinando. Nothing, my liege, I bear you welcome news!
Columbus!
King. That's another pair of shoes!
Has he returned?
Ferdinando. Just landed, and I'm told
Has brought you, sire, about a ton of gold!
King and all. A ton!
Ferdinando. More or less,
As New Year's gifts he brings
From the New World such rare and curious things
As he could pick up in so short a stay
Which at your royal feet he beg's to lay!
King. Now curiosity our bosom shakes!
We grant his suit, go hurry up the cakes!
Fonseca. Your highness, this ambitious man I fear,
Puffed by success, will cause disturbance here.
King. Don't be alarmed, we know what we're about;
When we have turned the vagrant inside out
In kingly style—away he'll have to pack—
We'll take his presents and give him the sack.

[*All the courtiers crowd the aisles, kept back by guards.*

Fonseca. Where are you pushing to? stand back!

[*The Trans-Atlantic procession files in in the following order: A small detachment of Police to clear the way—a group of Indians dipper and sucking cap sellers, with their banner. A glass ballot box, carried by a politician of character, supported by a few distinguished members of the "Dead Rabbit Club." The Prince of Humbugs, mounted on a superbly-caparisoned woolly horse, and attended by a live mermaid and the nurse of Washington. Two Ethiopians, bearing respectively a mint julep and a sherry cobbler. Cuttle, Bleek and Toodles, arm-in-arm. King Powhattan, Pocahontas and John Smith. The Almighty Dollar, in regal robes, and promiscuously attended. All the States, represented by beautiful young ladies, surrounding* COLUMBUS. *An allegorical mask, interrupted by noise without.*

Col. What tumult's that?
New York. Miss Kansas, I suppose
She's crying to get in.
Col. What, with her bleeding nose?
I told her she would have to wait a cure,
And when her Constitution could endure
Fatigue, she might come in. Why here she is!

[KANSAS *enters and causes great confusion among the States, the* IMP OF DISCORD *attends her, who is finally quelled by* COLUMBIA, *and harmony is restored.*

g. Columbus, we are pleased.
m. And we—
g. Keep shady!
Bell. Won't you introduce me to your lady? [*To* COL.
Only too proud. Columbia!
lum. I'm on hand!
l. Let me present you to King Ferdinand,
Queen Isabella.

COLUMBIA *shakes hand energetically with their majesties to the great consternation of the Court.*

Colum. Hollo! What's out?
Col. My pet,
You've outraged all the rules of etiquette.
Colum. What should I do?
Fon. Why kneel, the rules demand it.
Colum. I can't—my constitution wouldn't stand it.
King. We'll wave the ceremonial. Can these be
Your children that we look at?
Colum. Yes, sirree!
I have a few more young uns on the "farms"
Besides one most unruly babe in "arms,"
Miss Utah, but we soon shall cure her ills
With some steel drops and "*Harney's*" leaden-pills!
King. Columbus, what reward can we bestow
On you for giving us this goodly show?
Col. My liege if I've accomplished well my task
And gained your favor, it is all I ask.
Our fillibustering scheme I've carried through,
The country's safe, and now belongs to you.
Bye and bye, perhaps, when they've experience bought,
They may return us the same blow we taught.
King. Such magnanimity our bosom charms,
So we present you with—a coat of arms,
Together with the name and rank of "Don—"
Fon. My liege, our precincts now you trench upon,
'Twill be bad precedent to lift poor merit
Up to their level, who by blood inherit.
What has he done except what I or you
Or any accidental fool could do?
Colum. I'll tell you—
Col. Don't be riled, I'll see you through,
Bring me an egg. [*The egg is brought.*
If you're with skill endowed
To make this egg stand up, I'll treat the crowd.
[*They individually try the experiment which is a failure all roun*
Diego. I'm beat!
Fernando. I'm sold!
King. We're bothered.
Fon. Where's the fun

In this? It's evident it can't be done.
Colum. Oh! yes it can!
King. We'd like to see the way.
Fon. I'll stake my head it can't!
Colum. "A dreadful lay,"
Here's to decide it! Now behold, oh king,
What great effects from such slight cause will spring!

[*Gong. The scene shifts for itself and discovers the egg of Columbus, being much magnified, which changes to the Temple of Fame, in which are grouped a selection from American celebrities on a pyramid. Columbus takes his place.*

Finale.—"Hail Columbia."

Hail Columbia's honored band,
Hail ye worthies of the land,
By freedom broke
From the foreign yoke,
We the benignant stars invoke
Protection evermore,
To shed upon thy friendly shore.
May Columbia's happy land,
Rifted by no traitor hand
United be
From sea to sea
The home of *Peace* and *Liberty!*

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXLVI

HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD,

THE GREAT BASHAW;

OR, THE

GOOD FAIRY TRIUMPHANT

OVER THE

DEMON OF DISCORD!

A Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime.

AS PERFORMED AT

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1857.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD,

As performed at LAURA KEENE'S Theatre, on Thursday, December 24th, 1857.

The Scenery painted by - Messrs. CHAS. S. GETZ & OSCAR F. ALMY
The Overture and Music composed by - - - Mr. THOMAS BAKER
The Properties—embracing Masks, Tricks, and Transformations, } by Mr. LLOYD, assisted by Messrs. DREW, SMITH and WILLCOCKS.
The Stage Mechanism, } by Messrs. J. M. SMART, C. SMART, JONES and others.
The Costumes from original designs, } by Mad. BEAUHARNOIS, and numerous Assistants.
The Incidental Dances, and Ballet d'Action, by Mr. BENJ. YATES
The whole produced under the immediate supervision of Miss LAURA KEENE and Mr. J. G. BURNETT.

Programme of Characters, Scenery, &c.

SCENE I.—[*Charles S. Getz.*]

WINTER QUARTERS

And last Stronghold of Rustifusti, the Demon of Discord.

RUSTIFUSTI, [*the Demon of Discord—a necessary evil in pantomimes, always the protector of "Cruel Husbands," and consequently Blue Beard's backer*] MR. BURKE

HIS IMPS [*with the usual wages of "more kicks than coppers."*] - - - Messrs. Tremble, Truckle, Shiver, Shake, Sorreltop and Goggleeye

PRECIOSA, *Good Fairy* [*of the Intelligence Office, in Fairy Land, the Directress, and of "unprotected Females" in this land, the Protectress*] Miss C. THOMPSON

BLUE BEARD'S AMBASSADOR [*with a Trumpet Accompaniment*] - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. DOWTON

How Rustifusti summons to his assistance all the PRINCIPAL OLD WITCHES in the neighborhood, who, however, turn out to be very "Fast Young Women," and how the good Fairy, resolved to do nothing by *halves*, not only demolishes Rustifusti's *quarters*, but on the same site produces a more agreeable view.

SCENE II.—[*Chas. S. Getz.*]

ENCHANTED GARDENS.

Summer Residence of the Good Fairy.

In which the Fairies, after their deeds of *arms* take to their *legs*, and cut [it is hoped] a Very Pretty Figure.

SCENE III.—[*Chas. S. Getz.*]

KITCHEN IN BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE,

AND GRAND PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

BARON ABOMELIQUE *called Blue Beard, probably because his beard was blue—a great Bashaw and celebrated Lady-Killer, very luxurious, but at times excessively furious, and then highly injurious; a regular old Turkey Buzzard, with any quantity of "Better Halves,"* [*afterwards Clown*] Sig. BRIGHAM YOUNGER, *not* the Elder.

FAT COOK, *at Eight Dollars per month, and her Sundays to herself, finding her own tea and Sugar—in Blue Beard's cupboard,* - - - - - M'lle GREASY

GREEN TURTLE, *every night,* - - - - - Mast. SLOWBUTSURE

How the Wedding Breakfast was dressed and ultimately *dished* by a new Patent Steam Apparatus, under the immediate Superintendence of the Inventor, Blue Beard himself, who, mistaking his own Invention, not only *blows up* his cooks, but *himself* and the *Wedding Breakfast*, also.

SCENE IV.—[*Chas. S. Getz.*]

TURKISH VILLAGE, WITH IBRAHIM'S COTTAGE,

AND DISTANT MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY.

IBRAHIM, *Nurseryman and Florist, and so very penurious that he thought it*

"A very fine thing to be father-in-law,
To a mighty magnificent three-tailed Bashaw."—

[*afterwards Pantaloon,*] Mr. KENNEDY

FATIMA, *Blue Beard's intended, a wonderful woman—not at all curious,* [*afterwards Columbine,*] - - - Mr. PETERS

SISTER ANNE, *on the lookout for assistance and a husband,* [*afterwards Harlequina,*] - - - - - Mr. T. DUNCAN

SELIM, *a fine specimen of "Young Turkey,"* [*afterwards Harlequin,*] - - - - - - - - - Mr. BENJ. YATES

BRIDESMAIDS [*by three disappointed Old Maids, who wish the Bride all sorts of happiness, and are dying with envy all the while,*] - - - - - - - - -

GERMAN SAX-HORN BAND, *mere instruments in Blue Beard's hands, and like their master, all brass,* - - - Herr SPIELMEDERSCHWERENGERWALTER & Co.

THE ARMY, [*Eight Military Heroes, who distinguished themselves at the Battle of Jones's Woods, carrying any quantity of Cake Baskets and Tin Dippers,*] - Messrs. Right, Left, Wheel, Face, Shoulderar [and Standate

SEDAN BEARERS, and PRESENT BEARERS, *by an efficient troupe of reliable Supernumeraries.*

How Ibrahim won't let "*well alone,*" and consequently puts his f in it—How Blue Beard marches in, to his own march, to claim l Bride, and how Selim, having lost his *wits* for love of Fatima, wo inevitably have lost his *head*, but for the timely interference of

THE GOOD FAIRY, PRECIOSA,

Who preserves his life, and saves has *bacon* by a practical illustrati of the old saying, that one Good *TURN* deserves another.

SCENE V.—[*Chas. S. Getz.*]

CORRIDOR IN BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE,

AND

EXTERIOR OF THE BLUE CHAMBER.

TWENTY ONE MRS. BLUE BEARDS,
[*without heads,*] *by* - - - - ONE-AND-TWENTY GOOD WOM

ALL THE LITTLE BLUE BEARDS, [*no less than twenty-one in number, and consequently to be taken in the lump.*

How Blue Beard brings home Mrs. B——, How Blue Beard's one-an twenty little Blue Beards, by Blue Beard's former one-and-twen Mrs. Blue Beards, are allowed to sit up *this once*, and see their n Mamma—How Blue Beard, being suddenly called away, places t keys at the disposal of Mrs. B—— with the exception of one —— "*Beware! And open that Blue Chamber door, if you dare!*" L dies, beware of Curiosity—How Fatima opens the "Blue Chamb door," and shows "*Portraits Vivans,*" of Blue Beard's Wives, ve well *executed*, the HEADS especially!

SCENE VI.—[*Chas. S. Getz.*]

TOWER AND BATTLEMENTS.

How Sister Anne is seen to look out [not for a *husband*]—How Blu Beard is seen *too*, as the clock strikes *one*—How Selim makes his a pearance as number *three*—How all Blue Beard's sanguinary inte tions towards Fatima end in smoke—Re-appearance and disappearanc of Rustifusti, and triumph of the Good Fairy.

SCENE VII.—[*Chas. S. Getz.*]

Cloud Palace of the Good Fairy,

AND TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

BEAUTIFUL TABLEAU!!

HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD.

SCENE I.—*The Caverns of Gloom, near the Slough of Despond, in the Regions of Despair.*

The Winter Quarters and last stronghold of Rustifusti, the Bad Genius. How the Bad Genius, suddenly finds out that he's no *conjuror*, and summons to his aid the most celebrated Old Witches o. the neighborhood, who however turn out to be very fast Young Women, thereby proving beyond a doubt, that the Bad Genius is really the only *old woman* on the premises.

Dark caverns at back composed of rock and stones, so blended as to form very melancholy and woe begone faces, when required both full and profile. The whole Scene very desolate. IMPS, *with long lugubrious faces are standing about lazily and despondingly. In the centre is a large cauldron over which* RUSTIFUSTI *with a very woeful countenance is standing, energetically stirring up the contents of the cauldron with a large ladle,* IMPS *gathered about the cauldron and anxiously waiting for the expected result.*

Rusti. It's no use stirring up this cauldron any more,
And though I've used the same ingredients as before,
Yet still in spite of all my toil and trouble,
The fire won't burn, nor will the cauldron bubble.
[IMP *putting his finger into the cauldron and tasting it.*
Imp. There's only just one fault that I can pick in it,
Our broth's not thick enough!
Rusti. Then you shall thicken it!

[*Hits him on the head with the ladle and* IMP *tumbles into the cauldron,* RUSTIFUSTI *and* IMPS *then recommence stirring the pot, and walking round and round it,* RUSTIFUSTI *stops with a wry face—* IMP *tumbles out—groans—general moaning manufactured in the Orchestra, all the* IMPS *wipe their eyes with the tips of their tails.*]

Rusti. There was a time, when, with this little arm and spoon,
I could work mischief plenty, in one afternoon.

But now, because a little saucy Fairy, prates
About the march of intellect—a thing I hates,
Shall I, the only real original old wizard,
Suffer a chit like this to run me through the gizzard?
Shut up my shop! and hunt me down throughout the land?

Imps. Never!

Rusti. Here! on this very spot I'll make a stand!
And to the foe, that I may offer good resistance,
I've summoned all the witches round to my assistance.
A woman bully me! Now really, upon my word,
I never heard of anything half so absurd, [IMPS *laugh.*
What are you grinning at, you ill-shapen lump—you?

Imp. I'm thinking of your wife, sir, how she used to thump you.

Rusti. She did! and for that reason I the sex detest!
I think my friend, great Bluebeard's plan the best—
He makes some simple maid Mistress Abomelique,
Chops off her head, and weds another in a week!
Twenty-one wives he's had—I call that plenty:
I found one wife enough, without the twenty.

Witches' music in "Macbeth" heard at a distance, gradually getting louder—RUSTIFUSTI *gives a violent jump of delight—all the* IMPS *do the same.*

Hark! obedient to their master's call,
Here come our faithful witches—sticks and all!
[*Music louder.*

A number of old WITCHES *enter at various sides, very infirm and hideous, each with a large pair of spectacles and a long forked stick —at the same time, other* WITCHES, *represented by children, appear on the caverns*—RUSTIFUSTI *runs to meet them, and, with great politeness, offers his arm to the principal* WITCH—*each of the* IMPS *do the same—they lead the old* WOMEN *down, and at last they form a half circle in front of Audience—each* WITCH *then begins to make a very shaky curtsey, and, at the same moment, all fall squat on the stage—each then, at the same time, takes a pinch of snuff, and all give a loud simultaneous sneeze.*

Rusti. Ladies, you're doubtless tired, and want something cheering.
One glass of punch all round?

1st Witch. We're rather hard of hearing!

[RUSTIFUSTI *imitates the action of drinking; the* WITCHES *nod their heads*—RUSTIFUSTI *and* IMPS *about to enter cavern.*

1st W. Stop! Why all this fuss about a bit of lunch?
There stands the bowl—I'll soon find the punch.

[*Waves her stick, the cauldron changes to a handsome china bowel, on which is written,* "Punch." RUSTIFUSTI *and* IMPS *run and begin drinking the punch;* RUSTIFUSTI *keeping them in order with sundry knocks on the head with the ladle—great rubbing of stomachs—during which the* 1ST WITCH *rises and beckons the others around her.*

1st W. Thus far into the bowels—I mean interior!
Of this dark cave we've marched—from the exterior!
And thus, our fairy forces, by a cunning plot,
To Rustifusti's camp, have easy access got.
[WITCHES *chatter.*
But caution's still the word! Let each girl "mind her eye,"
Be prudent, vigilant, and "keep her powder dry!"

[*The Post Horn Gallop heard without, played on a very shrill post horn.*

Rusti. [*intoxicated*] Ah, 'tis an ambassador, I do declare!
An envoy from the great Abomelique, I'll swear.

Enter two HERALDS *with large trumpets, followed by* ENVOY *with paper, which he hands to* RUSTIFUSTI, *who, after two or three attempts, opens and reads.*

Rusti. How plaguy dark it is! the words I scarce can spell:
[*to* IMP] Run for a candle—stop your tail will do as well.

[IMP *rubs his tail sharply on the floor like a lucifer match, and it lights; he first snuffs it with his fingers, and then respectfully holds it to* RUSTIFUSTI.

Rusti. [*Reading with difficulty, still more intoxicated, looks back at the bowl, at which the* IMPS *are being copiously helped by the* WITCHES—1ST WITCH *in triumph pointing to them, and expressing satisfaction—he reads.*
"Tell me, great Rustifusti, have I ought to dread—
"[I don't mean from my former wives, for they're all dead]
"But from my twenty second? Quick, and let me know
"Whether you think I ought to marry her or no."
Pooh! don't bother me—I havn't done my lunch.
Here, take my magic wand—I'll have a drop more punch!

[*Hands his wand to* 1ST WITCH, *who triumphantly clutches it,* RUSTIFUSTI *staggers back to the punch bowl.*

Ist W. The wand is mine! His very imps my game must play!
Friends! let great Blue Beard have his answer—quick!
obey!

A hideous monster rises from the cauldron, and speaks as follows:

Voice. "Bear back this answer to your master,
As fast as you can ride and faster,
Blue Beard's life
Shall in danger be,
From his new wife's
Cu—ri—o—si—ty."

Rusti. [*Staggering up*] Go!—hence!—and bid great Blue Beard not despond. [*Exeunt* ENVOY *and* HERALDS.

1st W. Ha! you quite forgot I've got your magic wand!
I am no witch, old boy—but your most deadly foe.

Rusti. The fairy!—oh, crikey!—here's a pretty go!
1*st W.* Come, now to business—this vile Blue Beard you'd befriend—
Rusti. While you of young Miss Fatima would be the friend.
1*st W.* Of course! Blue Beard, depend upon't, is safely booked,
And by his twenty-second wife his goose is cooked.
Rusti. Pooh, pooh! he'll take her home and with no friends to back her,
He'll serve her as my wife served me—that is, whack her.
Give me my wand I say.
1*st W.* To work more mischief with? Nay you've had your day.
No words, old Rustifusti! your mouth pray shut it,
While thus your head I break—here, take your stick and cut it.

[*Hits* RUSTIFUSTI *on the head, who falls into cauldron.* IMPS *all run off.*

1*st W.* Sisters in arms! You have in this last action
Given your Gen'ral, general satisfaction;
Indeed, so nobly have you acted, my brave witches,
Instead of petticoats, you aught to wear the [*aside to audience*] breeches. [WITCHES *look very modest*]
So now having most clearly shewn, I'fegs,
What these our arms can do, [*flourish crutch*] let's shew our legs, [*Imitating dancing.*

The WITCHES *join hand in hand and dance round the prostrate* IMPS, *with the exception of the* 1ST WITCH, *who waves her wand over the changing scene—crash—the* WITCHES' *ragged dresses disappear, and they appear as* FARIES. *At the same moment the abode of* RUSTIFUSTI *is changed to*

SCENE II.—*The Crystal Fountains and Enchanted Gardens, the Summer Residence of the Good Fairy.*

Dance and Fairy Festival.

SCENE III.—*Kitchen in* BLUE BEARD'S *Castle.*

On the flats are the separate cooking apparatuses, "Boiling by Steam"—"Baking by Steam"—"Stewing by Steam" *the words written over each; hanging over them are quantities of dish covers, ladles, jugs, saucepans, gridirons, frying pans, and various other culinary requisites.*

Grand preparations for the wedding breakfast—how it was dressed and very nearly dished—by "A new Patent Steam Apparatus," under the immediate superintendence of the inventor, Blue Beard, himself, who not exactly understanding his own invention, burns his own fingers.—A short Scene (and it is hoped) a "merry one."

Music.—"Speed the Plough," or some other bustling tune.—A number of Cooks and Scullions [in the costume of Turkish menials] run in with various sorts of fish, poultry, joints of meat, hams, large cabbages, carrots, turnips, &c., which they put into the three cooking departments, from which steam is seen to issue. At last, a very fat FEMALE COOK *waddles in, followed by Scullions carrying a very large fish kettle, which they deposit on the stage, puffing and blowing to show how heavy it is; the* FAT COOK *then runs to side and drags in an enormous* TURTLE [*which is on its back*] *by the tail, lets it go and falls backwards, runs after it and again drags it in; she then, after considerable difficulty, manages to tumble it into the fish kettle, banging it on the head with a ladle every time it appears above, then sits down on the edge of the kettle, fanning herself; the turtle re-appears, and, crawling or jumping on her shoulders, pulls her backwards into the kettle—general consternation—the* COOK *and* TURTLE *are both extricated. At this moment,* BLUE BEARD, *in morning gown and slippers, suddenly comes in at side—the* TURTLE *waddles between his legs and throws him down—all run to help him up; a fight takes place between them, ending in* BLUE BEARD *running for the red-hot poker and applying to the* COOK, *who runs, screaming, off;* BLUE BEARD, *with the self-satisfied air of a conqueror, contemplates his victory, leaning on the red-hot end of the poker, &c.—Cooks tie a large white apron round him.*

Blue B. Now then, to see if everything's progressing,
And how the wedding breakfast is a-dressing.

[*Busies himself in examining the contents of the three cooking compartments, applauding some of the Cooks and punishing others—tasting this dish and the other, burning his mouth, putting in additional pepper, and sneezing into the pots, &c., &c.*

Blue B. Holloa! this oven's not half hot enough for baking,
The steam wants turning on, and the fire wants raking.

[*Turns on the steam of the baking apparatus; a volume of steam rushes out, scalding* BLUE BEARD'S *legs, and making him skip about roaring with pain—*COOK *runs to him with a large wooden box, takes a handful out and rubs it violently on* BLUE BEARD'S *leg, who roars more lustily than before—seizes the box, and, turning it round, shows the word* "Mustard"*—pitches into the* COOK, *&c.—suddenly runs to apparatus,* C., *and alters it.*

Blue B. There's too much steam on! Zounds! I've done it wrong;
Instead of letting off the steam, I've turned it on!

[*A terrific explosion take place in the entire apparatus—fish, fowls, joints, puddings and vegetables are thrown violently out from the three compartments—all the dish covers, saucepans, &c., begin dancing about with tremendous clatter—some of the Cooks' turbans are blown up into the flies—*BLUE BEARD *falls flat on his face; when he is picked up, his face and beard are all blackened—Attendants carry him off.*

SCENE IV.—*A Turkish Village.*

Mountainous country in the distance. At R. 2 E., *Ibrahim's cottage, on which is written,* "Ibrahim, Nurseryman and Florist." *The cottage has a window above and a portico over the door.* L. U. E., *a house with a sign,* "Mustapha, Tailor." *Another house,* R. 2 E., *with sign,* "Hassan, Water Carrier." *At back, a well, with apparatus for raising water. The stage is almost dark, the morning just beginning to dawn.*

Music.—SELIM *comes in cautiously, by feeling his way, and almost tumbling headlong down the well, points to a light which is seen through the window of cottage, expresses his love for* FATIMA, *kissing his hands, and blowing the kiss to window; takes his guitar, which hangs at his back, and after tuning it, begins to play,* "Oh, summer night!" *under the window. Pause. The window slowly opens, and* IBRAHIM, *with a very large turban and a lantern in his hand, looks out.* SELIM *hastily hides himself*—IBRAHIM *looks about, and leaning very much out of the window to look under the portico of the door, his turban falls off showing his bald pate*—SELIM *reappears, and gives* IBRAHIM *a terrific crack over the head with his guitar, then seizing the turban, flings it at* IBRAHIM, *smashing the window, runs out.* IBRAHIM *comes hurriedly out of cottage door, with his lantern in one hand and a cudgel in the other, with which he lays about him furiously up the stage, and falls half way down the well, his legs only seen, which kick about violently.* SELIM *again comes in—takes hold of* IBRAHIM'S *feet, and tips him over into the well—runs at his utmost pace for the door, comes bang against the door, which knocks him back; at last goes in at door—by this time* IBRAHIM *is seen pulling himself up by rope—lets go two or three times, at last manages to get out.*

Music.—FATIMA *opens window and looks out.*

Fatima. My Selim's voice I heard! his love I can't resist!
Selim! I'm ready to elope, if you insist.

[*Drops carpet-bag on* IBRAHIM'S *nose, who by this time is under the window, and floors him—the day by this time has broken and the stage becomes more light*—IBRAHIM *looks up, is horrified at seeing* SELIM *embracing* FATIMA, *furiously shakes his fist at* SELIM, *who, taking up a large flower-pot off the balcony, reverses it, and lets it fall over* IBRAHIM'S *head*—IBRAHIM *gets rid of it, and after trying to enter at the cottage door, which he finds bolted, fetches a ladder which he plants against the window, and just as he gets up a step or two,* SELIM *slips down the ladder backwards, upsets* IBRAHIM *again, and runs off,* L.

Lively music heard.—It is now broad daylight—a certain number of Fatima's BRIDESMAIDS *come in—they all run and knock at cottage door, go in, and again come back, pulling in* FATIMA—SISTER ANNE *enters with them*—FATIMA *is in a dreadful temper, and evidently anything but delighted at her approaching marriage*—

Bridesmaids point to her costume, and intimate it is high time her bridal dress was arranged—they proceed to put on her veil and wreath of orange blossoms, &c., &c.

Blue Beard's March in the extreme distance—all on the stage simultaneously signify that the Bridegroom is coming—great anxiety and curiosity, especially among the women, to see the Bridegroom —Fatima *gathers up her petticoats and runs into cottage—the procession* [*a profile one*] *is seen to wind through the mountains, and the music gradually getting louder, accompanied with a loud and merry peal of wedding bells—at last, Blue Beard's sedan chair is seen to be carried across, down the declivity at the back of the stage the path is excessively uneven, so as to render the motion highly unpleasant to the occupant of the sedan chair.*

The sedan chair is brought on to the stage and deposited in the centre, the Bearers wearing enormous wedding favors—Attendants follow, bearing rich presents; the sedan chair is preceded by a German Brass Band, with monstrously twisted horns, the Players with very distended cheeks, and eyes almost out of their head. At a loud flourish given by the Band, the top of the sedan chair is thrown back, and Blue Beard *appears—at the sight of his blue beard all the women, who have approached to catch a look at the Bridegroom. utter a loud shriek, and run to hide themselves behind the men—general consternation—*Blue Beard *comes forward, smiling and trippingly, points to his beard and shrugs his shoulders.*

Blue B. Where is my lovely Fatima? I want my bride!
I shan't be happy till the nuptial knot is tied.

[*Signifies his anxiety to see his bride, and* Fatima *is lugged in from cottage by* Ibrahim—Blue Beard *makes desperate love, but is repulsed by* Fatima. *Loud screaming heard without.*

Fatima. What wretched, crazy looking object's that I see?
[*Gives a tremendous jump and coming down on Blue Beard's toes.*
'Tis Selim! gone stark staring mad for love of me!

Selim *rushes on with his dress absurdly disordered—one stocking down, &c.—his turban or hair stuck all over with straws—*Blue Beard, *in a horrid fright, takes refuge behind* Fatima—*after a little mad pantomime action,* Selim, *pointing to* Fatima, *appeals to* Ibrahim *in dumb show, to the tune of* "Villikins and his Dinah," *played very pathetically in orchestra, the chorus taken up by the young Turkish Girls—*Ibrahim *repulses* Selim, *who makes a very loving rush with open arms at* Fatima—*she steps aside and* Selim *throws his arms round* Blue Beard, *who roars with fright—Attendants seize* Selim *and drag him away—*Blue Beard *hurriedly drags* Fatima *to the sedan and gets in himself—he in his turn is lugged out by* Selim, *who, in his turn, is pulled back by* Blue Beard—*they then both rush in together, the back of the sedan chair comes out, and* Fatima, Blue Beard, *and* Selim, *all roll out in a lump—great confusion—all except* Blue Beard, Selim, *and a few of Blue Beard's Guards run off—at a sign from* Blue Beard, *the Guards seize* Selim.

Blue B. Seize and to yonder pillar chain him tight,
And with the bastinado tickle him all night.
So perish all the mighty Blue Beard's foes,
Who dare to crack his crown, or punch his nose.

[*He runs off to catch sedan which is seen to cross at back, stumble and goes headlong into the water, by this time* SELIM *is chained to the pillar.*

Selim. [*Struggling*] In vain I turn, and twist, and roar, and bellow
Is there no good fairy near to help a fellow?

Music.—GOOD FAIRY *appears.*

Fairy. Yes, Selim! clever as Blue Beard is, I'm quite as deep!
Behold, your chains are broken—your jailors fast asleep.

Lullaby played—the GUARDS *fall oppressed with sleep,* FAIRY *waves her wand, &c.,*

But that's not all—I'll make them ere I go,
To turn about, and wheel about, and do just so.

SCENE V.—*Corridor and exterior of Blue Chamber.*

With portrait vivans of Blue Beard's wives, very well executed, the heads especially. The Scene very handsome and richly decorated R. C., *a large blue door;* L. C., *another door, over which is written* "Nursery."

How Blue Beard brings home Mrs. B.,—how Blue Beard's one and twenty little Blue Beard's are allowed to sit up this once and see their new Mamma—and how Blue Beard being suddenly and most provokingly called away by "Poachers on his Premises" places the keys at the disposal of Mrs. B., with the exception of one.

"Beware!
"And open that Blue Chamber Door if you dare."—*Old Mother*

*A very loud wringing at castle bell heard—*ATTENDANTS *run hastily across from* R. *to* L.—BLUE BEARD *comes in arm and arm with* FATIMA—ANNE *and* IBRAHIM *follow, who look about and admire the glittering ornaments.*

Blue B. Where are our darling babbies? Why are they not here?
To kiss their new Mamma, they're gone to bed I fear?

Nursery door opens and twenty-one BLUE BEARDS, *dressed in gown and caps run on—*FATIMA *kisses them, &c., while some of the* CHILDREN *run between* IBRAHIM'S *legs, upsetting him, pulling off his turban, tugging his tail, &c.*

Blue B. [*Aside*] How little she suspects with kisses while she smothers,
Those one-and-twenty babbies—I strangled all their mothers
Who, spite of everything that I could say or do,
Would pry into the secrets of that Chamber Blue.

[*By this time the* CHILDREN *with* SISTER ANNE, *and* IBRAHIM *have re-entered the nursery.*

Blue B. What, oh! a chamber candlestick for Mrs. B.
A bootjack, rascals, and a dressing gown for me!

[*The articles are brought on—fun of pulling off* BLUE BEARD'S *boots, the* ATTENDANTS *tugging at them and letting go, so that* BLUE BEARD *falls on his back, and the* ATTENDANTS *on their noses.—Two shots fired without—Blue Beard's* GAMEKEEPER, *very pale, rushes on with huge blunderbuss.*

Gamekeeper. Poachers, my lord, are killing all your lordship's pheasants!

Blue B. I'll kill them in return. [*Exit* GAMEKEEPER.
[FATIMA *seems shocked.*] My love, they're only peasants!
[*Taking keys from his side, and giving them to* FATIMA.
There's the key of the cellar, the store room, and larder.
From which none of my wives could e'er say I debarred her;
But in using the one key, I'd have you beware,
And open that blue chamber door, if you dare. [*Goes out.*

Music.—FATIMA *looks at key* [*a large one*] *then at the door, then signifies that* BLUE BEARD *is gone, and that she is alone—she then tries to look through the keyhole, it shifts to the other side of the door, and as she tries again to look through, it shifts to the top of the door, then about a dozen keyholes appear in various parts of the door—at last the keyhole resumes its original position, and* FATIMA *hastily thrusts the key in, and letters appear over the door,* "Beware of Curiosity,"—*the lock of the door changes to a head with rolling eyes and spitting out a stream of fire—at last with a desperate effort, she turns the key—tremendous crash—she falls on the ground—the large folding doors at back are thrown violently open and the interior is seen lighted up with blue fire—*FATIMA, *in a horrid fright, raises her head to have a peep, but instantly hides her face again, and begins screaming, as a gong is heard to give one sound, and the figure of one of* BLUE BEARD'S WIVES, *with her head under her arm, speaks:*

1*st Wife.* Fatima! here Blue Beard's one and twenty wives behold,
Listen while I, our one-and-twenty tales unfold;
Because we came peeping within this chamber blue,
He cut off all our heads, and he'll do the same to you.

[*Great crash, with blue fire, and the doors close.—After a pause,* FATIMA *looks up, fans herself violently, then suddenly seems to remember that the key is left in the door, runs, seizes it, and pulls at it with all her might—at last it comes out, she falling backward with the effort—looks at the key, and is horrified at finding that one half of it is quite blue, rubs it with her sleeve, at last runs to side and returns with a pail and a scrubbing brush, tucks up her sleeves, and begins scrubbing with all her might—blue as ever—*BLUE BEARD *enters at side unperceived, expresses his surprise at*

Fatima's occupation, advances on tiptoe, and as Fatima *holds th key up,* Blue Beard, *with a terrific start, seizes it, points to th door.*

Blue B. Five minutes by the clock I give you to prepare;
And as the clock strikes one, off goes your head, I swear.

[*Draws his scimitar and makes a rush and a blow at* Fatima, *wi screams and bobs her head, and the scimitar falls on* Ibrahim *head, who enters at the moment from the Nursery in his nightc and morning gown, and carrying the bed-room candlestick.* Sist Anne *follows, also in night costume, and armed with the warmi pan, with which she furiously pitches into* Blue Beard—Fati *runs off screaming, and* Blue Beard, *breaking away from* Sist Anne, *rushes out after her—*Anne *follows, and* Ibrahim *re-ente Nursery—sees* Children *coming—they enter, catch hold of l dress, and he rushes off, dragging the one-and twenty* Childr *after him,* L. 1 E—Fatima *crosses from* R., *followed by* Blue Bea —Selim *comes on from* R.

Selim. Blue Beard, come forth! I'm hoarse with calling thee
arms!
It seems he's a "Soldier Tired of War's Alarms,"
Tyrant! I call on thee again—come out and fight!
You can't expect a fellow to stop here all night.

SCENE VI.—*The Brazen Tower and Blue Beard's House of Corr tion for Disobedient Wives.*

How Fatima is locked up, but is bailed out by the timely arrival Selim, and the Good Fairy, who proceeds to fulful her prophec and superintends in person the "Cooking of Blue Beard's Goose

The Brazen Tower, c., *with practical entrance, an open corridor window in first story, and battlements at the summit, immediate under she window a large illuminated clock, pointing* 5*m. to* 1 *the back of Stage to consist of battlements, the whole Scene somb and dark.*

Sister Anne, discovered on top of the Tower—Fatima at the windo "leaning her cheek upon her hand."

Fatima. Dear Sister Anne, say, is there any hope?
Anne. I can see nothing!
Fatima. Take this telescope! [*Hands her one.*
Anne. My hand shakes so; I ne'er shall hold it steady,
Oh, Fatima!—I something see already,
Fatima. What is it like?
Anne. I can't see for the dust!
Fatima. Then look again! I surely think it must
Be my three brothers! Take another peep.
Anne. Alas! 'tis nothing but a flock of sheep!
Fatima. Only a flock of sheep! Anne, you're a fool,
All that great cry about a little wool!

Look out again, dear Sister Anne, you *must*
See something now, I'm sure.

Anne. Another dust;

Fatima. Good sister Anne, what see you coming now?

Anne. Three gentlemen on horseback 'tis, I vow,
But, dear me, slowly as if each a snail rode.

Fatima. Inhuman! why not travel by the rail-road!
Quick! wave your handkerchief, my sister!—So!
Nothing but "Fast Young Men" are now the go!

Anne. Ah, now they go it—they come along like fun—
Like perfect *Adriatics*—how they run!

Enter BLUE BEARD *with* GUARDS *and* ATTENDANTS.
He goes to the tower, resolved to kill FATIMA.

Blue B. Only three minutes more and one will strike!

Enter SELIM. *A desperate combat ensues, in which* BLUE BEARD *is killed.* FATIMA *rushes on, and tumbles over* BLUE BEARD.

Fatima. What's this I see? my cruel husband lying dead!
Or is he only shamming—I'll just punch his head.

RUSTIFUSI *rises between* SELIM *and* BLUE BEARD.

Rusti. Fear not, great Blue Beard, I am here to save your bacon;
We'll soon young Selim settle, or I'm much mistaken!

Soft Fairy Music.—The Brazen Tower slowly falls, and at the same time the entire scene changes to

SCENE VII.—*The Enchanted Crystal Fountains in the Realms of Fairy Land.*

The Tower changes to a beautiful Fountain of variegated crystal, surrounded by a basin, in the centre of which is the GOOD FAIRY. *The rest of the scene changes as well to a beautiful view of Fairy Land. Group of Fairies, &c.*

Fairy. Well, Rustifusti, confess, I told you true?
Like Blue Beard's beard, you really look quite blue.

Rusti. I own I'm licked, I'm knocked clean out of time;
So, like all Bad Geniuses in Pantomime,
I go below. [*Disappears through trap.*

Fairy. Now let the merry work at once proceed,
I'm sure that none will fail me in my need;
Remember that our task is just half done,
And that our friends look out for lots of fun;
To furnish which, suppose I thus begin,
By changing Selim into agile *Harlequin.* [*Change.*
This wondrous magic cap which here you all,
Once on your head, invisible you'll be. [*Gives Cap.*
This will be no mean agent in thy hand. [*Gives Bat.*
Its power all good will bring at thy command.

And for her lover's loss lest Fatima should pine,
She shall become his faithful *columbine*. [*Change.*
And to assist them, both by day and night,
Our lovers fond shall have a merry *Sprite*. [*comes up* c. tra
Old Ibrahim, too, his daughter must look after,
And add, as *Pantaloon*, his share of laughter. [*Change.*
Dear Sister Anne must not forgotten be,
As Harlequina bear them company. [*Change.*
Though last, not least, *your* courage now I'll try,
And hope to hear a good account, by-and-bye;
As you're a stranger in this mighty town,
I'll introduce you to our friends—as *Clown* [*Change.*
[*To Guards.*] As for you, fellows,—I fear you're a bad l
Your room is better than your company—vamoose—trot!
[*Guards exeunt* R. & L.—*Fairies enter.*
Now, all work hard, to give to Christmas jolly days,
That shall insure the happiest of Holidays.

TRANSFORMATION!!!

HARLEQUIN - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Yates.
CLOWN - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mons. Henri.
PANTALOON - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Kennedy.
COLUMBINE - - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Bishop.
HARLEQUINA - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Henrietta Lang.
SPRITE - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mons. Leon.

SCENE VIII.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

An Indefinite Locality.

The chase begins—"How are you?"—"A merry Christmas and a ha
py New Year!"—a welcome visitor—"Oh, how hungry I am!".
"What's the price of cats?"—here we go!—hurrah for America!

SCENE IX.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

VIEW OF THE BATTERY AND GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

Arrival of Harlequin, Columbine, and Harlequina—"Here we are
—a fresh load of emigrants—Clown gets into business—Pantalo
turns *emigrant runner*—"Foreign gold taken at par"—a good spe
ulation—Rhode Island funds no go—mysterious disappearance—ne
fashioned wheelbarrow—"Honesty the best policy."

SCENE X.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

VIEW IN BROADWAY.

The Original Jacobs—"How do you sell diamonds a quart?"—Stitchem's emporium of fashion—"Hands wanted"—the supply greater than the demand—new way of taking a measure—wholesale business—look out what you carry in your pockets—storming of Delhi—"Would you rob your master?"—"Not unless I got a good chance"—Coat on a *bust*—sudden appearance of Calvin Edson—"I see you!"—"Here's a dollar"—"No, I don't"—Clown and Pantaloon in a new line of business—the garotters garotted—laudable vigilance of the police.

SCENE XI.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

Chamber in the St. Nicholas.

Lodgings wanted—"Bring us a light"—"Here you are"—"The Light of all Nations"—new mode of furnishing an apartment—the Clown follows the fashion—"Oh, you old rascal, would you?"—game of leapfrog—terpsichorean movement by Joey.

SCENE XII.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

VIEW OF FREDERICKS' PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

A good business—competition is the life of trade—"Boy wanted"—"How are you, old boy?"—a Bovine customer—"You're another!"—"So am I"—Babcock's fruit in danger—a new experiment—"Any article on the board for four cents!"—"Too cheap to be good"—"New goods"—"Ladies are invited to give us a call"—"Here's something warranted not to run!"—buttered pavements good in their way—"Mass meeting of the real industrial classes"—"Not at all in our way"—"Hollo! what's the row?"—at it again—fast colors—damaged goods—time's up—"Come along"—safe bind, safe find.

SCENE XIII.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

Corridor in a Celebrated Egyptian Structure.

"Hark from the Tombs!"—the game's played out—"I told you so"—"Oh, what will my poor mother say?"—forty years in Sing Sing, and nothin' shorter.

SCENE XIV, AND LAST.—[*Oscar F. Almy.*]

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OR,

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	Haymarket, London.
LADY ANTIDOTE,	Mrs. Davenport.
LADY LUCRETIA,	Mrs. Gibbs.
MRS. BANTER,	Mrs. Edwin.
MISS LAURA,	Miss Beaumont.
MRS. LENIENT,	Mrs. Conner.
MISS PRIM,	Mrs. Kendall.
MISS BUCKRAM,	Mrs. Liston.
JENNY,	Mrs. T. Hill.

SCENE—A Country House of Lady Antidote.

Costumes of the day.

Time in Representation, forty minutes.

LADIES AT HOME.

SCENE.—*A Chamber at* LADY LUCRETIA'S; *a window, with a balcony, looking into the garden; to the left a closet door; on the* R. *a door, supposed to lead to the rest of the apartments.*

Lau. I hope my aunt and cousin are now satisfied. Not a man left in the house, or allowed to visit us, and all this, because poor Mr. Boville loves me, and because aunty says, I love him; because, when he looks at me, I blush, and sigh: and when he does not look at me, I look at him—because—ah me!—I surely do not love him—because—cousin says, I should not, heigho!

Enter MRS. BANTER, R.

Mrs. B. "What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?" Eh, Laura, always sighing, your poor birds forgotten! your harp unstrung, your geraniums withered, your work neglected, and your dear eyes big with the starting tear. If these be not symptoms of love I'm not a widow.

Lau. Love indeed! and with whom should poor Laura be in love?

Mrs. B. I know not with whom you should be, but I know with whom you are. Come, entrust me with all your hopes and fears, and I promise you, dear girl, my assistance and advice.

Lau. You have no doubt heard, that my aunt and cousin politely insisted on Mr. Boville discontinuing his visits.

Mrs. B. I am acquainted with every particular, Lady Antidote and your prim cousin Lady Lucretia, like all prudes, would wish to condemn you to bend under the same yoke that galls them.

Lau. Prudes!—what's a prude, Mrs. Banter?

Mrs. B. A prude, my gentle girl, is a nondescript animal, reserved when she's young, as she dares not run after a beau, and reserved when she's old, as no beau will run after her.

Lau. That's exactly aunty's and cousin's case, they scold me wh I even look up when there are men in company.

Mrs. B. Because, men most likely look down on them, but I a preparing for Lady Lucretia a salutary lesson, which I trust will cu her of her affectation, and ensure your happiness.

Lau. My dearest friend, would you believe it? she has ordered n not even to stir out of the room without her, and all this because M Boville wrote me a letter.

Mrs. B. A letter?

Lau. I presume, at least, it was for me, for he was going to hand to me, when cousin snaped at it, and did so abuse poor dear Mr. B ville!—but here she comes. Mrs. Banter, do stand by me, and if s scolds, pray take my part.

Mrs. B. Fear nothing, dear child; a young girl who wants a hu band, and a young widow who has no particular objection to try a other, will always be a match for age and prudery

Enter LADY LUCRETIA, R.

Lady L. Well, Miss Laura, I hope that you have come to a proj sense of your shameful conduct.

Lau. Dear cousin, what have I done?

Lady L. What have you done, miss? unparalleled impudence! It nothing at your age, nay, at any age, to listen to the vile adulati of that viper, *Man;* to receive the romantic trash his odious pen h traced?

Mrs. B. Dear me, Lady Lucretia, a young man writes a few lin to a young girl, and one would think that Church and State were danger.

Lau. I'm sure, cousin, there was nothing naughty in it.

Lady L. You are sure! And pray, miss, who made you a jud of what's naughty—what's the meaning of all this?

Mrs. B. Why, my lady, the purport is clear enough, though love now-a-days are not so laconic in their declarations as they should b "Nothing like symplicity, madam. I love you, and if you love m pull the bell, and send for the parson; but, madam, if I love you, a you don't love me, I'll pull the bell, and send for my horse"—tha coming to the point at once.

Lady L. Love you, love me! Mrs. Banter, I entertain the highe respect for you, but as my aunt, Lady Antidote, and I are responsib for this giddy child's education, we must prevent her from straying *those* ways *some* folks find so delightful.

Mrs. B. [*aside.*] You shall pay dearly for *some* folks.

Lady L. Come, miss, to your room; and if ever we see you look the men——

Lau. Why, the men will be looking at me.

Lady L. No more; to your room, and should Mr. Boville dare approach this house we'll secure you in a place inaccessible to th temerity of his odious race. [*Exit* LAURA, *sobbing*, R.

Mrs. B. I do not think, Lady Lucretia, that you will find severit of any use with that gentle girl.

Lady L. If the austerity of prudence is deemed severity, then Mrs. Banter am I glad to be called severe.

Mrs. B. The austerity of prudence! Believe me, austere as you think yourself, I shall some day see you in love, and disappointed.

Lady L. You may answer for your own heart, Mrs. Banter, but I cannot conceive by what authority you pretend to account for the feelings of mine.

Mrs. B. Nor can I conceive by what right your heart affects to be made of other stuff than your neighbors.

Lady L. Thank heaven it is.

Mrs. B. Suppose, now, a handsome, amiable, young man——

Lady L. I hate handsome men. In my opinion good looks are superfluous.

Mrs. B. Perhaps; but were I marrying I should have an eye to superfluities.

Lady L. Such affected wretches!

Mrs. B. Now there's my twin-brother, Agustus. [*Pointedly.*] I have often heard you say that he was charming.

Lady L. I have certainly said that—that he was good-looking, [*With embarrassment,*] but you know he is only a boy—a mere boy; besides, he is the very image of you, my dear Mrs. Banter, and I could not avoid transferring to him during your absence part of that sincere affection I entertain for you; besides I had commenced giving him a little moral advice.

Mrs. B. I assure you, madam, whatever you have told my young brother in your moral lessons, he talks of you so much by day that I dare swear he dreams of nothing else all night.

Lady L. [*Warmly.*] Dear boy! Does he indeed? He is so interesting. What a pity it would be were he to fall into evil hands.

Mrs. B. It would indeed. But I am suprised he in not yet here—he was so anxious to return, to avail himself of your kind admonitions.

Lady L. He shall be most welcome.

Mrs. B. What! although a man!

Lady L. A man! nonsense, he is but a boy—a mere child!

Mrs. B. He's not so young—we're exactly the same age, for the same hour gave birth to us both.

Lady L. I thought her at least ten years older. [*Aside.*] but here's my aunt with our friends.

Enter LADY ANTIDOTE, MRS. LENIENT, MISS PRIM, *with a lap-dog and* MISS BUCKRAM, R.

Lady A. My dear neice, where have you been?

Miss B. You have lost a great treat, a festival of virtue. Miss Prim has been giving us in the summer-house, a most elaborate lecture upon the evils of matrimony.

Lady L. I left you, ladies, to have a little talk with my imprudent cousin Laura; she has been so rash as to allow a young man to write to her!

Lady A. A man write to my neice! I'm petrified!

Miss P. Madam, you appal me!

Miss B. I'm thunderstruck!

Miss P. It's a melancholy thing that we have not in this loose cou try nunneries to immure such slippery young people in.

Mrs L. But, my dear ladies, how can we prevent a young man fr paying us his addresses?

Miss P. Us!—not meaning me I hope madam.

Miss B. I should like to see one of your dandies paying his a dresses to me!

Miss P. There is a dignified manner of repelling the rude attemp of these men: thus—Sir, pray what do you mean?

Lady A. Or,—Sir, sir, I do not conceive your impertinence!

Miss B. Or,—Sir, you labor under a miscomprehension, sir!

Lady A. You may laugh, ladies; but if any one of my family p mitted the shadow of a little finger to cast an umbrage on their rep tation, I would expunge their very name from the genealogy of t Antidotes! My neice shall never wed with my consent, no—neve

Mrs B. Yet, my Lady Antidote, you yourself were married thr times.

Lady A. That madam, was the more effectually to convince mys of the superiority of a single life.

Lady L. Perhaps Mrs. Banter approves of Laura's having given p mission to Mr. Boville.

Mrs B. My dear lady, men are apt to do whatever they lik whether permitted or not.

Mrs L. Oh! the wretches! so they are. Happy the woman w can set slander at defiance.

Lady A. I defy, it madam!

Miss P. So do I.

Miss B. And so do I.

Lady L. Let us not, ladies, pretend to dictate to others. I can or remark, that no female is exposed to calumny when by her manne she commands respect, silences insinuations, and keeps all men at b

[*Exit*, R.

Lady A. Do you not envy me, ladies, to have such a neice, such paragon of super-excellence?

Mrs. B. Ah! your neice, like many others, may some day most i nocently writhe under the fang of malice.

Lady A. My neice writhe under a fang, madam?

Mrs. L. We are all open to remark.

Lady A. My neice, madam, is only remarkable for her impregnat virtue!

Mrs B. No fortress is deemed impregnable until attacked.

Lady A. Attacked, madam! Lady Lucretia is unatackable; s would freeze a sunbeam if it dared to shine illicitly upon her!

Miss P. And so would I!

Miss B. And so would I! You quite shock me.

Mrs B. What! by saying that nothing can secure defenceless virt from slander!

Miss P. Virtue, madam, is never defenceless, unless she pleases lay down her arms. A virtuous woman's face, madam, should, lik

my own, resemble the famed Medusa's head, and petrify impertinence [*Exit*, R.

Miss B. If one of your gay deceivers had the audacity to look improperly on me, with one glance I'd make him fly to the deserts of Arabia—to the deserts of Arabia, madam! Men I detest! Give me my pussy and I'm satisfied. [*Exit*, R.

Lady A. Indeed, Mrs Banter, your free mode of thinking is quite horrific!

Mrs. B. Because I maintain that frailty is the lot of mankind!

Lady A. Mankind! madam?—as I never meddle with matters that do not concern me you must also permit me to withdraw. [*Exit*, R.

Mrs. L. Indeed Mrs. Banter, this is too bad!

Mrs. B. Depend upon it things are bad enough when people pretend to be too good; but now that we are alone I must entrust you with a plan that I have conceived, and am immediately going to put into execution, and Jenny shall assist us.

Mrs. L. I fortunately am neither an old maid nor a prude, and shall assist you with all my heart.

Mrs. B. You know my twin brother Augustus?

Mrs. L. Perfectly, the very image of you.

Mrs. B. Well, availing myself of his absence, I dressed in his clothes, and was introduced to Lady Lucretia, who was long anxious to know him; she saw me, encouraged my frequent visits. With all her prudery she seemed to understand pretty well the language of the eyes, and I believe can manage pretty well my occular telegraphs. She glanced, I glanced—glances brought on blushes, blushes sighs! She played the bashful, and I was as awkward, oh, as awkward as a schoolboy; in taking the chair I dropped my hat, in picking up my hat I dropped my gloves, in snatching at my gloves I upset a chair; she laughed; down went the hat again. Then I heaved a sigh! elaborated a sentimental tear in a downcast eye. In short, she soon imagined that I was smitten with her, and instead of dropping and picking up my hat in timid embarrasment, when I perceived that I had smitten her, I clapped it on a peg!

Mrs. L. Delightful! But what do you intend to do?

Mrs. B. Make her surrender, and cry for mercy!

Mrs. L. That's right, she is in your power; let your revenge be ample!

Mrs. B. Ample!—I am a woman, Mrs. Lenient, and she is—a prude.]*Exeunt*, L,

Enter JENNY *with a letter*, L,.

Jenny. So my mistress has not yet retired to her chamber? where can she be, as she is above the wicked things of this world as she calls it, I suppose she's in the garden looking after the comet! What a monstrous terrible house to be sure; oh! that I was ever born to come into it. Except a lame messenger, a deaf porter a blind coachman, and a drunken butler, no man's ever allowed in it! My old mistress says that love's all fudge, because she's as old as Gog and Magog. Young mistress says that love's ridiculous, but I've seen her hide

many a sly letter in her reticule. Oh, gemini! if I had but stayed with sweet Miss Kitty Cotton, after she had married that dear soldier officer, of the lancing folks. Oh, I'd now perhaps have been a lancer too! None of your periwigged pated old codgers for us, but a merry soldier, who tells all about storming and scaling; as how, before they batter away, all the young girls are sent out of the town, and all the old ladies stay at home to keep house and receive the visitors! Oh, gemini, 'tis pure work.

Enter LADY LUCRETIA, R.

Lady L. Jenny, quit my chamber.

Jenny. Here's a letter, my lady, from Mrs. Banter. She left the house all in tears—everybody must cry here, when no man's never allowed to come and laugh with us.

Lady L. Impertient hussey! quit my room.

Jenny. I wish the house was on fire, then we should be obliged to call in some men to put it out. [*Exit* JENNY, L.

Lady L. So Mrs. Banter is offended. [*Reads.*] I am glad she is gone, her free manners are insupportable; yet I hope she won't be spiteful enough to prevent her brother coming here. Dear boy, I know not why, but when he is with me my antipatay to his sex is not half so strong. [*A guitar is heard under the window.*] What is this—it must be that insolent Boville playing under Laura's window. What are my gardeners, my servants about—I'll alarm the house. [*Runs to a bell upon the table, but as she is going to ring it singing is heard.*

SONG.—*Without.*

Dared I declare I dearly love thee,
What language could my thoughts impart?
But let my silent actions prove thee,
The fond emotions of my heart!

Heavens! 'tis the voice of Augustus!—Is the boy mad—at this hour of the night. [*She runs and throws open the window,* MRS. BANTER *as* AUGUSTUS, *is discovered standing on the balcony.*] What do I see, sir! You here?

Mrs. B. [*With timidity.*] Yes, my lady, 'tis I. Your poor Augustus stands before you.

Lady L. Dare you presume to enter my apartment?

Mrs. B. [*Falling on her knees.*] If I have offended, at your feet I beg, I implore forgiveness!

Lady L. [*With emotion.*] At my feet; rise, sir. If any one were to come in—rise, I beg of you!

Mrs. B. Besides, I remarked, whenever I sat near you in company that all the ladies whispered and tittered.

Lady L. Well, sir?

Mrs. B. So I preferred a tete-a-tete—a drawing-room might have caused idle conversation—so I selected this chamber. In coming by day I might have been seen, so I came by night. Entering by the door the servants would have remarked me, so I came in by the win-

dow; I was so anxious to receive some more of those kind moral lessons you used to give me.

Lady L. [*Pointing to the window.*] You have made a pretty use of them I must confess; but are you certain no one saw you coming in?

Mrs. B. I did not even intend to come in, merely to lay all night under your window—to hear your voice—to breathe the same air—to greet the morn that would wake you—instinctively I commenced repeating a few lines I wrote—then I saw a ladder—then—

Lady L. Those lines you sung——

Mrs. B. Were composed for you during my mournful vigils.

Lady L. Were there any more verses?

Mrs. B. An hundred and seventy-three. I'll sing them to you all.

Lady L. No, no, not now; you'd disturb the house; but you shall read them.

Lady L. Shall I! the garrison consents to a parley. [*Aside.*] I am so overjoyed; such an emotion thrills through every vein—my head!

Lady L. He'll faint!—heavens, what's to be done!

Mrs. B. Oh, Lady Lucretia! Lucretia! Lady Lucretia, Oh!

[*She falls into* LADY LUCRETIA'S *arms, who supports her.*

Lady L. Recover, I beseech you!

Mrs. B. Oh, my head!

Lady L. Dear Mr. Augustus!

Mrs. B. Oh, my head!

Lady L. Do not terrify me.

Mrs. B. My head, my head!

Lady L. Dear Augustus!—for my sake I entreat— dearest Augustus. [*Fondly.*

Mrs. B. Oh! I am better now.

Lady L. Here! take this smelling bottle. [*Gives a bottle.*

Mrs. B. Besides, I was so apprehensive of meeting my sister here.

Lady L. Oh, she is gone. You have nothing to dread from her malice!

Mrs. B. She is very malicious!

Lady L. A silly creature—would you believe it, the woman is so vain that she thinks herself the image of you?

Mrs. B. Silly creature indeed! not the least likeness.

Lady L. Not the least—your countenance is open, candid, honest—her's is full of guile and deceit!

Mrs. B. [*Returning the bottle.*] Many thanks for your kindness, my lady. Can I believe my eyes!—you deigning to lean over your poor pupil—your poor Augustus! Oh! joys like these too soon, too soon must fleet! [*Kisses her hand.—Bell rings,* R.

Lady L. Heaven!—the supper bell!—you must begone—I must go down to supper.

Mrs. B. You must go to supper!—Oh! for you I could live without supper all my life time! Cruel woman!

Lady L. You are not aware of the danger you expose me to—I *must* attend the supper table.

Mrs. B. How hungry you must be—all the family are down already, and that door—

Lady L. Well, sir!

Mrs. B. It can lock, can't it?

Lady L. What then, sir?

Mrs. B. Why then here goes—[*Runs and shuts the door.*]—then

Lady L. What, sir, you have the audacity to lock my door?

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] So, she thinks it's bolted; believe me the puri of my sentiments are such—my love— [*Kneels.*

Lady L. [*Indignantly.*] Your love, sir?—never, never let that od ous word *love* escape your lips.

Mrs. B. Oh! that I cannot promise.

Lady L. Then quit the house instantly, sir!

Mrs. B. Cruel woman!—my fate is in your hands!—no power earth shall dare prevent me from adoring you; and should human forts tear me from you, thus shall I rescue myself from their oppr sion. [*Draws a pistol.*

Lady L. A pistol!

Mrs. B. Loaded to the muzzle with slugs and bullets!

Lady L. The boy is mad!—rise, rise I entreat.

Mrs. B. Then say you do not hate me.

Lady L. Hate you, Augustus! Is that possible?

Mrs. B. Then you do love me?—

Lady L. How can I reply?

Mrs. B. Then you detest, abhor, abominate, execrate me!—fa well for ever!

[*Runs to the window*—LADY LUCRETIA *follows, and holds her.*

Lady L. Hold! in mercy's name!

Mrs. B. No more—farewell, farewell!

Lady L. Then I—I do love you!

Mrs. B. Dearly?

Lady L. Dearly, Augustus, dearly——

Enter JENNY, L.

Jenny. My lady, supper, ah! [*Shrieks.*] a man—a man! don't lo at me—a man! a man!—

Mrs. B. Oh, Lucretia! we're undone!

Jenny. Thieves! murder! a man!

Lady L. Silence, Jenny; I order you!

Jenny. Housebreaking and burglary! murder! a man!

Lady L. Silence, my dearest Jenny, I beg of you.

[*Gives a purse.*

Jenny. I am silent, but a man! don't look at me.

Lady L. 'Tis all—'tis all a joke! an innocent joke.

Jenny. A joke with a man! oh gemini!

Lady L. [*Aside.*] A good thought! I have it. I'll pretend 'tis M Banter in her brother's clothes. A man! why you silly creatu ha, ha, ha! 'tis a woman.

Jenny. A woman!

Lady L. To be sure, Mrs. Banter, in her brother's clothes.

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] Well done cunning.

Lady L. [*Aside to* MRS. BANTER.] Pray humor the deceit. Y

have heard of the strong resemblance between her and her brother, and by dressing my good friend Mrs. Banter in his clothes we were preparing a surprise for the ladies after supper.

Jenny. Oh gemini! I'd have taken you, sir,—pardon me, ma'am, for as pure a gentleman as ever took maid or widow in——to church. Dear me, dear me, let's go down.

Lady L. That's impossible.

Jenny. Eh, I see! hem, all would be up if we went down; but how did the lady get in?

Lady L. Why she, she left her carriage—

Mrs. B. At the entrance of the avenue; and by way of a short cut I came in at the window.

Lady L. You had better go the way you came. [*Aside.*

Mrs B. [*Aside.*] I forgot to tell you, my lady, I upset the ladder!

Lady L. How unfortunate! Hark'ye, Jenny—Jenny, my dear Jenny, when the company have withdrawn you must contrive to get Mrs. Banter out unnoticed. But an idea strikes me—we are about the same size—into this closet, and put on one of my gowns.

Mrs. B. Oh, my lady—I'd do anything for you; but to turn woman, oh!

Lady L. Nonsense, in with you.

Jenny. In with you—I'll help you.

Lady L. You'll help! impudent girl.

Mrs B. But modesty, modesty!

Lady L. Modesty, trash!—a pretty time to talk of modesty, when my reputation's at stake; in with you, in with you.

[MRS. BANTER *goes into the closet,* JENNY *anxiously endeavors to follow her; but* LADY LUCRETIA *prevents her—pause—*JENNY *goes to the door and peeps through the keyhole—*LADY LUCRETIA *perceives her and drives her away.*]

Jenny. Oh, I must help her.

Mrs. B. [*In the closet.*] Where are my stays.

Jenny. I'll lace them. [*Going to door.*

Lady L. [*Drives her away.*] You lace them, indeed!

Mrs. B. [*Coming from the closet in woman's clothes.*] Oh! what shall I do, I'm so awkward!

Lady L. Now, quick—the coat and hat under the sofa.

[*Noise without.*

Jenny. Oh, gemini; here are the ladies!

Lady L. Now, sir, in mercy's name be discreet.

Mrs. B. What will become of me! don't let 'em kick me down stairs.

Lady L. Be as womanish as you can, and hold your tongue.

Mrs. B. That's not very womanish either.

Lady L. Distraction! Be as silent as you can, and leave all to me.

Enter LADY ANTIDOTE, MRS. LENIENT, MISS PRIM, *and* MISS BUCKRAM, *each with a bed room candle,* R.

Lady A. Walk in ladies, walk in.

Lady L. Mrs. Banter, dear aunt is just returned.

All. Mrs Banter!

Mrs. Len. My dear Mrs. Banter, what brought you back so soon?

Mrs. B. [*Awkwardly.*] Why, madam—because—do you see—because—

Lady L. Let me explain. My good friend was so anxious to make up our silly dispute of this evening, that she immediately returned in private.

Mrs. B. Now we are friends for ever, but I must leave you, farewell.

Lady L. Farewell, my dearest Mrs. Banter!

Mrs. B. Adieu, ladies—adieu. [*Exit.* R.

Lady A. Now, ladies, I hope you are all convinced of the impotence of scandel!

Lady L. What now, aunt?

Lady A. Yes, virtuous niece, scarce had supper been concluded when an anonymous note was handed in, purporting that you were tete-a-tete in your room with a young man!

Mrs. Len. [*Pulling the coat and hat from under the sofa.*] But what is all this?

Lady L. [*Aside.*] What's to be done now!

Miss B. A man's coat! let me go.

Miss P. It signifies not—if there's a man in the house were I to walk barefooted I'd leave it!

Lady L. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady A. You laugh, Lady Lucretia; recollect you are my niece, and this is no matter for laughter!

Miss P. No, indeed—a man's hat!

Miss B. And a man's coat.

Miss P. Aye, the Lord knows what else may be found!

Miss B. Aye, to be sure! Heaven kno wswhat the fellow may not have left behind him!

Lady L. Ha! ha! Your alarm amuses me. Here, Jenny, Jenny—explain to these astonished ladies the cause of their terrors. Ha, ha! be indiscreet at your peril. [*Aside.*

Jenny. This coat, ladies—ha, ha, ha! 'tis all a joke, my lady and Mrs. Banter were to have played you after supper. This coat belongs to Mrs. Banter's brother—and as saving your ladyships' presence—he is as like her as two peas. Bless them! The brother was to have passed for the sister—I meant the sister for the brother—and you were all to have been hugely astonished!—and—that's all I know.

[*Exit,* JENNY L.

Lady A. I hope this is satisfactory.

Miss B. [*Aside to* MISS PRIM.] Humph! I have my suspicions!

Mrs L. [*Aside to* MISS BUCKRAM.] I can perceive these matters without spectacles!

Mrs. L. [*Taking up the coat.*] This odious coat under the sofa certainly looked rather suspicious—[*aside, throwing the coat into the closet*]—and shall be more suspicious still!

Lady A. Appearance, ladies, can never injure my lamb!

MRS. BANTER *re-enters by the window, and glides into the closet.*

Lady L. Well, ladies, I trust that you are now convinced of the injustice of your suspicions.

Lady A. All that I can say is, that whoever has, does, or shall asperse you, my niece—has, does, and shall have aspersed, and asperses, the inaspersible house of the Antidotes!

Mrs. L. Good night, Lady Lucretia; a pleasant slumber!

Miss P. Good night, Lady Lucretia; pleasing visions!

Miss B. Good night, Lady Lucretia; agreeable dreams?

MRS. BANTER *rushes out of the closet as* AUGUSTUS.

Mrs. B. Hold, ladies, hold!

Miss P. and Miss B. A man! a man!

Lady A. Don't come near me!

Lady L. Heavens! The boy is deranged!

Mrs. B. Ladies, were I to remain longer silent and concealed I should not be acting the part of a man of honor—of morality!

Miss P. Pretty morality! Oh, you highwayman, keep off!

Miss B. Stand off! how vicious he looks!

Mrs. B. Yes, ladies! I—I alone am culpable. Blinded by a fatal passion, which Lady Lucretia's prudence condemned, distraction and disappointed love led me to anything.

Lady L. Well, sir; I now trust that you are convinced of the rashness of your expectations. The respect I owe your sister alone prevented me from revealing your sex; when you should have met with that chastisement your temerity deserved.

Enter JENNY, L.

Jenny. Mrs. Banter's just arrived. She is come in a carriage and four, looking for her little brother!

Mrs. B. My sister!—do not tell her anything. Where shall I fly to?

[*Runs off*, JENNY *follows*, L.

Lady A. Well, ladies; you see that the purity of the Antidotes will always rise triumphant!

Lady L. After your attempts to injure my character, ladies, I rejoice that you have witnessed this last scene.

Mrs. L. Yet you will confess that appearances were against you; and that, spite of her innocence, poor woman can be torn to pieces by prudes and antiquated dames!

Miss P. Well, Miss Buckram, I told you 'twas a man!—ah! he looked so treacherous—so sly!

Miss B. Aye, just like my Tammy, when he's watching a cock-sparrow.

Enter JENNY, L.

Jenny. Oh, ladies! oh, ladies!

Lady A. What's the matter now?

Lady L. What ails the girl?

Miss P. More men, no doubt.

Jenny. [*Crying.*] Oh, Lady Antidote!

Lady A. Well?

Lady L. Speak, in mercy's name!

Miss P. The girl's mad!

Jenny. And you, my Lady Lucretia, don't go near the fish-pond—oh! we'll have a coroner's inquest—oh, oh!

Miss B. No coroner, judge, or jury, unless of matrons, shall enter the house while I am in it!

Jenny. Oh, Mr. Augustus! Mr. Augustus! Who would have thought——

Lady L. Heaven! Is the boy drowned?

Jenny. I wish he was drowned, for poor Miss Laura's sake!

Lady A. Laura! What of Laura?

Jenny. Oh! that Mr. Augustus—though he is but a little bit of a man, instead of going out when his sister came in, up he whips——

Lady A. Whips what? Speak——

Jenny. Miss Laura—oh! oh!

Lady L. Laura—distraction! Where is she?

Jenny. In her room, locked up with Mr. Augustus!

Lady L. Oh! the perfidious monster!

Miss P. Here's a pretty family!

Lady L. Laura! Laura!

Miss B. Call the police.

Miss P. } Police! murder! police—watch! assault! battery!
Miss B } police!

Enter MRS. BANTER, *holding* LAURA *by the hand*, L.

Mrs. B. Ladies, be not alarmed. Laura is under my protection. I beg your pardon for this unseasonable intrusion, but having heard that my young brother Augustus had left our house, on his way here, I came to ascertain the truth of the report.

Lady L. Your brother, madam, has been here, but uninvited by me. I cannot account for his visit; yet his prompt and disgraceful expulsion from this house must have convinced him that whatever opinion he might have formed of me, from *your* obliging reports, they were founded on error, if not on malice.

Mrs. B. This bitter attack, my lady, will compel me to give publicity to a gentle lesson which in charity I had reserved for your private ear.

Lady L. Madam, I do not understand.

Mrs. B. My brother, perhaps, will understand you better. His countenance is open, candid, and honest, while mine is full of guile and deceit.

Lady L. What do I hear?

Mrs B. Your poor Augustus stands before you.

[*General surprise.*

Lady L. [C. R.] You have given me a cruel lesson.

Mrs. B. [C.] Friendship shall seal my lips if you consent to this dear girl's happiness.

Lau. [R. C.] Dear cousin, do forgive me.

Lady A. [R.] She has my consent.

Mrs L. Not a word shall *I* reveal.

Lau. And whatever those other old ladies say no one will believe them.

Miss P. [L.] Impudent hussey!

Miss B. [L. C.] Insolent minx! I'll forbid the banns!

Miss B. Come, Lady Lucretia, [*to* LADY LUCRETIA,] let us be friends, and confess that [*to the* AUDIENCE,] gentlemen, dear gentlemen, we *cannot* do without you, therefore we hope the ladies will be permitted to receive you at home—to-morrow.

LADY A. LAURA. LADY L. MRS. B. MRS. L. MISS P. MISS B.

R. L.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXLVIII.

A PHENOMENON IN A SMOCK FROCK.

A Comic Drama, in One Act.

BY WILLIAM BROUGH

Author of "Apartments," "House out of Windows," "Those Dear Blacks," "Uncle Tom's Crib," &c., &c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

Name of the Characters.—[A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock.]

	Lyceum, London.	*Wallack's*, 1855.
Mr. Sowerberry, - -	Mr. F. Matthews.	Mr. J. Stoddart
John Buttercup,* a milkman,	Mr. C. Mathews.	Mr. Vincent.
Mr. Barker, - - - -	Mr. H. Roxcastle.	Mr. Chippendale
James, Sowerberry's servant, -	Mr. Templeton.	Mr. Oliver.
Mrs. Barker,	Miss Fanny Baker.	Mrs. Conover.
Betsey Chirrup, - -	Miss C. Mitchel.	Mrs. Stephens.

* This character should be played with a strong Somersetshire dialect.

Period, Present. Time in Representation, fifty minutes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.—[A PHENOMENON IN A SMOCK FROCK.]

BOWERBERRY.—Old-fashioned black suit. At his first entrance, a large flowered dressing gown—afterwards, a broad-tailed coat.

BUTTERCUP.—Cord breeches—gaiters—thick hob-nailed boots—white smock frock—glazed hat, with name of dairy painted on it—cotton handkerchief round his neck—milk-pails and yoke. *Second dress*: Take off smock frock and gaiters, having blue worsted stockings under them—put on black-tailed coat.

BARKER.—Genteel walking dress—frock coat, &c.

JAMES.—Servant's livery.

MRS. BARKER.—Slate-colored silk dress—yellow bonnet—red shawl

BETSEY CHIRRUP.—Cotton dress.

A PHENOMENON IN A SMOCK FROCK.

SCENE.—*A Drawing Room, neatly furnished. Practicable doors,* C., R. *and* L.,—*a window,* L. C.—*sofa,* R.—*table, with writing materials,* R. *Each character entering from the garden is first seen to pass the window from* L., *and knock at door.*

Enter BETSEY CHIRRUP, C., *meeting* JAMES, R. H. D.

James. [R.] Oh, Mrs. Chirrup! mind, master isn't at home to anybody to-day.

Chir. [L.] Not at home—eh, James? Ah! just like him. Of all the old owls that ever lived—— But there, I say nothing.

James. People call him a misanthrope. What's that, Mrs. Chirrup?

Chir. Oh, I don't know, James—*I* can't talk French. But what's he doing now?

James. Well, just now he's shaving. He's had his breakfast, and he says he shall go back to bed again.

Chir. And stop there all day, I'll warrant him, as he says, to see as little as possible of his fellow creatures; I never saw such a man, he can't bear the sight of a human being—hates everything and everybody.

Sower. [*Outside,* R. H.] There, there, just the way with them all.

Chir. He's coming, and in a precious temper. Come, James, let's get out of his way for goodness' sake. [*Exeunt,* C. D.

SOWERBERRY, *in a dressing gown, enters,* R. H. D., *gloomily—he has a razor in his hand, and his chin partly covered with soap.*

Sower. Why was I born of woman—why did not nature make of me a dog—a mouse—a hippopotamus—anything but man? Here, now, I bought this razor yesterday; 'twas warranted to cut—it won't cut, and yet I'm blamed for not loving the human race. Love them, indeed! a set of thieves and swindlers! there's no truth nor honesty in the world. The other day I wanted a pair of gloves—I saw some in

a shop window, plainly marked 2s., I went in, I bought a pair, and then I found 11½d. marked in microscopic characters, and in the faintest pencil. Disgusted with this piece of infamy, and sick at heart, I rushed into a tavern, called for brandy—bah, they gave me British! and yet I'm expected to love mankind. They're all alike. There's my pocket-book I lost last night, with fifty pounds in it. Where could I have dropped that? where! what matter where! It's all the same—whoever finds it, he'll not be honest enough to bring it back, although my name's in it. Honest, pshaw! there's no such thing as an honest man. Diogenes might have saved himself some pounds of candles if he knew the world as well as I do. They're all swindlers and liars—why should I mix with them? why should I even see them?—I won't. No! I'll go back to bed again. Here, James, James, I say. Now, there's another specimen of human nature. I've called that fellow twice, and he pretends he doesn't hear me. And yet I'm expected to love my fellow creatures. James, I say!

Enter JAMES, C. D.

James. Yes, sir.

Sower. [R.] Yes, sir! Now there's a fellow that will lie to my very face.

James. [L.] Did you call, sir?

Sower. Did I call! Falsehood! deceit! as if he didn't know I called! Come here, James; look me in the face, and tell me the truth for once. How do I look this morning?

James. Sir! [*Aside.*] What is he at?

Sower. Come, no equivocation, speak.

James. Well, sir, I haven't seen you look so well, sir, for a long time.

Sower. Indeed!

James. No, sir, your complexion is as clear a young baby's, sir.

Sower. It's false, you scoundrel! my complexion's like a Flanders brick. Leave me, I'll have no more of your falsehoods—go, leave my house this instant.

James. Oh, sir, I've been a good servant to you.

Sower. You've not—there are no good servants. Go, never let me see your face again. [*Exit* JAMES, C. D.] I'll have no servants. I'll live alone, and emulate the happy oyster—never leave my bed, and dwell secluded in my peaceful shell. Oh, would I had been born an oyster! Then the wounds my spirit has received already might, in in my calm retirement, produce rich pearls of wisdom. As it is—— [*A knock is heard.*] What's that?

Chir. [*Outside,* C.] No, sir, Mr. Sowerberry is not at home.

Bar. [*Outside.*] Nonsense! he's always at home to me.

Sower. Barker! the devil take him!

Chir. But he's not, sir, really.

Bar. Pooh, pooh! he's never out this time of day.

Enter BARKER, C. D.

Ah, here he is, of course. Ha! my dear friend.

Sower. [*Aside,* R.] Dear friend!—the hypocrite! [*Aloud.*] Good morning.

Bar. [L.] Well, and how are you?

Sower. Ill.

Bar. You don't say so. Now, do you know what brought me here?

Sower. No. [*Aside.*] I wish I knew what would take him away again.

Bar. Why, my wife dreamt last night that you were not well, so I could not rest till I knew the truth.

Sower. Oh! your wife dreamt of me, did she? Ah! she's a charming little woman. I suppose she's as virtuous as she is beautiful, eh?

Bar. Damme, sir, what do you mean by that?

Sower. Nothing. I mean, you're never jealous—never suspect anything wrong.

Bar. Eh? Why? Have you any reason to suspect?

Sower. No, I wish I had.

Bar. Eh?

Sower. That I might have the pleasure of telling you—that's all. There *are* beautiful women, you know, whose husbands are not so comfortable——

Bar. [*Aside.*] What can he mean? [*Aloud.*] My dear friend, if you have heard anything, I'm sure you will tell me.

Sower. Of course I should.

Bar. I know you would—you, my old, best friend.

Sower. [*Aside.*] He want's to ask a favor.

Bar. By the bye, you can do me a great service.

Sower. [*Aside.*] I thought so.

Bar. I am in the most pressing want of fifty pounds. It's only for a day or two, but I must have it to-day. Now, I know I can depend on you—there is no other man living I would ask such a favor of.

Sower. I am very sorry—I haven't so much in the house.

Bar. No, but you will get it for me—I know you will. I'll come back in half-an-hour. I won't trouble you to send it to me.

Sower. Indeed! you are very kind.

Bar. Oh, not at all. Here, write me a cheque. I'll go to the bank myself—save you sending.

Sower. No, I'm going there myself directly.

Bar. That's right, a walk will do you good. By the bye, you're looking very well in spite of what you say.

Sower. Am I? That's the style.

Bar. Good morning. I'll be back in half-an-hour. [*Exit*, C. D.

Sower. I'm looking very well!—flattery! falsehood! Bah! they're all alike. Why can't men speak the truth? The proverb says it isn't right to do so at all times. Egad, I wish they'd try it; I know 'twould never hurt me if folks told me truth all day. And he'll come back in half-an-hour, will he?

[*Goes to bell*, R. H., *and rings violently.*

Enter BETSEY CHIRRUP, C. D.

When Mr. Barker calls again, tell him I'm gone to Windsor—Birmingham—Australia—anywhere.

Chir. Yes, sir.

Sower. Mind, if you let him see me again to-day, I'll strangle you.

[*Exit*, R. H. D.

Chir. Well. I'm sure—whatever is the matter with him to-day! he's worse than ever. [*Knock is heard.*

But. [*Outside.*] Miaou!

Chir. [*Looking out of window.*] Why, I declare, there's the afternoon milk already. Well, Mr. Buttercup really is a very nice-looking young man, and since master is so ill-tempered, I've positively a good mind to——

BUTTERCUP *appears*, C. D., *attired in a long smock frock, with milk pails, yoke, &c.*

But. Miaou! Where be ye all? why don't 'e come to door—eh? Why, door be open.

Chir. Good gracious! Mr. Buttercup, what are you doing here in the parlor with your milk pails?

But. Now don't ye speak cross to I, Mrs. Chirrup, you know I can't bear it from you. I be come with the milk. How be ye to-day, ma'am? be ye pretty bobbish?

Chir. But to come in here. Why, if Mr. Sowerberry saw you——

But. Well, I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Chirrup, that's just what I be come for. I've got a little business with him.

Chir. Business! you?

But. Yes, I—so where is he? I've got no time to lose——

Chir. But you can't see him.

But. But I tell ye I must. Where be he—in here?

[*Going to room*, R. H.

Chir. No, don't go there—he's fast asleep in bed.

But. In bed! what, and just upon half arter two o'clock. It's full time he were up, that's all I know. [*Knock at door*, R. H.] Here, come, get up I say. Miaou! [*Sings.*

"Wake, wake, ye drowsy sleepers,
Awake, awake, 'tis almost day,
And put your head out of the window,
To hear what your true lovier has to say."

Chir. Good heavens! what are you about? He's coming. Won't he be in a rage! Come away, he'll murder us. [*Exit*, C.

Sower. [*Entering.*] What is the meaning of this? Who are you, fellow? How dare you disturb me?

But. [L.] Disturb you, at half arter two o'clock! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—in bed on a fine day like this!

Sower. [R.] What do you want? who are you?

But. Well, sir, I be John Buttercup, as do serve this house with milk.

Sower. Milk! [*Goes up towards milk pails.*

But. There, don't ye look at my pails in that manner, or you'll turn all the milk sour.

Sower. What do you want? Speak quickly.

But. Well, on my early rounds this morning, I happened to pich up something not far from here——

Sower. What's that to me?

But. Well, I be coming to that if you'll only hold your gab. When I got home I found—but stop, mayhap I be wrong; have you lost anything?

Sower. Lost? eh!—yes, a pocket-book.

But. There, now, didn't I tell you?

Sower. And you have found it?

But. Wait a bit; mayhap it bean't yourn, after all. What color was it?

Sower. Black.

But. And what was inside of it?

Sower. Bank notes.

But. How much?

Sower. Fifty pounds.

But. [*Giving book.*] All right—there you be—take care of it next time. Now, good bye to you. [*Going.*

Sower. My pocket-book returned! is it possible? What, going! Here, you—what's your name?—milkman!

But. Eh! what's the matter? It be all right, bean't it?

Sower. But you forgot. I have not rewarded you for your trouble in bringing it back.

But. Oh! no trouble at all, thank'ee—I were coming this way with the milk.

Sower. Well, for your honesty, then.

But. Get out with ye! a man bean't honest for the sake of being paid for it.

Sower. Well, you will accept of this half-sovereign?

But. What should I take your half-sovereign for? I've done nothing to earn it.

Sower. You won't take it?

But. No.

Sower. [*Aside.*] What can he mean? It's not enough, perhaps. [*Aloud.*] Here, then—a sovereign.

But. Now, do you take me for such a scamp that I can't do an honest action without taking money for it?

Sower. Two sovereigns.

But. Now, I'll just tell ye what it is—if you go on tempting me with your confounded sovereigns and half-sovereigns, I'll give you the finest hiding you've had for many a long day. So there! good bye to ye. [*Going*, c.

Sower. [*Aside.*] What a splendid burst of virtuous indignation! Is it possible that beneath that lowly garb I have at length discovered the phenomenon, an honest man? [*Aloud.*] Here, stop, my friend—my worthy friend. What did you say your name was?

But. John Buttercup.

Sower. John Buttercup, you are a magnificent fellow.

But. Be I? Well, it's more than I can say for you, old chap, at any rate.

Sower. Superb! untainted by the vice of flattery, too! Can it be possible? Wonderful creature, look at me, and do tell truth.

But. What's the matter with ye? I always tell the truth.

Sower. You do, I am sure.

But. Yes, down in the parts I come from, they used to call I Honest John, 'cause I never could make up a good lie. I did try once, when I were at school; and lor, didn't old master wollop I for it! I never

tried afterwards. Poor old master!—he's been transported since that for sheep-stealing.

Sower. 'Tis useless to apply the test. But look at me. Say, how do I look this morning?

But. Well, the same as you always look when I see you—darnation ugly.

Sower. [R.] Candor itself! Magnificent!—and my complexion?

But. [L.] Like a rotten apple.

Sower. Delightful!—And my walk? [*Walks to* L.

But. Like a lame duck in a farm-yard.

Sower. Sublime!

But. But I can't stop here all day, paying you compliments like this—I must be off. [*Going.*

Sower. No—do not leave me.

But. Why? What nonsense you be talking! What's to become of my business?

Sower. A great idea! I'll do it! Hear me friend. In your low walk of life——

But. A low walk? Get along with ye! Mine's as respectable a milk-walk as any going.

Sower. I don't mean that. But tell me—what do you earn now, on the average, by your business?

But. Why do you ax? Be you the collector of Income-tax?

Sower. No. Answer me, I beg.

But. Well, if you must know, about eighteen shillings a week.

Sower. No more?

But. No. I might perhaps make more, if I did as some folks do—put all sorts of rubbish in the milk. But hang it, when I see the cows looking so innocent-like at me, I haven't the heart to bring disgrace upon them.

Sower. Great creature! Would you like that income doubled—trebled?

But. Well, yes, of course I should.

Sower. Then live with me—share my heart and home.

But. Live with you?—what for?

Sower. For two pound ten—three pounds a week.

But. And what to do for it?

Sower. Do? Speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But. Why, that's nothing. Any fool can speak the truth.

Sower. True; but how few are fools enough to do it! Listen—I am surrounded by knavery and falsehood. Your task shall be to root up these filthy weeds as fast as they appear. Is it a bargain?

But. Three pounds a week? Yes! But stop; p'r'aps after the first week you'll change your mind, and turn me out of doors.

Sower. Never! I pledge my word of honor!

But. Oh yes!—a deal men care about honor, when it don't suit them to keep their promise. No,—good day! [*Going.*

Sower. What beautiful contempt for the human race!—Stay,—we'll make an agreement in writing. Will that do?

But. Eh?

Sower. Yes; I'll take you on a lease for seven years.

But. A lease? Three pounds a week, mind.

Sower. [*Writing at table* L. H.] Yes, and your board.

But. Exactly! A lease for seven years, and you to keep the inside in good condition.

Sower. [*Still writing.*] Eureka! I've found an honest man at last! He's mine; Now sign it.

But. Stop a minute. Have you mentioned the three pounds a week? All right,—I see it. [*Signs.*] Now you.

Sower. [*Signs.*] There! Now at length I'm happy. Truth, virtue, honesty—and all for a hundred and fifty pounds a year!

But. Three pounds a week? I might carry milk a long while afore I made that.—Now, sir, come, set me to work.

Enter BETSEY CHIRRUP C. D.

Sower. [C.] Just in the nick of time. Buttercup, my friend, you may begin at once. [BUTTERCUP *puts pails outside*, C. D.

Sower. Come, Mrs. Chirrup, let's see your housekeeping accounts for the week.

Chir. [L.] Sir. I don't understand you.

Sower. Your accounts, I say!

Chir. Well, if you must have them, there! [*Gives book.*] [*Aside.*] What's the matter now?

Sower. Now then, my friend, hear this, and give me your opinion. [*Reads.*] "Bread, 18s."

But. [R.] Eighteen shillings' worth of bread, and the quartern loaf at sixpence?

Chir. Eightpence three-farthings, as I'm a living woman!

But. Sixpence, I tell ye.

Chir. Eightpence three-farthings, sir.

Sower. So, three of us have eaten nearly forty quartern loaves. [*Reads.*] "Leg of mutton, 10s. 6d."

But. Too much by 3s. 6d. at least.

Chir. Sir, if I am to be treated in this way——

Sower. Silence! [*Reads.*] "Milk, 2s."

But. What's that?—milk?

Sower. Two shillings.

But. Oh, sir! excuse me if my feelings carry I away; [*Crosses to* C.] but as a milkman and a gentleman, I solemnly assure you that three-ha'p'orth a day was all that lovely young 'oman—that lying young 'oman—ever took.

Chir. [*Aside to him.*] My dear Mr. Buttercup, you will not betray me?

But. My heart be tender, but my principles be tough,—I love the gal, but expose the servant; and I repeat, three-ha'p'orth!

Chir. Penn'orths!

But. Ha'p'orths!

Chir. True, sir, I did but take three-ha'p'orth of this man; but then, his milk was such vile stuff——

But. What's that?

Chir. I was obliged to deal elsewhere as well.

But. What!—abuse my milk?

Chir. Milk? Stuff! Calves' brains, and chalk and water.

But. I deny it! I never used a bit of chalk in all my born days,—and as for brains, such a thing never entered my head!

Chir. I repeat it!

But. I deny it!

Sower. [C.] Hold! [*Gets between them.*] Here's a scene for a painter! Truth on one side—Falsehood on the other; and in the midst, myself—calm, dignified, serene! Buttercup, you are sublime!

But. [L.] Mayhap I be; but she only had three-ha'p'orth—and the best milk ever sold.

Chir. [R.] Three penn'orth, if I die for it.

Sower. Go, my friend—dinner's nearly ready—go and take off that smock frock.

But. Yes, I'll go and fetch my Sunday clothes.

Sower. No,—go into that room—take the best coat you can find in all my wardrobe. Henceforth, consider everything I have your own.

But. [*Going.*] You're very kind;—you be goin' to keep the outside in repair as well. But she only took three-ha'p'orths.

Chir. Penn'orths!

But. Ha'p'orths, I tell ye! [*Exit* R. H. D.

Chir. Mr. Sowerburry, if I'm to have spies put over me like this, you'll please to get another housekeeper.

Sower. What! part with you? Never! You are invaluable to me. Your wickedness and depravity are necessary for the dark background to make my honest friend stand out in bold relief.

Chir. But since you have lost confidence in me——

Sower. Lost confidence? not in the least,—I never had any!

Chir. Well, sir, you'll allow me to give you a month's warning.

Sower. Certainly not; go to the kitchen—rob me—ruin me—but you shall never leave me!

Chir. A month to-day, Sir, if you please. Your servant, Sir.

[*Exit* C. D.

Sower. Part with that woman, never! Day by day I'll witness the sublime spectacle of truth triumph over falsehood. He comes, stupendous being!

Enter BUTTERCUP, R. H. *in a coat and waistcoat of* SOWERBERRY'S

But. [R.] Well I don't think much of this coat of yourn.

Sower. [L.] What, can so great a mind be sullied with ingratitude?

But. Oh, gratitude's nothing to do with it, I'm much obliged to you for the coat of course, only if I said I liked it when I don't it wouldn't be telling the the truth you know.

Sower. No, no, to be sure! Here, give me that coat and you take this.

But. Eh! oh, oh! Well, I've got the best of the two at any rate Oh, what a guy!

Sower. Why, what's the matter with this one? It fits me, doesn't it?

But. Yes, I suppose it fits as well as anything could fit such a hodmadod of a figure.

Sower. Well you needn't be personal.

But. Good lord! here's an arm—all skin and bone.

Sower. Mr. Buttercup, these remarks are, to say the least uncalled for.

But. Why, I be only speaking the truth.

Sower. Enough, sir; on a stand in my room you will find a wig go and fetch it me.

But. What, you wear wigs too, do you? Why what a battered old scarecrow you be—their beant nothing real about ye.

Sower. Go, sir. It is a new one just come home, this one is getting rather shabby.

But. Well, you do look a good deal like a mangey old badger. I must say. [*A knock is heard* C.—*Exit* R. H.

Sower. Confound the fellow, he needn't be insulting if he does speak the truth.

Enter BETSEY CHIRRUP, C.

Chir. Mrs. Barker, sir, wishes to know if you are alone.

Sower. Eh? alone! show her in directly— [*Exit* CHIRRUP, C. Mrs. Barker, charming creature. Hang it I wish I had my new wig on.

Enter MRS. BARKER, C.

Mrs. B. [L.] Good morning, Mr. Sowerberry, you will I hope forgive the liberty I have taken——

Sower. [R.] Oh, Mrs. Barker, the honor you have done me. [*Aside.*] Lucky dog, that Barker, such a charming little wife.

Mrs. B. You will think it strange that I have called on you, a single gentleman, without my husband——

Sower. On the contrary, it makes the favor a thousand times the greater. [*Aside.*] She's very pretty.

Mrs. B. Mr. Barker has I believe been here this morning?

Sower. He has. Pray take a seat.

Mrs. B. No thank you. [*They sit.*] He asked you to lend him some money.

Sower. Eh? [*Aside.*] I see, she's come, thinking she can coax me out of it better than he. [*Rises and walks away.*] Bah! they're all alike. [*Aloud.*] Well, he did hint something of the sort, but I assure you——

Mrs. B. [*Rises and follows him.*] My dear Mr. Sowerberry, I have come to beg, to entreat you——

Sower. [*Aside.*] I thought so.

Mrs. B. Not to let him have it.

Sower. Eh? my dear madam, pray be seated. [*Aside.*] She is positively charming. [*They sit.*

Mrs. B. You promise me!

Sower. Oh, madam, to refuse so dear a friend as Mr. Barker so trifling a favor——

Mrs. B. Hear me, sir, my husband has lately taken to the dreadful habit of——

Sower. Smoking?

Mrs. B. Worse, sir, of betting upon horse-races. Every farthing is sacrificed to this horrid passion—everything—his wife, his home neglected, you will not encourage him in it I am sure. Promise me you will not let him have this money. [*Rises.*

Sower. I swear it. How could I deny anything to a lady so——but have the kindness to sit down.

Mrs. B. Thank you, sir, I must go. If my husband suspected——

Sower. No, do not leave me yet—let me a little longer gaze upon those beauteous features, those soft and melting eyes!

Mrs. B. Sir!

Sower. [*Aside.*] What a confounded rascal I am—my friend's wife! [*Aloud.*] Hah! Barker is a happy man—and to neglect you for a dthy horse-race. Were I the possessor of such charms——

Mrs. B. Really, Mr. Sowerberry——

Sower. These flowing silken tresses! Oh! had I such hair!

Mrs. B. [*Laughing.*] Well, come you needen't complain—your own hair's very good.

Sower. Yes, madam, nature has been kind to me in that respect.

Enter BUTTERCUP *with wig*, R. H.

But. [R.] Here you be.

Sower. [C. *Aside to him.*] Leave the room, you scoundrel.

Mrs. B. [L.] Why, what on earth is that?

But. This? Mr. Sowerberry's wig.

Sower. Mine!—no such thing.

But. Get out with ye—'tis yours.

Sower. 'Tis not.

But. It is, I tell ye.

Sower. [*Aside to him.*] Will you hold your tongue?

But. There now, he tells me to hold my tongue—that shows it's his.

Mrs. B. [*Laughing.*] What, Mr. Sowerburry, do you wear a wig?

Sower. No, no.

But. Yes, yes. [*Takes* SOWERBERRY'S *wig off and runs round the stage, with* SOWERBERRY *after him.*]

Enter CHIRRUP, C., *hastily.*

Chir. Oh, sir. here's Mr. Barker coming up the garden.

Mrs. B. [*to* SOWERBERRY.] My husband! If he finds me here, I'm ruined.

Sower. Go, Chirrup—say I'm out.

But. What, make the poor thing tell a lie—for shame of you! [*runs to* C. D.] Here, sir, come in—Mr. Sowerberry be at home.

Sower. The devil!

Mrs. B. What's to be done?

Chir. Here, come—this way. You can go out by the garden-gate, quick. *Exeunt* L. H. D.

Re-enter BUTTERCUP *with* BARKER C.

But. [R.] The idea of saying you were out. [*Aside.*] Where are they gone to?

Bar. [L.] You were engaged, Sowerberry. I disturb you?

Sower. [C.] No, not at all—I was just going out.

Bar. I won't detain you. I only called for the £50 you promised me.

Sower. [*Aside.*] And I have pledged my word not to lend it. [*Aloud.*] My dear friend, I am truely sorry to refuse you, but on looking over my banker's book I find it is impossible. I have no money at all that I can lay my hands on just at present.

But. Don't you believe him—he has got money only he won't lend it.

Bar. Mr. Sowerberry, this treatment to me, sir——

Sower. Will you leave my sight, you rascal? My dear Barker, if I had the money I should be delighted.

But. Oh! If that's all, here you be. Here's his pocket-book I found this morning, with just the money £50 inside.

Sower. [*Aside.*] That infernal milkman! [*Aloud.*] True I had quite forgotten that. Here. [*Gives money.*] [*Aside.*] Devil take him!

[*Throws pocket-book at* BUTTERCUP.

Bar. Thank you.

Sower. Not at all. Good morning!

Bar. Good bye! [*Seeing parasol which* MRS. BARKER *has left.*] What do I see? Fire and fury!

Sower. What's the matter?

Bar. Speak! Whose is this?

Sower. That? Oh! that's a parasol, I think—a present I've just made my niece.

But. Don't you believe him. He be telling lies as fast as he can tell them.

Sower. Leave the room, sir!

But. How be I to earn my three pounds a week if I leave the room? That parasol were left by a lady with a yellow bonnet on.

Bar. A yellow bonnet?

Sower. No such thing!

But. Yes, and a red shawl.

Bar. Mr. Sowerberry!

Sower. My dear friend, I will tell you everything.

Bar. No, no—not you. [*Crosses to* BUTTERCUP.] *You* speak. When was the lady here?

But. This minute. They were having a nice little conversation together, till you came.

Bar. Confusion! Where is she now?

But. Well, that I can't say.

Sower. I breathe again!

Chir. [*Half opening* L. U. D.] The garden gate is locked, and the key in the kitchen. If I could but get it!

But. [*Seeing door open.*] Ha! there she is—in there!

[*Door shuts violently.*

Bar. There? So! Open the door, whoever you are, or I will break it open. [*Runs to door.*

Sower. Mr. Barker, you forget you are in my house.

[*Follows him.*

Bar. Your house or not, sir, I insist on knowing who that lady is. Open the door I say.

Sower. [*to* BUTTERCUP.] Leave my house this instant.

But. Not exactly, you took me on a lease you know.

Sower. Fool that I was! Mr. Barker, let me assure you——

Bar. Silence, she's coming. Now, faithless woman!

The door L. H. *opens and* BETSEY CHIRRUP *enters in* MRS. BARKER'S *bonnet and shawl—all start.*

But. [*Aside.*] Lord, how she be grown.

Chir. Good morning, Mr. Sowerberry.

Sower. [*Aside.*] Chirrup, by all that's clever! I'll double that woman's wager. [*Aloud.*] Good bye my dear—*niece.*

Chir. Good morning, my dear *uncle.* Excuse me, sir, that's my parasol you're playing with. [BARKER *gives it to her.*] Thank you. [*Going* C.] And now to fetch the key and set my captive free, by the garden gate. [*Exit* C. D.

Bar. What an extraordinary coincidence! Parasol, bonnet, shawl, exactly like my wife's I could have sworn to either of them.

But. [*Aside to him.*] Here, tell ye what it is, that's not the lady that wor here just now.

Bar. No?

But. [*Aside to* BARKER.] Lor bless ye, no, the other wasn't half her size.

Sower. What's that infernal fellow saying now—Mr. Barker, are you satisfied?

Bar. Quite my dear friend, you'll pardon my folly, I am sure. [*Aside to* BUTTERCUP.] Meet me here in a quarter of an hour, and I'll give you a sovereign.

Cut. Eh, what for?

Bar. For telling me the truth.

But. All right. I'd no idea telling truth was so good a trade.

Sower. Mr. Barker, when you've done conversing with my servant——

Bar. All right! Come, say that you forgive me the idea of being jealous of so excellent a friend. Good morning! [*Aside to* BUTTERCUP.] In a quarter-of-an-hour, recollect.

But. Yes, I'll be here. [*Exit* BARKER C.

Sower. [*Seizing* BUTTERCUP, *and bringing him forward.*] Now leave my house.

But. Not till the seven years be up.

Sower. Good heavens! Leave the room then.

But. Well, I don't mind doing that,—your company bean't over pleasing. Send for I when you've any more falsehoods to be rooted up. I say, I do my work pretty bobbish, don't I? [*Exit* C.

Sower. What's to be done? Must I endure this fellow for seven years? No, not for seven minutes! But how to get rid of him! And this is the man I was so proud to meet with—this is the truth I was so anxious to hear on all occasions! What's to be done? Ah! a magnificent conception—a grand Satanic, diabolical idea! Oh, if I had

but some instrument to work out my terrible invention! Mrs. Chirrup!—the very woman!

Enter CHIRRUP, C.

Chir. [L.] All is safe, sir. I returned her parasol, shawl, bonnet, everything—let her out by the garden gate. She'd be home some minutes before her husband.

Sower. [R.] Mrs. Chirrup, you are a genius. Look at me. don't I look diabolical?

Chir. Well, yes sir, much as usual. Why?

Sower. Listen—I have a task for you that will eclipse all you have ever done.

Chir. For me, sir.

Sower. Yes, you are the very being I require. A pretty face, a winning manner, but the cunning of a demon!—don't interrupt me. To you, I say, will I entrust the working out of my horrible design.

Chir. Oh, sir, you terrify me!

Sower. I know I do, I terrify myself. Listen—you have observed this Buttercup?

Chir. Observed him, yes.

Sower. He is the bane of my existence. He haunts me like a bottle imp, I cannot shake him off. His dreadful way of speaking truth will kill me—you must—you must in short cure him of that habit—make him a clever, accomplished, lying, dishonest villain like yourself.

Chir. Really, sir——

Sower. Don't speak, hear me. If you do this, I'll give you money—lots of money—enough to set you up in business in some nice little swindling concern.

Chir. Oh, sir, you're very good!

Sower. I'm not good,—I feel I'm a perfect demon. But will you do it?

Chir. Well, sir, I'll try.

Sower. Enough. Once make a liar of him, and name your own reward. [*Exit* L. H. D.

Chir. Well, that's a curious task, at any rate,—to make a man tell falsehoods. It won't be difficult. I should say. I never knew a man yet, that talked five minutes with a woman without telling dozens.

Enter BUTTERCUP C.

—Good—here he comes. Now for it.

But. [L.] There she be. What a splendid creature she is, to be sure! It's astonishing how fond I be of that girl. How my heart always beat when I cried "Minou" twice a day at this door! Now, if it wasn't that she's so given to falsehood and swindling, I'm blest if I wouldn't—

Chir. [R.] Ah! my dear Mr. Buttercup!

But. [*Aside.*] Dear Mr. Buttercup! [*Aloud.*] Bean't dinner nearly, Mrs. Chirrup!

Chir. Not yet, my dear sir. You are hungry?

But. Yes, I be. Where shall I find the bread and cheese?

Chir Let me get you a sandwich, and a glass of wine.

But. No thank ye, Mrs. Chirrup. A bit of bread and cheese will do till dinner-time.

Chir. Now do allow me, there's a dear creature!

But. Upon my life, Mrs. Chirrup, you be a remarkably nice young woman. Ah! it's a thousand pitties you bean't a little more particular like.

Chir. Ah! my dear Mr. Buttercup, you allude to what occured this morning. It was wrong of me, I know. But what can I do? I must provide for a rainy day.

But. Yes, but you've no right to make my master pay for the umbrella.

Chir. Ah! 'tis easy for you men to be honest! but for us poor unprotected females——Oh, if I had but any one to love me! But no, I must die as I have lived—a spinster—with none to care for me, or weep when I am gone!

But. Pooh!—you mustn't talk like that—a fine young woman like you.

Chir. Oh! Mr. Buttercup, do you think me a fine woman?

But. Why, of course. Oh! you'll have plenty of sweet-hearts never fear.

Chir. Sweethearts? I'm sick of sweethearts. There is but one man I have ever seen who——Excuse me, Mr. Buttercup!

But. [*Aside.*] Why, I do believe she be in love with I. Upon my life I wish she was!

Chir. Oh! my dear sir, your kindness overpowers me.

[*Leans her head on his shoulder, crying.*

But. No, no—don't ye cry. Come, come. [*Kisses her.*] Ah! 'pon my life that's nice.

Chir. Oh Mr. Buttercup! [*Aside.*] He's yielding!

But. There—don't ye be offended.

Chir. Offended with you? Impossible!

But. Eh? We'll try again, then. [*Kisses her.*] Oh! Mrs. Chirrup if I might tell you——

Chir. Tell me! What?

But. [*After a struggle.*] No, no. Where did you say the bread and cheese was?

Chir. [*Aside.*] Ah! I must try another tack. [*Aloud.*] Hark! wasn't that a whistle?

But. Eh? I didn't hear it.

Cher. There again, I must go.

But. Go? Where?

Chir. Oh, sir, I know you'll not betray me—'tis a lover.

But. A lover? Why I thought you said there wasn't any one you cared for?

Chir. No, I don't care for him, but what can I do! He's an excellent young man, has a beautiful green-grocery business!

But. Damn his green-grocery business.

Chir. And he has offered me marriage.

But. He? Never! I offer you marriage. [*Kneels.*

Chir. You? Oh, no!

But. Why not?

Chir. Oh, no! You are too simple, too innocent, too honest—my husband must be crafty cunning.

But. I'll be cunning—I'll be crafty.

Chir. Must flatter.

But. I'll flatter.

Chir. Must not be too particular about the truth.

But. I won't be particular—that is—what am I at? Tell me why do you object to a husband that speaks the truth?

Chir. Why! Oh, sir, you tell me now I'm beautiful.

But. Well there's no lie about that.

Chir. But when I grow old and ugly, think you I could endure a husband who told me I was so?

But. I wouldn't tell ye.

Chir. Then you'd no longer speak the truth.

But. Deuce take it, no.

Chir. And after all, what is a little falsehood, when it does harm to no one—when on the contrary, it makes people happy?

But. You're right, what is it—that is—no, no, where did you say the bread and cheese was kept?

Chir. Come, I'll show you.

But. No, let me go alone. If you come, I shall——

Chir. That poor green-grocer!

But. Damn the green-grocer! Come. Oh lord, oh lord!

[*Exeunt* C.

Enter SOWERBERRY R. H. D.

Sower. I cannot rest until I know how my infamous project thrives. Why am I not the hero of a melodrama? I feel I ought never to enter a room without blue fire and mysterious music. And I that railed at falsehood so! Ha, ha, ha! My very laugh reminds me of O. Smith.

Enter CHIRRUP C.

—Say, Mrs. Chirrup, what success?

Chir. [L.] Success indeed! The fellow's as obstinate as a mule. But here's a note from Mrs. Braker.

Sower. [R.] From Mrs. Barker? Charming creature! Eh? [*Reads.*] "We are lost." Lost! Who's lost?—what's lost? "My husband insits on my accompanying him to your house. He has bribed your servant"—Eh? Oh, that infernal Buttercup!—"bribed your servant to tell him whether 'twas I who was concealed in your house this morning." Good heavens! "Postscript.—Save me—save yourself! My husband is now loading his pistols."

Chir. You'll be murdered.

Sower. I shall—a martyr to the truth. And you can't get this idiot——

Chir. So tell a falsehood, Sir—impossible!

Sower. What's to be done? Oh! here he is. If I could but get him out of the way!

Enter BUTTERCUP C., *eating a large piece of bread and cheese.*

Sower. Ha, my dear friend! Having your lunch, I see. That's right!

But. Yes—just a little mouthful till dinner's ready.

Sower. [*Aside.*] I wish it would choke him. [*Aloud.*] My excellent friend, will you go a short errand for me?

But. I can't just now, I've got to meet that gent as was here this morning.

Sower. [*Aside.*] He dosen't even disguise it. [*Aloud.*] Never mind him. [*Knock heard*, C.

But. I never break my word.

Chir. [*At window.*] Sir, sir, they're here.

Sower. Who?

Chir. Mr. and Mrs. Barker.

Sower. Don't let them in.

But. Not let 'em in? How can I keep my promise and meet the man if you don't? Here, I'll let them in.

Sower. Stop, fellow!

But. Be off with ye! [*Runs out*, C.

Chir. It's all over with you, sir.

Re-enter BUTTERCUP, *with* MR. *and* MRS. BARKER, C.

Bar. Mr. Sowerberry, you deceived me this morning, but now, sir, I *will* know the truth.

Sower. Mr. Barker! [*Goes up* R. *and sits at table.*

Bar. Enough sir. Now my fine fellow, just come here.

Mrs. B. [L.] You will not take that man's word in preference to mine?

Bar. [L. C.] Silence, madam!

Sower. [*Aside.*] And he has loaded pistols in his pocket!

Bar. Now then, my friend, look at this lady.

But. Yes, I see her, there bean't much of her.

Chir [*Aside to* SOWERBERRY] Whistle, Sir.

Sower. [*Aside to her*] Whistle? What for?

Bar. Well, and she is——

Chir. [*Aside to* SOWERBERRY.] Whistle, for mercy's sake! [*Sower whistles.*

But. Oh lord!—there's that infernal green-grocer again!

Chir. [*Aside to* BUTTERCUP.] If you expose that lady, I'll marry him to-morrow.

But. To-morrow? No you wouldn't?

Bar. Well, sir, this lady is the one you saw this morning in this house. Am I not right.

But. Why, the fact is——

Chir. [*Aside to* SOWERBERRY.] Whistle again. [*Sower whistles.*

But. [*Aside.*] Confound him! [*Aloud.*] Eh? No, that bean't the lady.

Bar. No?

But. No—the one I saw was as tall as this, and as broad as this. [*In action.*

Bar. You deceived me, then, this morning?

But. Yes, yes. She's not a bit like t'other one.

Sower. [*Aside.*] How beautifully he does it, now he's once begun!

Bar. Sowerberry, I ask your pardon. Mrs. B., my dear, forgive me. [*They embrace.*] As to you, sir——

But. 'Twasn't me—indeed it wasn't.

Sower. [*Aside.*] It wasn't he! Good! that makes two!

But [*To* CHIRRUP.] There, now, be you satisfied?

Chir. Quite. [*Gives her hand.*] Go on as you've begun, and you'll be perfect.

But. No, shall I? What! be lies better than the truth?

Sower. Certainly not. Truth is the broad straight line of railway upon which the engine of Society must run. Innocent flattery and pleasant fiction serve as oil to make the wheels run easy. Without the first, we should be driven nobody knows where: without the second, the hard iron, truth, would shake Society all to pieces.

But. Mayhap you be right; I don't understand you, though.—Come, Mrs. Chirrup.

Sower. Stop. Before you go, just say a word for us here; they'll believe what you say, you know.

But. Eh? Very good. [*to* AUDIENCE.] Here; I be to speak to you about this little play. Well, how about it? For my own part I think it is about the worst piece I ever see, and I told the chap as writ it, but he thinks himself so damn clever——

Sower. Eh? That won't do. He'll ruin everything.

Chir. Whistle, sir. [*Sower whistles.*

But. Ugh!—he's there again! [*Looks round.*] What be I to say? That it's good? [*All nod.*] Oh, very well! [*to* AUDIENCE.] Now, I assure you this little piece is the finest ever written—the acting first-rate—and altogether——

Sower. Lord, what crammers he does tell!

But. Well, what be I to say? Here, I shan't say nothing more about it—I'll leave it to these gentlefolks here. They'll tell you the truth, never fear. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, tell us the truth—don't be frightened—if you like us, say so; and if you don't, why, just imitate our example, and give us a little innocent flattery.

SOWERBERRY. CHIRRUP. BUTTERCUP. MRS. BARKER. BARKER.

B.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXLIX.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

A Comedy.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. R. FOURNIER,

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM ROBSON.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

Cast of the Characters.—[Comedy and Tragedy.]

	Gymnase, Paris. 1841.	*Lyceum, London.* 1847.	*St James, London.* 1855.
Dubuisson, a notary,	M. Klein.	Mr. F. Mathews.	Mr. Robertson.
Adrien, his son, -	M. Deschamps.	Mr. Parselle.	Mr. Johnson.
Mlle Dumesnil, -	Mme. Volneys.	Mrs. Stirling.	Mrs. Seymour.
Louise, - - - -	Mlle. Figeac.	Miss Marshall.	Miss Robertson.

SCENE—At Paris, at the house of Mademoiselle Dumesnil.

Costume.

DUBUISSON.—Long black coat, long waistcoat, breeches, boots, cravat, full black wig, three-cornered hat.

ADRIEN.—Slate-colored, square cut, and long-waisted coat, waistcoat, and breeches, grey silk stockings, shoes and buckles, cravat, ringlet wig, three-cornered hat, ruffles.

DUMESNIL.—*First dress:* Rich silk open dress, with short sleeves. *Second dress:* Dressing gown and coif cap. *Third dress:* Rich velvet embroidered robe, satin petticoat, tiara.

LOUISE.—Plain dark silk open dress, looped up at the sides, silk petticoat, small flat cap with ribbons.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

SCENE.—*The stage represents a chamber furnished in the style of* Louis 15th. *Several portraits of actors in the costumes of their parts, a door at the back,* doors, R. 1 E. *and* R. S. E. *A window* L. U. E., *a toilette* R. 3. E., *several dresses lying upon the chairs.*

Louise. [*A parcel in her hand.*] To keep us waiting thus! Not to bring home this dress before the middle of the day, when, this very evening Mademoiselle Dumesnil is to play Phedre, for the first time! This is one of those persons who are perfectly indifferent to any uneasiness or trouble they may occasion. I know them. [*She places the parcel on the table.*] I am quite out of patience when they teaze my dear godmother, who is so kind! Show me another actress like her! I cannot tell how she does it, but I, who am one of the merriest girls in the world, when she wants to make me cry—Lord! Lord! There I go crying for a set of people whom I know nothing of, just as if they were my born relations, particularly now, in that piece she played the day before yesterday, when they wanted to kill her daughter. [*Throws herself in an attitude.*] So—oh! If ever my godmother should have children, what a mother she will make. [*She talks as she folds up the dresses.*] When I think she was no more than myself, a girl without fortune, in the lower part of Picardy, and, that all at once, here she is, rich, with a great reputation, at Paris, a queen, or a princess every evening!—As soon as we heard all this down yonder, my aunt says to me, "Go and find out Fanny, you will soon be sixteen—you're not a fool, she will instruct you—she is doing well—you will do the same. Well, yes, but my godmother seems not to understand that—she says I have no vocation! and all because I don't learn to read very readily, and yet I feel something that says I know everything—I try to imitate all I see. And as Monsieur de Voltaire said here the other day, "that whoever undertakes to represent the transports and vehemence

of tragedy must have something of the devil in them." Well, I believe that is coming on; particularly in scenes of feeling. Ah! that will be my forte. [*Declaiming.*] "Oh, dearest love." All those princes in tragedy are so amiable, so well bred, that's the sort of lover I should like, and, if I am not mistaken, I have found such a one; that young man, who is so constantly before our windows; and it can't be my godmother he is looking after; he seems so simple, so unaffected; he is not one of those fine marquises she is obliged to shew the door to, and who find means, impertinent fellows, to slip into her carriage, into her boudoir, and even into her clothes.—[*In shaking a dress she lets fall two small notes.*]—There now, why they come in showers! and all for her; my dear youth seems not to dare to write—and, for my part, I have not ventured to say a word about him to my godmother—how late she is this morning—that accident last night agitated her so! I have hardly got over it myself; oh dear! oh dear! But here she comes—bless me how dejected she looks! is she ill?

Enter MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL, R. D. 3 E. *tottering on to the stage.*

Dumes. "We'll go no further! stay! Œnone dear!"

Louise. What do you say, dear godmother?

Dumes. [*Seizes* LOUISE'S *arm.*]

"I cannot stand—I feel my strength forsake me."

Louise. Here is a chair. [*Aside.*] What can be the matter?

Dumes. "My eyes are dazzled by returning day;
My trembling knees refuse me their support!
Alas! Alas!" [*Sinks into a chair.*

Louise. She'll faint! good heavens, where are your salts? Smell this, dear godmother!

Dumes. [*Rising.*] That will do then! That's very well!

Louise. Well! what's well?

Dumes. The entrance of Phedre!

Louise. Oh, it was your part, then.

Dumes. To be sure it was.

Louise. Law! I thought you were dying!

Dumes. That's exactly as it ought to be—that's what I call a real success, just like that of the other evening; when I was playing Cleopatra, an old officer who was upon the stage, outraged by my wickedness,—the brave fellow hit me a good hard blow on the back, exclaiming, "Go to the devil, you hussey!" I feel it still—ah! it is one of my most delightful remembrances!

Louise. Yes, it was rather flattering.

Dumes. In a few hours, the great trial will come! Heaven inspire me this evening.

Louise. I will pray for you, dear godmother.

Dumes. My good Louise—but what ails you, my child? you look fatigued; you have been sitting up late again, you silly girl! All the evening at the theatre, and then spending half your night before a glass, acting the young princess.

Louise. Well, I don't find it so difficult—I only want a lover to reply to me,—and he may be found.

Dumas. Child! child! You wish to enunciate Corneille and yo cannot speak yourself.

Louise. Good heavens! What can one want with so many things Why, you, yourself, godmother, I have often heard you say that in stinct—

Dumas. A real instinct, Louise, against which I struggled so long I knew nothing of the stage, and yet my mind was expanded to th charm of beautiful poetry, and revealed to me the energetic power o the great passions.

Louise. That's it.

Dumas. Ah! that gift which Heaven has granted me, I respect it Louise, for I myself cannot account for it. When upon the stage, forget myself, I am exalted, a magical illusion creates another natur around me—I dwell in marble palaces, the Heavens are open over m head, I breathe the air of Greece and Rome—I live, as it were, of an other life, more intense, more ardent! But do not envy me this, m poor Louise, for on the morrow, returned to my home, worn out witl fatigue, and sometimes with ennui, alone with my own thoughts, dream of those flowery and tranquil meads in which we ran togethe as children, in our dear country of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where I shoul so delight to live and expend all this wealth of emotions upon som single being who could love me—if such a one were to be found.

Louise. Ah! that's the thing.

Dumas. But we must leave this subject—My costume.

Louise. [*Pointing to the one she has taken from the parcel.*] Ther it is, is it not superb?

Dumas. Yes—velvet, satin, gold fringe, and ostrich's feathers—tha serves for all countries and all periods—I have tried to effect som changes in it, but prejudices! prejudices! some day others, perhaps will be more fortunate.

Louise. And then, here are all these rolls of paper.

Dumas. Manuscripts—for ever! How tiresome! among the heap of shapeless works which flow to the theatre from all parts, I hav only found one, in the course of three years, with a particle of merit But that one did strike me vividly; with a splendid character for me too; what elevation of sentiments! How delighted I should be t have an opportunity to express them.

Louise. [*Presenting notes.*] Next, here is what you are well ac quainted with—a little harvest of them. Three, four, five letters— Why, you don't even favor them with a look.

Dumas. Why should I? They are all alike—homage dictated by vanity—all folly and nonsense! These people will carry it so far, that tired of the contest, I shall marry good Monsieur de Mallevaux, th old Counsellor of Parliament, who, at least, is a true friend—he write me regularly four pages of advice in the morning, and every evening he comes to the theatre, takes his place in the orchestra, and thenc he pays his court to me. [*Clapping her hands as if applauding.*] Oh I understand him perfectly well.

Louise. His servant has been here already this morning

Dumas. Yes, I promised him a positive answer to-morrow, after th

Phedre. So throw all that in the fire—but, stop! put that letter in verse on one side.

Louise. The letter in verse?

Dumes. Yes, you will find one, without a signature, as usual.

Louise. This must be it.

Dumes. Read it yourself, that I may judge of your progress.

Louise. [*Reading very badly.*] Mad-a-moiselle, excuse me if I ap-ap-pear too pressing—but—at my age—one has not time to wait—for—

Dumes. What, do you call that verse?

Louise. Why, it's in straight lines.

Dumes. Oh, lud! some of Monsieur de Mallevaux's prose! my poor child, I begin to despair of your education. [*She searches among the papers* LOUISE *holds.*] Here is what I am looking for. [*Reads.*] Very well, indeed! both sentiment and poetry. Ah! these verses must flow from a heart deeply penetrated.

Louise. [*Warmly.*] That's exactly like him, when he speaks.

Dumes. Like him! who?

Louise. Ah! my dear godmother, I am afraid—

Dumes. Explain yourself.

Louise. I am so afraid you will scold.

Dumes. No, no; go on.

Louise. Well, it is that young man. You know very well that you must have seen him as well as I; he always stands *there* when we get into the carriage, and I find him in the same place when we get out. It is not you he looks at, you are always so well wrapped up. Oh, no, it is not you, I am very sure, so—

Dumes. So?

Louise. Ah! don't be angry, dear godmother; this has not been going on long. The first time he accosted me, you had just got out, and I was behind you. He said to me, "Ah! mams'selle!" in a tone, and with a manner! "Ah! ma'amselle! you are in the service of Mademoiselle Dumesnil?" "I am her goddaughter" he did just so! [*Clasping her hands and sighing deeply.*] "Ah!" And then you called me, and he remained standing there. Another time, he said to me, as I passed him: "Ah! ma'amselle!" still ah, "ma'amselle! how happy should I be if"—but you turned round, and he disappeared. He could not finish his sentence, but that's of no consequence; his intentions are plain enough, and I am sure one of these days he will come and tell you about it.

Dumes. Good Heavens! I cannot think whom you are talking about, I have observed nobody.

Louise. Oh! no; you have on eyes for any but the public.

Dumes. Oh! the person I wish to see, and whom all my researches cannot discover, is the intrepid man who risked his life to preserve me from a great danger. I tremble when I even think of it. Has not Robert told you all the particulars? The countess de Verrieres yesterday evening siezed upon an opportunity she had long sought for, of publicly insulting one, whom she calls, a mere actress! On leaving the opera, she ordered her coachman to drive against my carriage. The shock was terrible—the axletree was broken—the glasses were

shivered—we were forced to get out at the risk of being run over, when all at once, a man sprang to the heads of the countess' horses, and, in spite of the oaths and cries of her insolent servants, succeeded in stopping them. In the midst of this tumult, I was glad to escape from the curiosity of an impertinent crowd, without either seeing or thanking my deliverer. Heaven grant that he sustained no injury!

Louise. And have you heard nothing of him?

Dumes. I will apply to Monsieur de Malleveaux, he has both credit and friends—he shall avenge me, in the first place, upon that vile countess—yes, even if I marry him for it. But what noise is that? do I not hear the voice of a man in the ante-chamber?

Louise. There certainly is——

Dumes. I desired to be denied to everybody.

Louise. It is some one forcing his way in—and Robert is trying to prevent him!

Dubuis. [*Without* L. U. E.] Let me come in, I say—I will speak to her—the devil!

Dumes. Who can it be?

Louise. [*Taking refuge behind* MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL.] Oh! my godmother!

Enter DUBUISSON C. *from* L., *speaking.*

Dubuis. Zounds! I must and will speak to your lady! whether my appearance pleases her or not—that's of no consequence, [*Taking a chair.*] And I will not budge from this spot, unless I am carried away by force. Ah! there she is, I suppose!

Louise. Oh! how he frightens me!

Dumes. Sir!

Dubuis. [*Advancing.*] Good day, madame.

Dumes. How dare you——

Dubuis. Oh! my business has accustomed me to beat up people's quarters, and against their will, too.

Dumes. But, sir, what is your business with me?

Dubuis. I have come fifty-three leagues on purpose to tell you.

Dumes. Well, sir, proceed.

Dubuis. I am waiting till this young woman is gone.

Louise. I—who? my dear godmother, leave you alone with——

Dubuis. With a brute I suppose you would say! Parbleu! I knew beforehand that to get in here, I must have all the elegance of a Parisian petit maitre—yes, yes! to see you, a man's appearance must be agreeable

Dumes. Well, I will prove to you the contrary.

Dubuis. And how so?

Dumes. By desiring *you* to remain, sir—stay where you are. Leave us. Louise, leave us, my child!

Louise. What can all this mean?

[*Exit* R. D. 3 E., *carrying away the costume, &c.*

Dumes. I do not offer you a seat.

Dubuis. Oh, no ceremony, pray. [*Taking a chair.*

Dumes. I beg to warn you, that I am rather pressed for time.

Dubuis. All the better! all the better! I will come to the point once. [MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL *sits down.*] My name is Dubuisson Pierre Antoine Dubuisson; I have for twenty-five years carried on th profession of a notary at Manns, my native city. I have a vast num ber of clients, madame, and I know how to carry on a law suit as w as the best lawyer alive. But you must know that I have a son, m only son, a good lad, a young rascal, whom I love with all my hear I have brought him up under my own eye; I have taught him m self the Roman law and the customs of the country. I wanted make an advocate of him, madame, a good Mansian advocate, who I would support with my counsels and my experience—between u we should make a complete practitioner; he would furnish speec and I intelligence.

Dumes. Well, but, monsieur, I do not see what prevents you a your son——

Dubuis. Prevents him! why, madame, it is that it was necessary send him to Paris to complete his law studies—it is that he has be here a whole week, watched closely by one of my colleagues of th capital, an officer, who has followed him, morbleu! as closely as if I had a writ to serve upon him! it is that he has not yet even calle upon Monsieur Patru, the celebrated advocate, to whom I recomme ded him; it is that he has not yet set his foot in the courts, but on th contrary, spends all his evenings at the theatre. It is, in short, th he is bewitched by a woman of the theatre—a miss or a mistress who can tell which? Yes, bewitched by the devil, in shape of an a tress.

Dumes. Monsieur!

Dubuis. I know them all! not that I have ever been at a play—b I know what they say of them yonder, at home, at St. Macloud's chap and elsewhere.

Dumes. Well, but are you quite sure——

Dubuis. Why, so they write me—Arrived at Paris on Sunday mor ing, he went to the play on Sunday evening— and there, by hearin rubbish about sighs, and flames, and other nonsense, the stupid bo took to sighing in earnest, and turned everything to tragedy; he ne ther eats nor drinks, he has no longer any inclination for the bar—h does nothing but dream of the Dumesnil.

Dumes. Of me! [*Rising.*] What do you mean by that?

Dubuis. Oh! that's all very fine! pretend, do, to know nothin about it.

Dumes. Really, this is the first I ever heard of it, and you, my de sir, absolutely make your son's declaration to me.

Dubuis. Oh, yes! pretty story, indeed!

Dumes. What sort of a young man is your son?

Dubuis. Parbleu! a good-looking lad—well made—rather like m with a pleasing smile—white teeth.

Dumes. Oh! oh! indeed!

Dubuis. At all events, you cannot deny you have received lette from him.

Dumes. Who, I? Never!

Dubuis. [*Looking at the paper she still holds in her hand.*] Never! why look there, that's his writing—a superb hand—stupid boy, to employ it in this manner, when he might engross with it. [*Taking the paper.*] Let us see—what is all this about? [*Reading, without stopping at the end of the verses.*] "My soul on ev'ry accent fondly dwells—and when thy pallid cheek thy anguish tells responsive owns the sympathetic tie which binds our hearts, and answers sigh for sigh."

Dumes. What, are these verses his?

Dubuis. Verses?

Dumes. Certainly they are. [*Taking the paper.*

Dubuis. Why what do you take him for? Where the devil could he learn to make verses? The cunning rascal! he must have bought them ready made—and there's another pretty expense.

Dumes. What! those sentiments whose exaltation has so charmed me; those noble thoughts—that poetry, the accents of which penetrated to my very soul—was it he, your son, who paid me this homage? Ah, sir!

Dubuis. Stop, stop! It's my belief your are going to be affected now. I am doing things nicely. It is very clear that for this half-hour I have been laboring to make him interesting—and that pretty soft tone! Morbleu! we don't want any of that. I came here on purpose to recover my son, and I will have him. So speak, at once, if you please—where is he?

Dumes. Once more, how can I tell?

Dubuis. Because he follows you everywhere.

Dumes. Except into my own house, where he certainly will never come, unless, among other lessons in civil law, he may have been taught to force open people's doors.

Dubuis. He! yes, yes, perhaps I have been a little too hasty—too rude; but I beg you will tell me, dear lady, kindly tell me, if you have seen him?

Dumes. Never, I swear to you;—and I am sorry for it, as you say he bears such a resemblance to his father.

Dubuis. You are very polite; and I begin to think—but his letters must have informed you——

Dumes. Particularly as they are not signed.

Dubuis. Not signed?

Dumes. Look yourself.

Dubuis. It is true. [*Aside.*] She is always in the right. [*Aloud.*] In that case it is clear that—oh, dear! oh, dear! I have no reason to complain. I had no business to make such a piece of work. What an extraordinary affair. You really are then a respectable woman?

Dumes. Sir!

Dubuis. I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon! It was all owing to St. Macloud's chapel. Excuse the trouble and the despair of a father. My poor Adrien! This love will be his ruin. See, in the first place, it will make him neglect a profession for which he no longer feels a vocation; and then, his marriage with a rich heiress, for whom he has now no affection—the daughter of the receiver of the

salt duties. Now that I have seen you, I must admit that an actress may have some merit; but put yourself in my place—every one must maintain his rank.

Dumes. Oh, doubtless—the rank of a notary.

Dubuis. But his future happiness depends upon it.

Dumes. [*With interest.*] His future—his happiness! Yes, I understand, and feel for you, sir. Well, we must try to cure him.

Dubuis. Cure him? That's it! But how?

Dumes. It may not be a very easy matter, but we will endeavor. Come again to-morrow.

Dubuis. To-morrow! that will never do.

Dumes. I am so pressed for time. I am to play a new part this evening.

Dubuis. You play this evening? Good Heavens! why the unfortunate boy will go and see you again. He will become worse and worse: he will become incurable. Oh, I implore you to see him to-day—immediately. Stop, stop! [*Approaching the window.*] there is still one coach left upon the stand. I will take it, and in a quarter of an hour—Ah! look yonder, close to the hosier's, opposite the window, that young man standing motionless!

Dumes. Is that he?

Dubuis. That's my poor son himself—bareheaded, with his nose in the air. The poor wretch takes no heed of the bad weather.

Dumes. Well, but he is really not a bad-looking young man.

Dubuis. Is he now?

Dumes. Does he know you are here?

Dubuis. Not yet.

Dumes. [*Leading him from the window.*] Then don't show yourself.

Dubuis. But——

Dumes. Will you allow me to act as I please?

Dubuis. What! do you hope then?

Dumes. Yes, yes. [*She rings.*] I will cure him, I promise you.

Dubuis. You promise me?

Dumes. [*Holding out her hand to him.*] On the word of an actress.

Dubuis. You are charming! [*Aside.*] Zounds! she'll bewitch me next.

Enter LOUISE, *door* R. 3 E.

Dumes. Louise, do you see that young man standing before our window?

Louise. That young man! Oh, dear! that is——

Dubuis. That is my son, Adrien.

Louise. Your son—yours! Well, I never should have thought that.

Dubuis. What do you say?

Louise. I beg your pardon—excuse me—if I had known—certainly——

Dumes. Tell Robert to ask him to walk up.

Dubuis. I will get out of the way.

Dumes. [*Pointing to the door* R. 1 E.] By that back staircase.

Louise. [*Aside.*] What can all this mean?

Dubois. [*Aside.*] I wish I knew how she is going to set about it. His heart must be cured of such a folly; therefore, I confide to you his life and his happiness.

Dumes. I will prove worthy of the trust. Make your retreat that way. [*To* Louise.] When he comes, be discreet, and let me know.

[Mlle. Dumesnil *and* Dubuisson *exeunt door* R. 1 E.

Louise. The father here in person, and he would not speak before me; and now my godmother sends for the son—it's all clear enough. And I to receive him so rudely! He came to make an offer—that's very kind on his part—and before she would reply, she desires to see the son—that makes it still clearer. One must never have been to a play not to understand that. [*She prepares to go out, but, in passing, takes a glance out at the window.*] Ah, there he stands! Oh, good lud! he's going away. [*Throws up the window.*] Sir! sir! here—come up here! Humph! he does not need to be told twice. Doesn't he look glad—doesn't he look glad! But, lud, he is doing as his father did—overturning everybody to get in.

Enter Adrien, C. *from* L. *stopping at the door.*

Adrien. It is here—ah!

Louise. Be kind enough to walk in, Monsieur Adrien.

Adrien. Ah, mademoiselle! is it possible? Was it really me you called?

Louise. Certainly it was you—but come in.

Adrien. I cannot yet believe it—such happiness! Is it an illusion?

Louise. [*Mysteriously.*] No, sir; there is a lady here who wishes to speak to you.

Adrien. She would deign to receive me. She—Mademoiselle Dumesnil?

Louise. Yes, she is my godmother. She has something interesting to say to you.

Adrien. To me? Oh, I cannot support it!

Louise. What is the matter?

Adrien. A faintness!

Louise. Oh, dear! he is exactly as Phedre was just now. Poor young man! what an effect it produces on him. [*Aside.*] Here, take this chair.

Adrien. Who, I? What sit down here? Oh, no.

Louise. You will not have to wait long. My godmother is coming.

Adrien. She is coming. Oh, what agitation I am in!

Louise. [*Advancing.*] What did you say, sir?

Adrien. Oh, nothing! nothing! Go, mademoiselle—leave me. I must endeavor to collect myself.

Louise. [*Aside.*] Ah, some people would have spoken—would have made fine speeches, but he—he says nothing. But one may guess, though—it's all the same; he's very genteel. [*Aloud.*] Adrien—Monsieur Adrien! Take courage, Monsieur Adrien. [*Exit door* R. 3 E.

Adrien. The sanctuary she inhabits; the air she breathes; to see her; to contemplate her close—her whom the crowd adores at such a distance; to open my heart to her who makes so many beat—oh, no!

I shall never dare, unless on my knees—yes, on my knees I must alone venture to address this great, this sublime queen of hearts. Ah! in my poetic dreams I had already seen her—yes, it was she who had been the object of my presentiments, when I labored with such love at that work in which I accumulated at pleasure all the wealth of my soul, to clothe with it an ideal figure; and those verses—those verses which every morning I have ventured to address to her, for the language of the gods is the only language worthy of her: how much are they beneath her genius, and that expressive beauty which holds me in a state of fascination. Those I composed just now, under her window, appear to me better: but I am so agitated, I cannot find them in my memory. Let me try—once again. Ah! even poetry escapes me when about to behold her.

[*He remains in an attitude of meditation.*

Enter MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL, *in a coif and flowered gown, from door,* R. U. E. *She is slightly wrinkled.*

Dumes. [*Aside, as she enters.*] Well, I have promised, and must try to perform. There he is—humph! Very well—we must interrupt his reveries.

Adrien. [*Composing.*]—

"Thou, whose noble brow with genius glows,
Thou, whose beauty"——

Dumes. Good day to you, sir!

[*She assumes a familiar and rather coarse style of speech and action.*

Adrien. [*Starting.*] Some one here! I beg your pardon, madame, I was—I was waiting for Mademoiselle Dumesnil.

Dumes. Tete-a-tete with your muse?

Adrien. My muse! it is *she*—she alone! what other could inspire me? does not everything here speak of her. Heavens! what a woman! what an actress! Ah, madame! how proud you must be of her, for she doubtless is a relation—that faint resemblance! accept my humble respects!

Dumes. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Adrien. Why do you laugh?

Dumes. Bravo! my young friend, bravo! go on, I beg you; it is the highest compliment you could pay to my talent!

Adrien. To your talent?

Dumes. Certainly. Why it is I—I myself.

Adrien. You! who?

Dumes. Who! why Dumesnil! *the* Dumesnil, as people call me.

Adrien. [*Drawing back.*] You!

Dumes. Melpomene in coif and dishabille. The stage changes us a little, doesn't it?

Adrien. Can it change——

Dumes. Now I would lay a wager you are just come up from the country. They are all alike, those provincials! it is quite amusing! come nearer—are you afraid of me?

Adrien. [*Embarrased.*] Oh; no, madame—mademoiselle, I mean. According to that, you certainly have the greater merit. [*Aside, and*

resuming his seat.] In fact, when I look at her closely—and when h eyes become animated—and then, after all, is she not still the gre artiste?

Dumas. I was told you wished to see me?

Adrien. Indeed, mademoiselle, for the last week I have follow your very footsteps, this is an inexcusable liberty, I confess; but t admiration you inspired me with—I have been constantly seeking opportunity of speaking to you, to implore a favor of you, perhaps.

Dumas. Oh! I understand, I understand—you want an order t the pit.

Adrien. An order for the pit!

Dumas. Well, I suppose you'll repay me for it? [*Clapping w her hand, as if applauding.*] Keep it up well!

Adrien. Oh! mademoiselle! is there any need of that? with wh enthusiasm I salute you every evening! Clytemnestra, Eligabeth, C opatra, I have seen them all, admired them all—such true pathc such profound sensibility. Yours are genuine tears; I have seen th flow—yes, you weep first— it is no longer you who are acting, it is t character herself who speaks to us, who carries away our feelings, w transports us. It is plain that every one of your emotions emana from your heart before it passes your lips!

Dumas. [*Still seated and examining him.*] Tut, tut, tut! now you really believe all that?

Adrien. Did you speak mademoiselle?

Dumas. [*Aside.*] Well, this is naivete with a veangence! and th good heavens! how handsome he looks, with his real tears! he m be fresh from his province! But, my poor young friend, you give pain; I must enlighten you a little—be seated—be seated, I say. [*S pushes a chair towards him, and almost forces him to sit down.*] Y my poor boy, all that you see with us is but an appearance, a see ing, an illusion; nothing is real, everything is conventional: the heave themselves are but paste-board, the sun is but so many candles, whi are snuffed from time to time, to revivify nature—a nature of paint cloth; and we, we the queens, we have cries, sobs, and noted utt ances of despair, all measured, and cadenced. It must be so—t part requires it, but, the curtain once down, naturally, all that is ov and our sensibility takes its leave with our rouge, our fan, and o patches.

Adrien. [*Quite aghast.*] Is it possible? what! those tears!

Dumas. Why, my dear boy, if we were to undergo such real gri every evening, nature could not hold out.

Adrien. And, do you mean that those beautiful sentiments——

Dumas. Well, for my part, I never comprehended or liked th lofty tragedy queens. Did you fancy I resembled one of the then good lud! I should be an amiable personage, indeed! [*Laughin* Ha, ha, ha! No, no, no! we are but women as others are. I beg y to believe a man may pay his court to us without dread of a poison a dagger! every one of us has a train of admirers, adorers, or what n for my part, I am sure I have a score.

Adrien. A score!

Dumes. Yes, we joke, we chat, and enjoy a little scandal; that's my delight—particularly when it concerns our comrades. As, yesterday for instance, young Champeaux—Lord what an agreeable creature he is! He told us anecdotes of little Duclos enough to make one die with laughter. I have quite a passion for those little racy histoirettes; try and bring me some, there's a dear young man. Instead of madrigals, write me some good keen epigrams, with plenty of bitter in them. There there's your lesson ended, and I will say with Hermione: "I have consented to show you the means of pleasing me." [*Offering her snuff box.*] Do you take any?

Adrien. [*Starting.*] What, madam!

Dumes. [*Taking a pinch with gusto.*] Oh! this is excellent! besides, it is useful—it excites the brain, and [*she sneezes.*] Oh, bless you!

Adrien. [*Rising.*] Oh! I am, indeed, descending from the clouds!

Dumes. [*Aside.*] I really pity him. [*Aloud.*] What is the matter with you? You look pale—exhausted—perhaps you have had no breakfast? Poor boy, I am very sorry, but my hour is past, and I live such a regular, such an orderly life. Never indulge in silly expenses; without that, good heavens! what would become of one! I must put by some little savings for my old age. I place all my money out at interest. Oh! I know how to calculate. My salary is ten thousand livres: I play about a hundred times in a year, and that yields me a hundred livres for each representation—that's all clear and plain—I could tell you exactly how much each verse brings me; for instance, you know that famous speech of Clytemnestra's?

Adrien. Oh! that which is so sublime!

Dumes.

"No, ne'er shall he by me to punishment be led,
Or double sacrifice shall to the Greeks be made."

That's one livre. [*Changing her tone.*

"Nor terror nor respect has power to sunder us,
All bleeding from my arms alone he must be torn,"

That's another.

"A barbarous husband and a ruthless sire,
Come! force him if you dare, from his fond mother's breast."

Adrien. [*Transported.*] Ah! that's it!

Dumes. Yes, that's worth three livres ten sous.

Adrien. [*Sinking quite overcome into the chair.*] Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Dumes. [*Aside.*] Poor youth! what a pity! but I have given my word. [*Aloud, and slapping him on the shoulder.*] And you, my friend, what is your employment? What are your little resources? A young man ought to have something to do.

Adrien. [*In a disconsolate tone.*] I—I came to Paris to—to—be made an advocate.

Dumes. Oh! un petit Robin! A lawyer, eh? That's another species of actor—rather wearisome species, bye-the-bye; now I understand you—you are quite capable of playing the serious part of that character.

"Come ye, poor babes, whom laws would orphans make!"
"Gentlemen, behold my tears!"

And he will weep away in earnest for his little clients.

Adrien. [*Aside and rising again.*] I cannot bear it! she is laughing at me now!

Dumes. Well, but stop a moment! an advocate—that's well thought of—I have a little suit coming on—I will explain it to you.

Adrien. To me, madame! pardon me.

Dumes. [*Taking him by the arm.*] I cannot get the lawyer to understand it at all, but that's all one—rather than yield an inch of my pretensions, I would suffer myself to be cut to pieces, do you see, as sure as my name is Fanny—ah! ah! that's my character!

Adrien. [*Aside.*] Can I be dreaming?

Dumes. [*Still holding him by the arm.*] Now this is the affair! it happened one evening that I had no paint for the cheeks of Cleopatra—I was informed of a woman who fabricated a rouge—oh! a rouge of such brilliancy, such freshness—you must have observed the complexion I have every evening—well, that is of her composition.

Adrien. [*Endeavoring to get away from her.*] A thousand pardons, mademoiselle, but——

Dumes. [*Continuing, as if she did not observe him.*] What an invaluable treasure—I made an agreement in writing, to pay her a very high price for it, upon condition that she should reserve it for me, for me alone in all Paris. You understand? Every one is glad to preserve his own—such things are not to be lent—but guess my astonishment when I one evening, on the stage, saw Mademoiselle Dubois looking almost handsome! I immediately said to myself, nothing can produce such an effect but my rouge! and so it proved. What did I do? Why, I instantly attacked my lady perfumer—the traitress!

Adrien. A pressing affair, madame—— [*Trying to escape.*

Dumes. [*Holding him by the coat.*] I demanded damages—judgment—an opinion of the judges which should declare the rouge wrongly applied——

Adrien. Excuse me, I beg, but——

Dumes. An appeal on the part of the defendant——

Adrien. [*Disengaging himself.*] I have the honor to wish you a good day!

Dumes. What! run away from me thus? Oh! young man, young man! our Parisians are much more gallant! Stay a little longer, we have not half had our chat out. If you have been so anxious to see me, if you have followed me with so much perseverance, was it not with some intention? [*Simpering, and playing with her fan.*] Come! I will listen to you! What have you to say to me?

Adrien. I really do not—but apropos! Yes! how could I have forgotten it? I come, madame, to inquire about my tragedy.

Dumes. A provincial tragedy!

Adrien. Which I composed in my father's office, unknown to him, and which I sent secretly to the theatre.

Dumes. And you called it——

Adrien. Tiridates.

Dumes. Tiridates!

Adrien. Yes, a hero who delivers the object of his love, or rathe a queen, who having become a captive of the Romans——

Dumes. What! that work—can you be the author of that?

Adrien. Ah! might I inquire——

Dumes. [*Aside.*] That beautiful character which I admire s which I study with absolute passion. [*Aloud.*] Ah! monsieur!

Adrien. Well, you think it——

Dumes. [*Aside.*] Good heavens! my fatal promise to his fathe [*Aloud.*] Romans, nothing but Romans! detestable, my dear mo sieur—it grieves me to say so—but their is no poetry, no warmt Stick to your pleading, and scribble no more doggrel verse.

Adrien. Ah! This is the finishing stroke! What have I see what have I heard! What a band of ignorance has fallen from m eyes! love, hope, fame, all gone, all, existence now odious to me.

[*Rushes out* C. *and* L.

Dumes. It is more than he can bear! his admiration yields to a artifice. The false impression I have created has rendered him fu ous—he will lose all hope, all faith, and everything relating to t must become odious to him. [*She takes off her coif and robe de cha ber and sinks into a chair.*] I have put him to flight, indeed! I hurried off as if I were in pursuit of him. Never let my talent f comedy be disputed again. I never succeeded better in a part in m life. He is cured—as I promised; and yet, I don't know how or wh but I don't feel at all satisfied with myself; I thought I had to sp with a silly fool—and he is, a poet—I have wounded a poet to t heart! and had I any right to do so? It is these young hearts, so ri in illusion and love, who best understand and appreciate our art; y it is this attraction, it is their power of feeling that makes us gre illustrious, and renowned. Cut them off from the world, and should have before us nothing but an inert and gross crowd, again which our best efforts would fall powerless. Poor young man! wh an agitated air he had at first! How sincere was he in his admiratio in his love! Oh! it is wrong, it is very wrong! I have gone mu further than I wished, a hundred times further than was necessary I have made myself out to be insensible, covetous, wicked—I ha done it with a species of passion—of pitiless inveteracy—it is frigh ful—it is frightful!

Enter LOUISE, C. *from* L., *wiping her eyes.*

Louise. Oh, dear! oh, dear! who could have believed it? Oh, m dear godmother, what have you done to that poor young man? He in a state of despair.

Dumes. Indeed! What did he say then?

Louise. He said nothing but "Ah, ma'amselle!" as he did befo and then he went away as if bowed down to the earth. He is mild, so good; he did not deserve to be so badly received.

Dumes. Oh, no.

Louise. Well, why then——

Dumes. Leave me!—child, leave me! Don't you see that I am busy? Time flies: it will soon be two o'clock.

Louise. What is the matter with you then?

Dumes. [*Warmly.*] And there is my costume. If anything should be wanting—these ladies of the court are so particular. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I've no head for that—none at all.

Louise. Nor I neither; for I forget—there is another affair——

Dumes. What is that?

Louise. Just now the Countess de Verrieres—the great lady who broke your vis-a-vis—sent one of her people here——

Dumes. To make an apology?

Louise. On the contrary, to require one.

Dumes. Ah!

Louise. For some one having had the audacity to stop her horses and beat her servant. It was the servant himself who came, with his face disfigured. The countess insists upon knowing who the insolent person was—she says you know him.

Dumes. I!

Louise. Because in the spuabble, he let fall a little pocket book in which your name is written underneath your portraits, in all your characters. Look!

Dumes. [*Opening the book.*] Ah!

Louise. What is it?

Dumes. He again!

Louise. He! Who?

Dumes. He—Adrien, I tell you.

Louise. Monsieur Adrien?

Dumes. It was he who preserved me. I did not recognise him, and I did not thank him. Such intrepidity! such noble disinterestedness for he never said a word about it. And how I have treated him What a recompense for his devotedness! Where is he now?

Louise. Good Heavens! I don't know.

Dumes. Did the countess's servant follow him?

Louise. Oh, no—on the contrary. As soon as he recognised him he set off, the other way, as fast as he could. He had enough of him yesterday.

Dumes. I must see him; he must be found; I will tell him——

Louise. [*Going towards the back.*] There is somebody there, god mother.

Dumes. I am not at home.

Louise. It is the gentleman who was here this morning.

Dumes. His father! Oh, let him come in—let him come in! Go Louise.

Louise. But, godmother——

Dumes. Leave us!

Louise. [*Aside.*] How will all this end? [*Exit* C. *and* L.

Enter DUBUISSON, C. *from* L.

Dubuis. Oh, mademoiselle! what have you done?

Dumes. How?

D unfortunate boy! I waited for him in the passage. O[illegible] n ever now.

Dumes. [illegible] the matter with him then?

Dubuis. The matter, Mademoiselle! the matter is that he is mad, himself.

Dumes. Kill himself?

Dubuis. Yes, yes, kill himself. Oh, he is quite capable of it, and on your account.

Dumes. What, does he love me still?

Dubuis. Oh, no, he no longer loves you—that is the misfortune. He is fallen into the other extreme. He detests you; he abhors you; he is furious—in despair. He says all his ideas are confounded; all his illusions destroyed!

Dumes. Good heaven!

Dubuis. He maintains that you have neither heart, nor grace, nor understanding—in short, he raves. He no longer loves anything—neither you nor me, nor life itself. "I have no longer faith in anything," he exclaims; "everything is false, everything is deceitful. What should I do upon the face of the earth?" I tried to reason with him; what could I get from him? Nothing but despair, imprecations and threats.

Dumes. Then what have you done?

Dubuis. I have done that which is safest. I have shut him up in his room—have double-locked the door, and have run away to ask your advice.

Dumes. Alas! you perceive I am not able——

Dubuis. On the contrary, you only succeeded too well. The remedy was violent, more violent than the disease. Ah! would to heaven he loved you still!—My poor Adrien! He is odd, he is wild, he is flighty; but—but he is my son; I have no other. He must live, must he not? Oh, I implore you, restore him to me—restore me my child!

Dumes. What can be done? Bring him to the theatre this evening.

Dubuis. No hopes of that.

Dumes. Send him to me here.

Dubuis. He would rather fly to the antipodes.

Dumes. Good heavens! what means?—Oh, I have it—I have it!

Dubuis. What—what?

Dumes. Yes, he's an author—that's it. Talk to him about *Tiridates.*

Dubuis. Who! whom do you wish me to talk about?

Dumes. About Tiridates.

Dubuis. And what the deuce is that? Tiridates! is it a man? is it a——

Dumes. It's his tragedy.

Dubuis. His tragedy!

Dumes. Oh, I forgot—you know nothing about it. He composed it in secret in your office. [*She goes to the table*

Dubuis. A tragedy—made in my office? and by him?

Dumes. To be sure he did. Stop! carry this note to him.

[*She sits and writes.*

Dubuis. Here's something fresh, however. Instead of minding my business, to be scribbling about Tiridates. I'll teach him to——

Dumes. Where are you going?

Dubuis. I'm in a rage. Turn author, indeed! Well, that's the heaviest blow of all. Did ever I set him such a low example? I defy him for my son; I abandon him to his fate!

Dumes. Oh, no, no—your heart is not so bad as that. Think of his despair: a mind like his must be soothed. Never tell me that you wish his ruin—you, who love him so much. Why you said just now, "the life of your son before everything." Now I, in my turn, repeat to you—save him! save him!

Dubuis. Ah, my dear lady, your eloquence overcomes me! I have not the power to resist your kind and sweet voice.

Dumes. Begone, then—quick! Time presses. Calm his agitated feelings: give way to the kindness of your own heart.

Dubuis. Well, well, but to turn author, I shall never be able to hold up my head again; poor devil! ah, it all comes of his being to clever; but that is not his fault.

Dumes. No, nor yours.

Dubuis. Certainly not.

Dumes. Let your affection prevail; forgive the past.

Dubuis. Well, in all but Tiridates, I may; but to turn author! ah, what a trial for a father! [*Exit.*

Dumes. Well, I declare—I'm all in a tremble. I never felt so agitated—I, whose profession it is to express the passions. But it is very silly to alarm myself so. This plan is sure to succeed—he will come back.

Enter LOUISE, C. *from* L

Louise. He will come back? Do you think so?

Dumes. Yes—yes.

Louise. Ah, dear godmother, how kind you are! And will he marry me?

Dumes. What! marry you? Are you mad? What have you got in your head now? and what do you want?

Louise. Pardon dear godmother, I—I—Monsieur de Mallevaux's servant has been here an hour. He is waiting for the answer you promised his master.

Dumes. [*Absent.*] What!—what answer? To whom?

Louise. To the old counsellor, who is to be your husband.

Dumes. He? Pooh! a cold being, without either soul or energy. For heaven's sake, let them allow me to breathe awhile. To-morrow—the day after to-morrow——

Louise. What can be the matter with her? This is the first time that——

Dumes. What a passion! what love! what—because I do not resemble the object of his dreams, he carries his despair so far as to wish even to quit life. But fortunately, it was not me he saw this morning; whilst her he adores, whom he has imagined—thank heaven! that's me—myself!

then it is—oh, dear! oh, dear!

...s! and there's the theatre—my costume to be tried ... coming! I hear them! Shall I remain here, and see ...? No! but presently, yes, I presently will speak to him. ...e, come! I shall need your assistance. [*Exit, door* R. 3 E.

Yes, godmother. [*Remaining behind.*] How? She!—no, ...laim him; I was first—he must have explained himself—...—but here he comes. Oh, how depressed he looks! I dare not ...k to him; But when godmother speak to him, I'll take care to ... there. [*Exit, door* R. 3 E.

Enter DUBUISSON *and* ADRIEN, C. *from* L.

Dubuis. [*Supporting* ADRIEN.] Come, my boy, come. I tell you it is about the tragedy; I know all—Hum! you sly young dog! At least, listen to what she has to say to you. I won't be angry—I won't, indeed. Come, sit down here, good Monsieur Tiridates.

[*Placing chair* L.

Adrien. Oh! I did not wish to come. The very place inspires me with horror. It was here, I saw her—that woman once so sublime. That ideal, which I had myself set up, here descended from her pedestal. Oh! reality—reality! art thou worth the pain of living for?

Dubuis. There's no question about that. Your tragedy, my boy, your tragedy!

Adrien. [*Rising.*] Oh, that is the only link that attaches me to life. She writes to me, father, that she was mistaken; that she confounded my work with another; that the committee of the Comedie Francaise have already approved it.

Dubuis. Why not? [*Aside.*] His mania must be flattered. [*Aloud.*] A fine idea, that. But, Adrien, how did you do it? I suppose, now, it came upon you all at once?

Adrien. Yes, all at once.

Dubuis. In my office?

Adrien. When you were absent.

Dubuis. Now, I dare say you said to yourself, "My father is not here; he is about his business, and, in the meantime—[*Aside.*] the lazy young scoundrel! [*Aloud.*] Bravo, my boy! [*Aside.*] The Lord forgive me! They say your verses are superb?

Adrien. Indeed!

Dubuis. [*Aside.*] A heap of rubbish, I'll be bound. [*Aloud.*] You have genius—say no more about it.

Adrien. At least I had a soul. But the blow that has reached me has broken my lyre for ever.

Dubuis. That's it, my son; we understand each other perfectly well. As for your tragedy—it is done, and let it take it's chance. So be it: it appears that it is the fashion, now-a-days. Every one must scribble his little tragedy. It seems to form a part of the education of young people. All very well; but, now your lyre is, as you say, cracked—I beg your pardon, broken—the best thing you can do is, to devote your mind to the study of the laws, and the customs of the kingdom. I will introduce you to my clients; you will gain their

confidence; you must take care to conceal your genius, for if the public do no know it, you may succeed very well, and plead just as well as if you had never written a tragedy.

Adrien. Never, father!

Dubuis. What?

Adrien. Never!

Dubuis. But, you unhappy boy, that is the condition of your marriage with the daughter of the receiver of the salt duties.

Adrien. Oh, pray, say no more to me about that marriage.

Dubuis. But, I have promised——

Adrien. [*Firmly.*] And, on my part, I refuse.

Dubuis. Oh, dear!

Adrien. Never, never any other wife—no, no! I will live alone—always alone, in Paris.

Dubuis. There now! there now! we are going to have it all over again. And you take it up again in that way, do you? Well, then, I will resume my authority. I have been to indulgent. It's all very well for a little while, but I will not hear any more of these freaks. You are mad—completely mad; and, in virtue of my paternal authority, I seize on your body. Throw all your silly ideas to the wind—adopt mine, and take the coach for Mans. Come, obey!

Adrien. [*With energy.*] No, father. Since you urge me so far, and have no pity for me, I must seek refuge in my despair.

Dubuis. What!

Adrien. Yes, I will give myself up to the last extremities!

Dubuis. Good lord! good lord!

Adrien. I renounce life.

Dubuis. Unhappy boy!

Adrien. [*Going towards the* C. *door.*] And I will now end it. [MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL *appears at the door* R. 3 E. *in full tragic costume, followed by* LOUISE.

Dumes [*Striking out her arm, with an air of authority.*] "Stay!"

Adrien. Heavens! what do I see?

Dubuis. Why, it is she herself!

Dumes. "—Moderate such lively grief,
And lend an ear attentive to my voice.
I come to signify the still firm will
Of a proud queen, though in misfortune fallen,
Who will not lay down with her diadem
The empire a great heart has always o'er itself."

Adrien. [L.] Ah! those verses——

Dumes. [C.] Are yours.

Dubuis. [R.] His! Why they sound very well!

Adrien. What, mademoiselle!

Dumes. Yes, Adrien, I dissembled with you; but that part, composed by you with a feeling of love, struck me as a sort of revelation., I seemed at once to enter into the spirit and comprehend the sense of it. I studied it and searched for the true tone to give to that unfortunate queen, the captive of those Romans who despised her race, her country and her gods: to that unhappy woman who so nobly sac-

rifices her love to their barbarous prejudices, particularly in that scene in which, in the presence of the angry consul and the young Roman lady promised to her lover, she bids adieu to the hero.

Adrien. Can it be her I am listening to?

Dumes. [*to* DUBUISSON.] Fall into the situation! you, Monsieur, I mean, you are the consul—the irritated father.

Dubuis. Who! I?

Dumes. You are about to curse him—I stop you.

Dubuis. But I——

Adrien. Father! father! for Heaven's sake!

Dumes. [*to* LOUISE.] You are the young Roman lady.

Louise. I have as much cause to be sad.

Dumes. You are restless, anxious, you must watch his looks, his words.

Louise. [R. C. *Aside.*] Who would have made me believe that my godmother——

Dumes. [C.] And I—I thus address my Tiberious:

"Of a stern sire obey the rigid law:
Far, far from me, in camps, since so he wills,
To your proud standard victory enchain:
No more of me, alone of glory think.
But still one moment, in my present state,
In vain I would conceal from you my grief;
My weakness conquers this great sacrifice.
I finish weeping, for, alas! I love!
I love, yet quit you. Your proud Roman sire
For you has scorned the hand of a great queen.
He views in me one of a race proscribed:
This regal circle glittering on my brow,
On which the world such mighty virtue sees,
Is, in a Roman's eyes, an object of contempt."

Dubuis. [R.] Then, they are wrong; I say, a woman like you——

Adrien. [L.] Silence, father, pray!

Dumes. [*Turning to* LOUISE.]

"But thou, fair girl, cans't think in thy young soul,
A queen's heart beats not with a woman's throb——
That I can neither suffer, weep nor love,
Or, can be crushed, nor refuge seek in death.
Oh, Heaven, this fatal union wilt avert,
And then, bestowing, on thy rival, tears,
Wilt dread to strike two hearts desponding, which
Would die at once, if rudely torn apart.

Louise. No, no, godmother, I would not wish you to die of grief, certainly, and if I have any claims, I——

Dumes. Hold your tongue—you put me out.

Dubuis. It's very effecting, though!

Adrien. Is it not? [*To* MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL.] Ah! for Heaven's sake, go on, go on! [*Prompting.*] "And thou, who with dry eyes—"

Dumes. [*Turning towards* DUBUISSON.]

"And thou, who with dry eye beholdst such tears,
Oh! may the gods avert my sad alarms!
Some day, perhaps, by their fierce bolts o'erwhelmed,
In morning veiled, alone upon the earth,
Casting in empty space a backward glance,
In vain you'll seek a son in life's career,
Your days' support you'll find, alas, is fallen:—
Bow'd by remorse, for ever you'll remain,

Dubuis. My son, my son! what does that mean? Don't joke, don't joke!

Adrien. [*Giving the reply and crossing over to* R. C.]——

"Prevent, prevent a destiny so sad,
There still is time, command that she remain."

Dumes. "My lord, degrade not your proud heart with prayers."

Adrien. "You're silent! well, a glorious death, then, shall,
Ending my days, avenge me on yourself;
Adieu, adieu, adieu!"

Dubuis. [*Stopping him.*] Will you stay where you are? will you stay where you, are, you unhappy boy? this is the third time to-day.

Adrien. Why, father, you are crying!

Dubuis. How the deuce can I help it? I feel quite melted.

Louise. And so do I, hi, hi, hi! [*Sobbing.*

Adrien. And this is all the effect of my verses! Oh! Heavens! and that voice which impresses such value upon them. Oh! let me listen to it again, enchantress! yes, that queen, that is you! that lover that is I! Upon my knees I await your reply.

Dumes. My reply! You still must dictate.

"Live, live, because I love you;
You, who from danger saved my threatened life,
That life belongs to him who could protect it,
'Gainst such a claim what rival can pretend?
Pledge of my faith, my lord, I render up
This gage, which, lost in battles fought for me,
Attests the valor of thy generous arm;
By it the memory of our love shall live——
Some victories gained—you'll proudly bring it back.
Take it."

Adrien. My pocket book!

Dubuis. His pocket book! what the devil is *that* in the tragedy? Which is the false? Which is the true? I can't make it out! I'm quite bewildered!

Adrien. [*To* MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL.] Oh, madame, say that all is true.

Dumes. Yes, all, except the deformities I assumed to disgust you. Oh, how dearly did that cost me. [*Crosses to* DUBUISSON.] Well, sir, are you disarmed, do you relent?

Dubuis. Needs must when—why the young dog made his father cry! but he, the son of a notary, too. And you—you! this then is what is called an actress! Zounds! I can't help yielding.

Louise. [*Sobbing*, L.] Nor I neither, dear godmother.

Dumes. [*Embracing her.*] Generous rival! that is well! very well, my child! You have evinced some precocious dispositions! So, in a few days I will make you——

Louise. Come out?

Dumes. No; I will make you leave Paris for Boulogne-sur-Mur.

Louise. Oh! why?

Dumes. I will follow you thither, as soon as I have secured the success of Adrien's tragedy, and perhaps, some day, Dumesnil may abdicate her crown, and change her name.

Adrien. To assume mine, I hope.

Dumes. The hour approaches. Come, gentlemen, to the theatre! I can fancy I hear the bell—all to our parts! The great night is come. [*To the* PUBLIC.

"When I, with lessons harsh and rude.
The illusions crushed of a young heart,
In me 'twas plain ingratitude,
For, on such dreams exists our art.
I feel it now, and tremble too!
Kind friends around, my part is o'er,
I dream of triumph, but if you
Reject my claim, wake me no more!

Disposition of the characters at the fall of the curtain:

DUBUIS. DUMES. ADRIEN. LOUISE.

R. L.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CL.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS.

An Original Farce, in One Act.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAUL,

Author of "A Lucky Hit," "Queen of Arragon," "Rappings and Table Movings," "Locked Out," &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[Opposite Neighbors.]

	Strand, London, 1854.	*Burton's Chambers Street, N. Y.*	*Barnum's, N. Y.*
Fresco, -	Mr. Howard Paul.	Mr. T. B. Johnston.	Mr. Levick.
Florette, -	Mrs. Howard Paul.	Miss Mary Taylor.	Mrs. Radinski.
Judy, -	Miss Hammond.	Mrs. Holman.	Mrs. Burroughs.

TIME, Present. COSTUME, Modern.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS.

SCENE.—*The stage is thus divided. An apartment is shown,* L., *an attic, with door in* F., *and door leading off* L., *in which are chairs, table, a small basket, wax flowers, and cupboard containing tea things, at side a furnace and tea kettle. A similar apartment is shown* R. *side, in which are chairs, table, small mirror, telescope, palette, brushes and pencils, a book on table, a collar hung up on line in one corner, vest, shaving tackle, razor, strop, &c., a cupboard at side, in which are tea things, and a fireplace, on which is a kettle of water. The space between the attics represents a narrow street, at the back of which are seen the tops of houses and chimneys, both attics have practicable windows directly opposite each other, the one on* L., *has a ledge on which are placed pots of flowers, the one on* R., *has a towel pinned up for a curtain. In the space between the houses a trap is arranged to admit a ladder being passed up, this is concealed by a coping stone placed at the front between the two houses.*

FLORETTE *is discovered in room* L., *making artificial flowers;* FRESCO *discovered in his shirt sleeves, asleep in room* R., *he is lying on two chairs with a "London Journal" thrown over his face.*

Florette. [*Going to the window.*] I declare it's hot enough to-day to melt the wax in one's fingers, and I can't coax these stupid camelias to look natural. [*Looking at the opposite window.*] My inquisitive friend opposite is taking a nap evidently, for I can hear him snore all the way here. I confess I'm fond of music, but a solo on that part of the countenance recognized as the nose is not to my taste.—[*Listens.*] I do wonder if I make that style of melody when I am asleep. If I thought I did I would lie awake some night and listen to

myself. [*Returning to her work.*] How absurd of me, to be sure!— What is it to me if he does snore, or if he does not either, for th matter of that? An inquisitive, impertinent fellow, always starin into my room instead of attending to his work, whatever it be! H is not bad looking certainly, but, la! what are his looks to me? Ev when I'm eating he has not the good manners to keep his eyes awa but seems to count every mouthful. The other day when I had liv and bacon for dinner, I heard him laugh, as if there was anythi laughable in liver, or droll about bacon. The fact is, I shall be co pelled to move, and put an end to his impudence.

[*Makes tea and arranges tea things.*

Fresco. [*Turns in his sleep and falls off the chair crushing his h which is lying on the floor.*] Hollo! where the duece am I? Wh I do believe I have fallen asleep, or rather I have fallen after I f asleep. What an absurd foolish dream I have had. I thought I w elected president of the Royal Academy, in consequence of a striki picture I had painted of Oliver Cromwell and Charles I. playing cri bage for the crown—[*Seeing his hat*]—of the crown. [*Taking up h hat.*] Hollo! talking of crowns—the one belonging to my hat is in picturesque condition. How did it happen, I wonder? I must ha tumbled on it! [*Trying it on.*] Never mind! there is no use of grie ing about it. Sixpen'orth of ironing and brushing will put it all rig Fortunately hats are like pictures, they can be restored. [*Rubbing h eyes*]. I wonder what time it is? I don't know whether I've be asleep ten minutes or three weeks. By-the-bye, if I'm going to t play to-night, I must wake up a little. [*Gets shaving tackle and la ers his face.*] I can't help thinking about that absurd dream of mi President of the Royal Academy, indeed! What a leap from an tic to a—absurd! I don't look like the president of anything at p sent. What a bore it is—this embossing your countenance with so and then scraping it off again the next minute. [*He pulls the to down from the window.*] This towel is the most useful thing on reco it serves for a napkin, a duster, a table cloth, a cravat, a pocket-han kerchief, I once boiled a pudding in one end of it, and I'm strong the conviction that if I were to stick in some studs it would p muster for a shirt front. [*He goes to window,* FLORETTE *at the sa time goes to hers and they see each other*]. Ah, Miss! I catch y looking at me, do I?

Florette. Nothing of the sort, sir, I was watching a butterfly. [*Aside.*] Impudent fellow.

Fresco. If he comes this way, I'll shave off his whiskers. The id of a butterfly up this narrow street. It must have lost its way. Wh color was it?

Florette. [*Peevishly.*] It was pale salmon with red eyes.

Fresco. Red eyes! It must have been dissipating. [*He shaves hi self.*] Was it a large one may I inquire?

Florette. [*Aside.*] I'll meet his audacity half way. [*Aloud.*] It w about the size of a bandbox. [*Sits and drinks tea.*

Fresco. Dear little darling if it keeps on growing it will be a go size. [*Aside.*] I find she she is ready witted, I must pay her off in h

own coin. [*Finishes shaving and wipes off the lather with the towel.*] I say, Miss, can't you throw me over a cup of tea? I'll be so much obliged to you. [*She does not notice his remark.*] Never mind any sugar, but put in lots of cream. [*Goes from window and takes paper and pencil.*] Now is a good opportunity of finishing my sketch. While she draws her tea I'll draw her face.

Florette. [*Suddenly shrieking as if she had burnt her mouth with the tea.*] I have scalded myself. Oh dear!

Fresco. [*Who is watching her.*] That's a neat expression of feature to introduce in a picture. [*Calling to her.*] I say, don't disfigure your face in that way. It would puzzle Vandyke himself. [*She does not look at the window.*] Be quiet now and look pretty.

Florette. [*Aside.*] The brute! I wish he had this cup of tea down his——— Poor fellow it's very wicked of me. [*Glancing coyly at the window.*] I wonder what he is doing. I fancy he is a painter, or something of that sort.

Fresco. [*Who is sketching.*] That's better! A little more shading will bring out her eyes. I wonder what she does so much with flowers! She is always behind tulips or water lilies, or her little hands are clasping forget-me-nots or May-roses.

Florette. I know what I should like now. I'd give the world for some shrimps. [*Singing to herself.*

Fresco. [*Also getting out his tea things from cupboard.*] There, I think that will do for the present. Now, then, for some young Hyson. Pshaw! I haven't got a drop of milk; and as for credit, that's only a fond dream of the past. [*Going to window.*] I say Miss Beautiful—I don't know your other name—may I beg a favor of you?

Florette. [*Aside.*] What does he want I wonder? [*Aloud.*] Well, sir?

Fresco. Can't you spare me a drop of your milk? I have sent my cow into the country to graze. [*He hangs his cream jug to the end of a walking stick, and holds it out of the window.*] Don't say no—let me appeal to your milk of human kindness.

Florette. [*Aside.*] I can't let him go without his tea. [*Aloud.*] Will you promise not to stare so much into my room?

Fresco. Three teaspoonfuls of milk at this moment will bind me to anything. [*She takes his cream jug and pours some from her own into it.*

Florette. Don't forget your promise as soon as you have made it. [*Hanging the jug on the cane and returning it.*] You should thank the narrow street for this favor.

Fresco. Many thanks; if I can lend you anything in return command me. [*Aloud.*] She's a perfect little duck! [*Sits at tea.*

Florette. [*Clearing away her tea things, and arranging her hair before glass.*] I don't know what the neighbors will think of seeing cream jugs making excursions from one window to the other. I must move and put an end to this nonsense. I *must* stay in this neighborhood though, on account of my work; and I can't find apartments about here, except in the house over the way. Well, it's better to be

under the same roof and not see him, than be in another house an stared out of countenance.

Fresco. [*Suddenly going to window with spy glass.*] Oh! she is a ranging her hair. [*Her back is turned.*] What a nice little neck she got, as long and dainty as Anne Boleyn's.

Florette. [*Perceiving him with the glass.*] What, broken yo promise already? Just like all men.

Fresco. I confess it is, but you are so very pretty. By-the-bye c you lend me two lumps of sugar? I'll pay you again, and give y a lump for interest. I expect soon to sell the Three Graces.

Florette. Sell what?

Fresco. The Graces! My picture at the Fine Arts Institution!

Florette. Are you a painter?

Fresco. Yes.

Florette. A house painter?

Fresco. No, thank you.

Florette. [*Throwing the lumps of sugar into his room.*] There catch them—Oh dear, one has fallen into the street. [*They look out their windows.*] It has hit a policeman on the nose.

Fresco. Pull in your head, or we shall be arrested for assault. [*They withdraw simultaneously.*] I'll bet ten to one he pockets th lump of sugar if there is nobody looking.

Florette. That terrible man will get me into some difficulty yet. [*She resumes her work with the flowers.*

Fresco. I don't think I want any more tea. [*Lighting his pipe a going to the window.*] I say, my dear!

Florette. My dear! What do you mean?

Fresco. I mean that you are a dear, of course—all womenkind a dears, so of course, you must be one.

Florette. If you think I am such a dear, perhaps you will do me favor.

Fresco. [*Jumping up on the window.*] I rush to do it!—if you c only manage to put anything across the windows, I'll spurn the da ger beneath, and crawl to you like a snail.

Florette. You are very amiable, but I don't want you here—I a you as a favor———

Fresco. Yes.

Florette. To keep your eyes away from my window.

Fresco. I have all the desire to oblige you, but, hang the thin in spite of all I can do, I find my eyes wandering towards you! [*Walking about his room.*] What a provoking thing it is to fall in lov Why was such a star placed in front of my window, to lure me by brightness? [*His pipe drops and breaks.*] Good-bye old friend! y and I have been often in the clouds together. [*Takes his telescope a returns to window.*] There is no use of talking—I am enslaved her charms!

Florette. If you don't put aside that telescope, I'll call up a polic man.

Fresco. Ha, ha! then I'll tell him you hit him on the nose with lump of sugar.

Florette. You should be ashamed to play spy.

Fresco. I'm short-sighted.

Florette. [*Going to window and speaking sharply.*] Sir, you drive me to extremities! I shall move at once!

[*She takes basket and fills it with articles in room.*

Fresco. [*Watching her with his glass.*] Egad! she is packing up, and no mistake.

Florette. This persecution is insupportable! My month is up, and the rent paid, thank heaven!

Fresco. [*Aside.*] I wish I could say the same. [*Aloud.*] Please don't go, that's a delightful creature! I shall be desolate! What would the earth be without the sun? What is the night without a moon? What will I do without you? Some ugly old man may take your room, and I can't look at him.

Florette. [*Having packed her articles comes to the window.*] There now, sir, use your telescope as much as you like! I'll be the point of your observations, optically or otherwise, no longer.

SONG.*

That man is the plague of my life!
Impertinent man,
He does all he can,
To make me, to make me unhappy.
He ogles and stares,
And scans my affairs;
And calls me a dear,
Which sounds very queer;
Protests I'm a dove,
A pet, and a love!
And calls my eyes bright, as stars of the night;
Till more than enough,
I'm sick of such stuff,
Now, isn't it really provoking? [*Repeated.*

That man is the plague of my life!
He hopes to succeed,
He's done so indeed,
Of making me very unhappy.
He smiles with a wink,
And then only think,
He swears he'll pursue—
Whate'er shall I do?
And vows he'll not part
From the girl of his heart.
Says he'll lay down his life to make me his wife.
Morn, evening and noon
He sings the same tune,
Now isn't it really provoking.

* The Music by C. W. Glover, Esq.

Good-bye, Mr Paul Pry! [*She shuts down her window and exit in t*

Fresco. [*During the song he sits on window sills, smokes, and li tens to her.*] Well, well; I didn't think she'd go to such length as t leave her lodgings. I've often heard of staring a person out of cou tenance, but I've stared her out of house and home. [*Picking up lump of sugar and putting it in his pocket.*] I'll keep this lump sugar to remind me of my love. [*Putting on his boots.*] I wish I kne where she intends moving, I would move too, that is if I can slip o of the house unseen by the landlady. Foolish woman, she has g that wretched notion of punctuality of payment in her head, th landladies will indulge in.

Enter JUDY, D. *in* F.

Well, my "pretty gazelle,' what's the matter?

Judy. If you plaze sir, missus says that she won't wait anoth hour for the money, but that you must——

Fresco. Yes, I know. Well——

Judy. And she has put up a bill on the front, if you plaze sir, th the room be's to let.

Fresco. That means go.

Judy. And she towld me to say, that the picter ye'd painted of t ould woman with nothing on she'll let go towards paying what y owe her.

Fresco. What! keep my Psyche—the Psyche of my soul? Ah, i all right.

Judy. [*Weeping.*] I must bid you good-bye, sir. Devil a ha'por did you ever give me, sir, but I like you nor the worse for that.

Fresco. [*Shaking her by the hand.*] Good-bye. Where are y going—back to Ireland?

Judy. Not if I know it, sir. I'm going to lave the missus, to li across the street, where I'm to have beer twice a month.

Fresco. That's an important consideration. [*Spreading the tow and putting pipe, book, palette, brushes, &c.,*] I say, where is n linen?

Judy. [*Giving a collar which is hung up.*] Here it is, sir.

Fresco. But this is not all.

Judy. If you plaze, sir, the shirt that I washed, went to pieces the tub, and there is nothing left but the tail and buttons.

Fresco. Well, Judy, I have long wished to give you some litt token of regard, you will retain them as a momento of manly affe tion.

Judy. [*Aside, weeping.*] I always said he had a good heart. [*Aloud* I fear I m robbin' of you sir. [*She shuts down the window.*

Fresco. Don't mention it, Judy, I would have given you the enti garment if it hadn't gone to pieces. [*Puts the telescope under his arm ties up the bundle, and carries the vest in his hand.*] I must loo about the neighborhood and get a corner to lay my head. To-mo row I'll commit suicide, for what is life since the idol of my hea has flown from me. Good-bye, Judy darling, don't say a word

your missus, and I'll make an unassuming exit by way of the back staircase. [*Exit* D. *conducting off* R.

Judy. Poor young man—he does paint sich beautiful picters; he's towld me a thousand times what an illigant sketch my face would make in water colors. [*A voice without calls* "Judy."] Comin' ma'am. [*Goes to the* D., *in* F., *when a voice says,* "Show this lady the room."] Yes ma'am. [*Looking out and speaking.*] Will you walk up this way, miss?

Enter FLORETTE, D. *in* F. *of room* R., *with basket and parcel in her hand.*

Judy. Be careful ma'am, where you tread; the room has not been brushed out. [*Aside.*] This is the young person who lived over the way.

Florette. This is not the room—it must be on the floor below. [*Looking about.*] However, this will do, I suppose. Is this one to let, too?

Judy. Yes, if you plaze! The gentleman has just moved from it—him that used to look at you over the way.

Florette. Is it possible? Has he moved in reality, and I have found my way to the very room the monster occupied? I'll not stay—yet, let me see, the monster is not here himself, and it is a comfort to know he is not in the same house. I must be in the neighborhood on account of my customers.

[*She takes things from basket and arranges them.*

Judy. [*aside.*] I'll lay a pratie to a row of pine that she is followin' the monster, as she calls him. It quite shocks my morals, so it does. [*Exit* D. *in* F.

Florette. What an inconsistent man, to be sure. If he had only moved before it would have saved me the trouble. [*Looking about.*] And this is his room. The idea of my getting into his apartment of all others in the world. I declare there are so many little rooms in these wretched houses, one never knows where one is located. There is one consolation I have above all others—he will not be able to stare at me any more. It is something to know that one is rid of a nuisance.

FRESCO *enters room on* L. *side, at back, which* FLORETTE *vacated. He has bundle, telescope and waistcoat—looks off and speaks as he enters.*

Fresco. Yes, madam, I'll see if this room will suit me. [*Looks about it.*] Hang these lodgings, they are as full of rooms as the town is of chimneys! [*Placing his bundle on table and hanging up his waistcoat.*] This will do as well as any other, I suppose. It makes little difference where my wretched head reposes. [*Sits.*] Oh, Lord! I'm desperately hard up. I took that waistcoat to my uncle's and the wretch only wanted to lend me eighteen pence on it—and it cost me two and twenty shillings. [*Goes to window with his telescope.*] Hollo! Where am I? I think I have seen that room before. [*Opening the window.*]

Florette. Bless me! how warm it is! [*Going to the window, as they open them simultaneously.*] What! Can it be possible? M Telescope!

Fresco. [*Looks through the telescope.*] Yes—it is possible—my litt star—Miss Venus—so we are near each other again. [*Aside.*] This an odd move, I must confess.

Florette. [*Aside.*] I'm his victim. I see that clearly. How did y get there?

Fresco. By the simplest means in the world—I moved and can here. You, on the other hand, moved, and went there. I'm cheerf —how are you?

Florette. Miserable, I thank you, I thought I had avoided you.

Fresco. You see we are destined to be face to face—to be ne each other—to—

Florette. Stare me out of my senses—that's what you shou say.

Fresco. My dear, depend on it, it's a fatality.

Florette. It's a great shame, more like. [*She leaves the windo and prepares her flower work.*] Where can my scissors be?

Fresco. [*Leaves the window and takes his pipe.*] She don't seem take to this window wooing. Where are the matches, I wonder? must have left them over the way. [*Returns to the window.*] I h a box of matches in my room—your room—I beg your pardon—w you have the kindness to throw them over?

Florette. [*Who is looking about for scissors.*] I could not ha brought them with me. [*Goes to window.*] I beg your pardon—ha you a pair of scissors that don't belong to you?

Fresco. Did you leave a pair? [*Looking about finds scissors on t floor.*] Here they are—stand from under. [*She stands aside and throws them into her room.*] Now, if you will retort by giving me n matches, I'll consider myself yours truly.

Florette. [*Throwing a box across.*] There they are.

Fresco. [*Lighting his pipe.*] Your little distant attentions are d lightful.

Florette. The more distant your attentions become, the better. And let me tell you I've decided to speak with you no more.

Fresco. Why, may I ask?

Florette. Don't you know you are perilling my reputation by tal ing to me from your window?

Fresco. We have no neighbors who can hear.

Florette. Do you suppose you are surrounded by deaf people?

Fresco. I don't mean that. I mean no one hears us.

Florette. But there are passers by.

Fresco. If they dare to look up and listen, Ill throw hot ashes their heads.

Florette. That's all very well, but I must not talk with you— least in this way—across the street. [*She closes the window.*] Af all there is nothing like a fixed determination. [*Exit,* R. D.

Fresco. She must not talk with me any more—at least, across t street. Come, that's a favorable sympton. Perhaps a billet do

full of vows and adjectives, and scented with orange flower would not be amiss. But then it is absurd to write to a person within speaking distance of you; it seems like giving the postman unnecessary trouble. Besides, I am not quite sure I can remain here. The landlord looked at me very hard, and has gone over the way for a reference. Such a reference as I'll get—notwithstanding I threw out hints that I had a rich uncle in Patagonia, in the kangaroo trade. [*A knocking at the door.*] What's the matter. [*Goes to door in* F., *and speaks to person without.*] How about the reference?

Man's Voice. [*In a decided tone.*] You must leave here at once.

Fresco. That's pleasant news for a man without a shilling in his pocket. [*Coming down and taking parcel, vest, and telescope.*] Once more a pilgrim. I'm worse off than a thistle blow that beats about the world; for that has a charmed life, and my life is everything but charming. [*Goes to window.*] Ah, me! she is over there, and I can no longer be opposite her. Hang it, I am willing to pay one month in advance, after I've had a month's possession. Now then to to contrive a plan to see her. [*With a start.*] Talk of ideas, Ive got one that will answer my purpose gloriously. I'll put it in practice without delay.

[*Exit singing* D., *in* F.—*The stage is seen to grow gradually dark.*

Enter FLORETTE, R. *with lighted candle.*

Florette. Dear me, I ought to have sent my gloves to the cleaners, if I intend going to the play to-night. [*Going to window.*] My telescope friend for a wonder seems quiet. He's not a bad young man, if he would find other employment for his eyes than following me with them. [*Seeing her picture.*] I have seen that face somewhere—in my own mirror, if I am not mistaken. [*Looking in the glass and then at the picture.*] I'ts very like me, only I dont think the eyes are dark enough. There's one thing to be said, he has never been near enough to find out their real color.

A song introduced—at the conclusion of which a ladder is seen to rise up from the space representing the Street, which is placed against the window, R., *and* FRESCO *is seen upon it.*

—It is a pity these young artists are so imprudent and reckless. It seems to me they will do anything on earth.

Fresco. [*Listening at window.*] Or in the air either, she might add. Like Mahomet's coffin, I'm now between the earth and heaven.

Florette. It's a riddle to me' why these young artists are so poor—they ought to get on in the world.

Fresco. [*Listening.*] I'm up in the world, thanks to this ladder.—[*Tapping gently at the window.*

Florette. Bless me, what's that? Can it be a little bird has lost it's way.

Fresco. I'm a bird of passage, but I fear my plumage will not please her. [*Knocking loudly at the window.*

Florette. A bird does not make so much noise as that. Good hea ens, can it be robbers? [*Going to window and opening it.*] Who there? Speak, or I'll throw a jug of water over you.

Fresco. Don't do that. I washed my face this morning, and I pr fer the old fashioned plan. It's only me.

Florette. Only you, what are you doing there?

Fresco. Making you an outside call, like a wall-flower.

Florette. You shall not come in, so don't think it.

Fresco. Bless you, I'm very comfortable here. Can't you put yo little white hand out of the window and toy with my hair—just ima ine it's Cape jessamines you are dallying with.

Florette. You'll get the contents of the water jug if you don't go

Fresco. I offer you a beautiful floral delusion, and you suggest shower bath in return. I did think if I got to the very top of the s cial ladder you might condescend to notice me. Ah! it's the way the world. I must descend without this condescension. [*The ladd is heard to crack violently.*] Eh! the devil, the ladder is cracking, I don't hurry I'll go down quicker than I bargained for. [*The ladd is seen to fall and he clings to the window ledge.*] Save me! sa me! [*She screams and seizes him by the shoulders and he scramb on to the sill, in doing so he kisses her.*] Thank the gods you ha saved my life. [*He hangs over the window without entering.*

Florette. And you have no more gratitude than to kiss me.

Fresco. It was gratitude that prompted it. Even in the midst of pe your cheek was not lost sight off.

Florette. I believe you threw the ladder down on purpose.

Fresco. I admit love drives me to desperate lengths, but witho my life, what use is my love? I assure you the ladder left me qu of its own accord.

Florette. Well, now you must go away.

Fresco. Follow the ladder—is that what you mean?

Florette. No, but I don't want you here.

Fresco. I have often heard the extremely vulgar question aske "Where do you hang out?" but I must confess this position with on heels in the street is anything but comfortable or romantic.

[*He attempts to climb in.*

Florette. Now don't come in, there's a good man.

Fresco. I'm getting giddy, and if I was to let go my hold I wou be as likely to fall one way as the other. [*He climbs in.*] That's b ter. [*He falls on his knees at her feet.*] Empress of my soul—pard the novelty of the observation—to you I owe my life.

Florette. If it's any use to you, I'm very glad I saved it.

Fresco. It is of no use unless you smile on me.

Florette. But I do not even know your name.

Fresco. What's in a name? [*Aside.*] Another novel observation. [*Aloud.*] My name is not Norval, nor anything like it—it's Fresco Frank Fresco.

Florette. And you are a painter?

Fresco. Yes, and you should see my pictures at the National Ins tution. The Three Graces—an old subject I admit, but I ha

grouped them in quite a novel way—price fifty guineas. If somebody would only get attached to them and take them off my hands—

Florette. We have got so far—you are an artist—by name Fresco; with a fortune of fifty guineas in perspective, provided your picture makes its way into somebody's good graces.

Fresco. But remember—I have health, strength, pencils, canvas, imagination, and a powerful ambition. See what I may do. Claude Lorraine, whose pictures are immortal, made pies before he painted, and executed his first work in an oven. Though now I labor in a garret, who knows but what I may one day ride in my coach, if I am true to my colors.

Florette. [*Aside.*] What charming persuasion. [*Aloud.*] I must tell you I am an orphan.

Fresco. All the better!

Florette. [*Reproachfully.*] What did you say?

Fresco. I don't mean what you mean—I shall feel a greater charm in protecting and loving you.

Florette. And I have no other means of subsistence than making artificial flowers.

Fresco. While you mould buds and blossoms, I'll paint them—so that we can cultivate a little ideal paradise, and revel among flowers of our own creating.

Florette. I feel myself going every moment. [*Aloud.*] Well, there is my hand——

Enter JUDY, D. *in* F.

Judy. Plaze miss, did you ring. (*To* FRESCO), Why, how did you get here, master? [*Taking a letter from her bosom.*] This letter just came for you, and I was agoing to put it in the post, because I didn't know where you lived. [*Exit* JUDY, D. *in* L.

Fresco. [*Glancing at letter.*] Tra, la, la! the Graces are sold at last, and the money paid to the secretary. And now my dear little——

Florette. Florette.

Fresco. Florette, what though our acquaintance did begin at a window, it was a very open way of proceeding.

Florette. And the faithless ladder by which you ascended must have been that of love.

Fresco. To be sure it was. Fate decreed that we should live opposite to each other, and fate further decreed that I should gain my first interview, not by the common-place means of a door, but a window. Fate is satisfied—I am happy to say, and now who shall we ask to our wedding?

Florette. I have our wedding guests in my eye at this moment; if they would consent to honor our humble nuptials with their presence.

Fresco. [*Looking around the room.*] Who are they?

Florette. Who are they? How can you ask?—why, our opposite neighbors, of course. [*Indicating audience.*

I wish to ask a favor—by the way—
Folks always do, just as they end a play;
For anxious authors, lest their piece should flag,
Are careful to append a pleasant tag,
In which an actress stands before the lights,
And hopes to see you here no end of nights;
Then, if you smile, your deference she lauds,
And so the matter ends—*by your applause!*
If I can gain my point, I'll all invite,
To be our "OPP'SITE NEIGHBORS" ev'ry night.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CLI.

THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST;

OR,

ALL RIGHT.

An Original Farce, in One Act.

BY S. BARRY,

Author of "A Romance in High Life," "Coachman and the Heiress,' "Persecuted Dutchman," "Capital Prize," "Dick Tarleton," "Spirit of '76," "Who is the Father?" "A Leaf of Crime," "It runs in the Family," &c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

Cast of the Characters.—[THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST.]

	Original, Bowery, 1857.	*National*, 1858.
HANS BARTH	Mr. S. Barry.	Mr. S. Barry.
MR. BURPLE	Mr. W. Bellamy.	Mr. W. Robertson.
HENRY SCHAEL	Mr. A. F. Blake.	Mr. L. H. Everitt.
CHARLEY	Mr. I. Duncan.	Mr. Chapman.
JONES	Mr. J. Bilby.	Mr. S. Bradshaw.
MRS. BURPLE	Mrs. Axtel.	Mrs. Bradshaw.
CATHERINE	Miss F. Denham.	Miss A Wilks.

Costume.

HANS.—As a Turner. Linen coat and pants—red neckerchief—heavy red beard—Kossuth hat, &c.

MR. BURPLE.—Plain modern suit.

HENRY.—Ibid.

CHARLEY.—Ibid.

JONES.—Black gown, &c.

MRS. BURPLE.—Old-fashioned short waist and skirt, of grey or brown.

CATHERINE—Plain, but very neat.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Burple's House. Bed, with curtains. Table, chairs, &c. Door,* R. 2. E.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. BURPLE, R.

Bur. I say not, my dear.

Mrs. B. And I say he is. So don't contradict me again, or I shall be compelled to resort to—— [*Shows key.*

Bur. I didn't mean it, my dear—I only wished to impress upon your mind that Hans is too far advanced in years for our daughter.

Mrs. B. How dare you question my judgment? Hans has a snug two-story frame, and something laid up beside. Hans carries on a large coffin manufactory.

Bur. So you look out for number one. Polished mahogany—silver plate—in case, my dear, anything should happen—you understand.

Mrs. B. Allow me to inform you, Mr. Burple, there's not so much good fortune in store for you, as the approaching of my latter end.

Bur. Mrs. B., I never expressed a wish or desire as regards your latter end. The contrary, my dear, I shall be rejoiced to see you live —all your life!

Mrs. B. I shall, my stupid, if only to oppose you in your absurdities. Were I to die to-day, the prospect is that to-morrow my precious remains would be disgraced by the absence of mahogany, and not so much as a daub of brick dust by way of ornament.

Bur. There you are wrong, my dear; for not long since, I ordered one of the most beautiful carriages I could find.

Mrs. B. Carriages, Mr, Burple!

Bur. Properly speaking, carriage—vulgar, coffin.

Mrs. B. For me?

Bur. Yes, my dear. Rosewood, with a most beautiful and costly plate, fifteen Spanish dollars worked up according to order, with your name in full, sufficient space for age, time of the happy event, &c., &c.

Mrs. B. You hard-hearted old wretch! you—you dilapidated specimen of villainy. A coffin for me! happy event! You shall lament this over a crust of bread and a glass of water in your favorite room.

Bur. My dear, allow me to——

Mrs. B. Not a word! You have confessed your guilt, and shall suffer the penalty. So go!

Bur. Go! where?

Mrs. B. There! [*Pointing to door*, R. 2 E.] Are you going?

Bur. Yes, my dear——

Mrs. B. Go! [*Shoves him in and locks door.*

Bur. [*Within.*] My dear, there's a window in this room fifty feet ground.

Mrs. B. Then jump out of it!

Bur. I prefer the bread and water.

Mrs. B. I'm mistress, master, judge, and jury here. What I say's law—woman's rights triumphant! Not marry Hans! We shall see. Here comes Catherine. I'll try persuasion—if that won't do, I know what will.

Enter CATHERINE, L. H.

Catherine, my dear, come here.

Cath. [*Aside*] How changed—"my dear." Mother.

Mrs. B. Catherine, do you love your mother?

Cath. Love *you*, mother! Yes, when you do not scold me.

Mrs. B. Scold you, child! you know 'tis not my nature. Care of my family has at times excited me to harsh words, perhaps to scold *you*, but then, my dear, 'twas always for your good.

Cath. Yes, mother; but you should know the disposition of your child—you would find that loving words have far more, and better effect, than all the harsh commands you can use.

Mrs. B. [*Aside.*] We shall see. Listen to me, Catherine. You are now of that age when young ladies look about them for a worthy object, on whom they may place their affections; you, I suppose, are not unlike others, so I imagine you have done the same already.

Cath. No, mother, no.

Mrs. B. No! no favorite little beaux?

Cath. None.

Mrs. B. That's fortunate. Catherine, let me advise you. Beware of those pretty fellows, for almost invariably these pretty fellows, in their handsome liveries, (not paid for, some,) can scarcely support themselves, let alone a wife and half-a-dozen squalling brats. When I married your father, he was pretty well to do, and he, (knowing me to be a kind, virtuous, sincere, and economical girl,) could not do better than marry.

Cath. Yes, mother, you were fortunate to obtain so good a husband.

Mrs. B. The reverse, my dear. As regards yourself, I think that I have made a very good choice; to be sure he is not very young, nor very good-looking; he has money—money and age can pass where youth, beauty and poverty dare not enter. A widower, with money—only one child—company, my dear, company.

Cath. And this husband you've selected for me?

Mrs. B. I have, my dear. Now do I not love you?

Cath. Mother, I have not loved yet.

Mrs. B. Romantic nonsense! You will, my dear, when you shall hear the music of his coin.

Cath. A person perhaps I have never seen.

Mrs. B. Oh, yes, my dear; a friend of the family.

Cath. Who, pray, mother, is it?

Mrs. B. Hans Barth.

Cath. Mother!

Mrs. B. Catherine!

Cath. He's old enough to be my father.

Mrs. B. He has money, my dear.

Cath. Foolish, ignorant, miserly——

Mrs. B. He has money, my dear.

Cath. I never did, nor never can *like* him.

Mrs. B. You can love—his money. Catherine, will you marry Hans, provided he can make himself agreeable?

Cath. That he can never do, nor will I marry him.

Mrs. B. Not for your dear, kind old mother?

Cath. Not without my heart's consent.

Mrs. B. You impudent, thoughtless little hussy. Your heart's consent! what's that, compared to a mother's? Undutiful child! you will break you poor mother's heart!

Cath. Mother!

Mrs. B. Silence—not a word! hush—sh! He'll be here directly; receive him with respect; love—his money; or I'll lock you up, I'll tear—— [*Going*, L., *meets* HANS.

Enter HANS, L. H.

Ah, Mr. Hans! we were expecting you.

Hans. Vie cates!

Mrs. B. Sim lict goot, Mr. Hans.

Hans. Miss Catherine, spraken se Tuych? [*Crosses to* CATHERINE.] Spraken se Tuych?

Cath. [*Very loud.*] Nein!

Hans. [*Retreating to corner.*] Nein! tat means no. Un tat means yaw, tis is te first dime I know nein means yaw. Miss Catherine, you spraken se burty goot tuych; goot, lout!

Mrs. B. Oh, yes; Catherine's German is very good. You are aware that she is of German descent?

Hans. Yaw, I suppose she is decent—I ton't know.

Mrs. B. You do not understand. Though born——

Hans. Yaw, I suppose she was born—I ton't know.

Mrs. B. Though born in this country——

Hans. I ton't know—I vas not tere, but I suppose it vas all right.

Mrs. B. Mr. Hans, I mean——

Hans. Tat what everypody say you are—tam mean old woman!

Mrs. B. Do you think so, Mr. Hans?

Hans. I dinks what everybody dinks.

Mrs. B. Can you speak of me so slight?

Hans. I don't know—I suppose it is all right.

Mrs. B. It is not right, Mr. Hans. I am not mean, and to prove I've considered the wish you expressed to me the other day, and a sure you that you have my consent. What do you say now?

Hans. I suppose it is all right.

Mrs. B. You may depend upon it. Catherine, my dear, her ninety dollars for the needful. [*Gives purse.*] Mr. Hans, suppose y walk out with Catherine, and display your taste in the selection of t finery. Be careful, my son; Catherine loves you very dearly, so not trifle with her litttle heart. [*Exit* MRS. BURPLE, L. H.

Hans. I suppose it is all right.

Cath. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? If I humor him in his fooli hopes, something *may* occur to relieve my oppressed heart. It sh be so. [*Aloud.*] Mr. Hans, they have left us all alone.

Hans. Yaw! I suppose it is all right. Miss Catherine, you a peautiful gal—so peautiful pehint as pefore!

Cath. As beautiful, Mr. Hans, as the late Mrs. Barth?

Hans. Oh, ho—she is tiet. She tie teat von tay mit herself—tat a fact. I suppose it vas all right.

Cath. The remembrance causes pain.

Hans. Noin! she say tere vas nix pain. She say tat she vas gl she tie teat. She say it vas all right, un I suppose it vas all rigl do.

Cath. You were deeply affected!

Hans. Yaw! on my nose mit te proom-stick. She give me te du vel sometimes mit tat fellow. Now she is teat, I ton't got affect mit te proomstick some more. Now it is all right.

Cath. You now find that a wife is a positive necessary?

Hans. Yaw! I shall be teat mit myself if I ton't got some mo frow—tat is a fact. Tat nunder von vas tie tead, vas she duyvel you are peautiful angel; I love you all over, from te top fon yo heat do tat shoes fon your feet. You have some leetle foots—t nunder frow, vas has gone teat, has some tam pig foots, un eve night she kicks me out fon te floor on top te ped.

Cath. Is it possible?

Hans. Yaw! ten, by tam, she say it is all right.

Cath. So, Mr. Hans, you find that a loving heart is preferable physical or pugilistic accomplishments?

Hans. Yaw, Miss Catherine. I have tat love heart von top my wai coat jacket. I dels you, when I vas leetle poy, no pigger as tas, vomans say tat myself vas leetle Tuych Cupit; I vas so peautiful p tat un Tuych country tere vas von grant fair tere, for peautiful f Cupit papies, un my moter have got fon tat president fon tat fair- peautiful leater medal for her peautiful fat Cupit papy. Tat vas m self; tat is why you have some love for me. Your moter say y love me very much, un I love you very much, do. Vas peautif hant, Miss Catherine! [*Kisses her hand. For a moment looks h full in the face, and clasps her in his arms—instantly releases her* Mine Got un Himel! tas is goot!

Cath. Mr. Hans, if you dare repeat your rudeness, I shall call for help.

Hans. Miss Catherine, I suppose it vas all right.

Cath. No, sir; not right to insult a lady.

Hans. Miss Catherine, I never consult you in my life. [*Aside.*] How I should like to kiss tat peautiful lips! [*Aloud.*] Miss Catherine, when you are my leetle frow, you shall have peautiful pran new second-hant silk tress, mate mit satin; un when you tie teat, you shall have tat splenit coffins mit silver outsites, vas I make for a fellow tat tie teat—he ton't come un got it yet. You use see, un ten you vill say it is all right.

Cath. You certainly are very considerate, Mr. Hans. You perfectly agree with Mr. Toodles.

Hans. Mr. Doodles! who is tat Mr. Doodles? I dell you I ton't care for Mr. Doodles! If Mr. Doodles consult you, I will preak Mr. Doodles' eye. You ton't love tat Doodles?

Cath. No! Mr. Hans——

Hans. Yaw; you love Mr. Hans—tat is myself. Mr. Doodles! tam tat Doodles!

Cath. No, no! you mistake—you do not understand, as the man says in the play. Mr. Toodles, in speaking of coffins, remarks how handy it is to have them in the house.

Hans. Yaw! ha! ha! ha! tat is a fact. Miss Catherine, give me some leetle kiss, un ten I forgive you mit a nunder von.

Cath. No, no, no!

Hans. But I say yaw, yaw, yaw!

[CATHERINE *retreats,* HANS *following.*

Cath. Help! help! Murder! [HANS *kisses her.*] Help!

Bur. [*Within.*] Hallo there! Help! Murder!

[BURPLE *bursts open door.* HANS, *making for door to escape, encounters* BURPLE—*making for door,* L., *encounters* MRS. BURPLE. CATHERINE *faints in chair.* BURPLE *falls,* R. MRS. BURPLE, L.—HANS, C.

Hans. I don't know—I suppose it is all right!!!

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter HENRY, L.

Henry. Wo ho, Tim! See if you can stand still till I settle with the old man. A pretty heavy load and a devlish good pull you've made of it for a last one. [*Going,* R.

Enter CHARLEY, R.

Char. Hallo, Hen.! driving so late? I thought you were done all that, and about to embark into something more extensive, more respectable.

Henry. Charley, ar'n't it respectable to be an honest, hard-working man? Look at these—[*showing hands*]—they speak for themselves. It's respectable to carry a pair like that, for any one could swear you don't steal.

Char. You do not understand me. I do not pretend to say th honest labor is not respectable. There are trades and professio that are looked upon as better, though they may not be so profitab as driving.

Henry. Driving! better professions! Ask my old dad—he'll t you that when he was of my age, driving as you see me, without old man to put dimes in his pocket and good clothes on his back, n body cared for him; he saved money, bought a cart, then a doze a tract of land, worked it to advantage. Now he has lots of roc everybody knows my old dad; they want to make a Congressman him. Dad's not such a fool—he has plenty, and don't care f anybody.

Char. I say, Hen., look there! a runaway—that girl—quick, f heaven's sake!

Henry. Have an eye on my horse.

[*Exit* HENRY, L. H. *Loud crash*, L. H.

Char. Go it, Hen. That's it—all right—now you have her! [*Cras*

Enter HENRY, *supporting* CATHERINE.

Henry. Charley, some water! [*Exit* CHARLEY, R. H.] She's on frightened—the horses merely grazed her.

Enter CHARLEY, *with water*—HENRY *places it to* CATHERINE'S *lips*

Cath. [*Reviving.*] No—the—I am not hurt. Thank you, sir—o thank you. You have saved my life.

Enter HANS, L. H.

Hans. [*Aside.*] I suppose it is all right now.

Henry. No thanks, miss, owe you me. I am only too happy know that I have rescued you, and taught the coward his duty—t protection of his charge. [*To* HANS.

Hans. [*To* HENRY.] Well, I suppose it is all right!

Char. [*Crossing to* HANS.] I say; you're a shang!

Hans. Yaw! Vas is tas?

Char. You crow when you are out of danger. You're a Shangha

Hans. [*Aside.*] He says I am some hieshang. [*Aloud.*] you are tam—funny fellow.

Char. Oh! I thought you hadn't spunk to say anything else.

Hans. Spunk! who is Spunk? I ton't got some what you g Spunk. Spunk is 'frait fon a Tuychman—tat is what Spunk.

Char. Ha! ha! I respect you for speaking the truth for the fi time in your life. There! [CHARLEY *offers hand*—HANS *is abo to take it—he snatches it away, which causes* HANS *to turn into co ner.* L.

Hans. My Got un Himel! tat is a funny fellow! I suppose it all right.

Char. Yes, all right. Ha! ha! ha!

Henry. [*Coming down with* CATHERINE.] So, then, Miss Burple, shall see you again?

Cath. I shall always be happy to receive you.

Hans. Yaw! yaw! I suppose it is all right.

Henry. I was not speaking to you, sir. For such a prize, I'd risk my life a dozen times—eh, Charley? or you—why did *you* not assist her?

Hans. Nein! She is not my sister, but by un by she will pe my little frow—wife.

Henry. Wife!

Cath. [*Aside to* HENRY.] No, sir, no. [*Going.*

Henry. Stay, Miss Burple; may I not have the pleasure of conducting you to your home?

Cath. Certainly, sir; for then my parents will add their blessing to mine for the preserver of their child. [*Taking* HENRY'S *arm.*

Henry. I don't want to be troubled with intruders. Charley, please have an eye on my horse, and take care of the Dutchman. This way, miss. [*Exit, with* CATHERINE, R. H. 1 E. HANS *attempts to follow*—CHARLEY *detains him.*

Char. Don't be in a hurry, old fellow.

Hans. I have bustiness. I ton't care. I dell you, if my frow vas is gone teat, hear you gall her husband—tat is myself—old fellow, she woult preak tat proom-stick mit your heat.

[*Going*—CHARLEY *stops him.*

Char. She was some, then, on a fight, old fellow.

Hans. Don't you gall me tat, ton't you!

Char. Why, old fellow'?

Hans. You use spraken se tat again!

Char. To oblige you, certainly, old fellow.

Hans. I suppose it is all right. Now I shall go. By un py, day after yesterday, py tam, you will see. [*Going,* R., CHARLEY *turns him round to corner,* L.] Py tam, I will fight you!

Char. Oh, very well!

Hans. [*Taking off coat, &c.*] Very well—you ton't know—you will see—what—— I suppose it is all right. How I will plow your nose off—now—now, by tam—[*coming boldly up to* CHARLEY]—well?

Char. Well?

Hans. I suppose—— [CHARLEY *suddenly trips him, and runs off, laughing.*] Come back un fight mit me. Cowart! I suppose it is all right. [*Endeavors to rise.*] No, py tam, 'tis not all right. I know vas I vill to—I will gone away un get te bost office to but himself on dop of te dooms. It is all right. Nein! My Got un Himel! I have te gunstumption in my stomejack! [*Exit* HANS, L.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. BURPLE, R. H.

Mrs. B. At last you have come to your proper senses, and conclude that Hans is the most fitting person on whom to bestow our daughter.

Bur. Yes, my dear, I have thought over it seriously, and am precisely of your way of thinking.

Mrs. B. Let a young girl marry a man who has nothing but good looks and sweet speech to recommend him, ten to one, in less than a year she'll be back on her parents, or compelled to look out for herself. [*Knock,* L. D.] Come in.

Enter CATHERINE *and* HENRY.

Catherine, where's Hans?

Cath. I know not, mother; he deserted me when I was in danger; his duty devolved on this young man, who saved my life at hazard of his own.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Saved your life!

Cath. Yes. Suffice it to say, that while crossing our most busy thoroughfare, a pair of horses, with fright, broke from a carriage, and would have trampled me to death, when this young man, perceiving my dangerous situation, with one hand grasped the reins, and with the other raised me from beneath the horses' feet. Receive him as the preserver of your child; my life I owe to him. Mr. Henry Schael—my father, my mother.

Mrs. B. Pshaw! Hans could have done the same.

Henry. Yes, if he'd the courage, which is a stranger to the one who was her companion.

Bur. Young man, we thank you. [*To* CATHERINE.] Where's your future husband—where's Hans?

Hans. [*Looking on at* L. 1 E.] Tat is myself! Her I vas—it is all right.

Bur. Mr. Hans, it seems you were very careful of your safety to allow this young man the glory of rescuing Catherine, when you might have done it just as well as he.

Hans. Yaw! It vas myself! I shump von top tat horse's back, tat was pehint, like tat, un ten I dake his dail, tat vas pehint, do, like tat, un ten he ton't go some more before, but shump up pehint like tat, un ten——

Mrs. B. What then?

Hans. I shump town and rund avay.

Mrs. B. Mr. Hans, you will thank the young man for his assistance.

Hans. Yaw! I vill to tat. Young man, you are goot young man—you are prave young man, as never vas. I tank you burty goot, un I vill make you present—of a sixpence, for lager pier. Tere.

Henry. And there! [*Knocking it out of his hand.*

Hans. I don't know—I suppose it is all right!

[*Picking it up and putting it in his pocket.*

Henry Is this your gratitude—this my return for the preservation of your child? I am rewarded. She, at least, is grateful. She loves me. I'll tell you something else. I love her.

Hans. You love my frow tat is to pe!

Henry. I love this lady—your wife that's not to be.

Hans. You love her! You say tat?

Henry. Yes. [*Walking closely up to* HANS.] Don't you like it?

Hans. [*Moving off.*] Yaw! yaw! I ton't know—I suppose it is all right.

Mrs. B. I'll make it right. Young man, we thank you for your assistance to our daughter; trusting that is all-sufficient, we bid you good evening.

Hans. Goot bye, young man—it is all right now!

Mrs. B. You, miss, shall become Mrs. Barth, or in this room shall you eat, drink, and sleep till you willingly consent to marry Hans!

[*Going up with* BURPLE.

Hans. Now it is all right. Young man, tere is some door!

[*Going up to* MRS. B.

Henry. [*Aside.*] This room! Ah! a window! Catherine, will you be mine?

Cath. [*Aside.*] I will!

Henry. [*Aside to* CATHERINE.] From that window, to-night, I can rescue you without danger. [*Aloud.*] Farewell, miss. Remember that in me you have a friend that will not desert you when you are in danger. For you, [*to* MR. *and* MRS. B..] I freely forgive you, and trust that time may teach you to love, not despise, the worthy.

[*Exit* HENRY, L. H.

Mrs. B. So, Miss Romance, you'll be off with this young whipper-snapper, because he happens to help you out of the gutter; and in spite of all your kind old mother's advice, you'll be going to the d——but you shan't—you shall marry Hans! Come along, Mr. Burple.

Bur. Yes, my dear. And in case of an attempt at a rescue, I'll load my old blunderbuss with a good dose of powder and peas.

Mrs. B. [*Locking door.*] I think Miss, you'll alter your opinion before morning. Hans, my son, there's your wife, and when you're sleepy, there's a bed. [*Exit* MR. *and* MRS. BURPLE, R. H.

Hans. Miss Catherine, I suppose it is all right. Tat door is locked, un tat door is locked, un tere is some ped. I will go sloughpen mit myself. I suppose—— [*Going towards bed.*

Cath. Oh, Mr. Hans! don't—don't go near that bed!

Hans. My Got un Himel! why I ton't go tere?

Cath. Are you ignorant of the fearful deed that was perpetrated here?

Hans. Nein! Your fater dells me kills 'bout five huntred rats tere.

Cath. He has never informed you of that inhuman murder?

Hans. My Got un Himel! nein.

Cath Hush! [CATHERINE *takes chair—pantomimes for* HANS *to do the same.* HANS *goes up.* CATHERINE *lets chair fall.*

Hans. Vas is tas? I dink it vas te duyvel!

Cath. You are not frightened?

Hans. Nein! I ton't got frait; I am a Tuychman. It is all right.

[*Brings down chair.*

Cath. You see yondor bed?

Hans. Yaw.

Cath. No human being has dared to rest there since the death of my great grandfather. For the last hundred years, every morning, that bed has been regularly made, and as regularly occupied at night, though no one was ever seen to enter this room after dark.

Hans. Berhaps it vas te duyvel. He stays out so late tat when he goes home, he vas locked out, un ten he sloughpen tere, to save swelve un a half cent for lozenges.

Cath. No, it is the spirit of the dead.

Hans [*Aside, drinking.*] I shall go teat if I ton't got some spirit.

Cath. No one has had courage to demand his secret. You will, Mr. Hans.

Hans. No, by tam! I tank you. Excuse me, Miss Catherine's great grandfather's spirit—'tis none of my bustiness. I suppose it is all right.

Cath. On the night of the 20th of August, 1756, my great grandfather retired to rest in that bed. About midnight, the family were roused from their slumber by the cries of "Murder!" proceeding from this apartment. My grandfather rushed in just in time to receive the dying breath of his father, which whispered "Murdered." Since that time, on every succeeding night of that date, the same horrible cries are heard to issue from this room, which are calculated to strike terror to the bravest heart.

Hans. [*Aside.*] My Got un Himel! I wish I vas home.

Cath. To-night is the 20th; so we shall have a chance of observing what passes, should the spirit appear.

HENRY *and* CHARLEY *enter at window, observed by* CATHERINE, *and conceal themselves behind bed.*

You have, I'm sure, sufficient courage.

Hans. Yaw; I have some Tuych courage. You have some goot schnapps? [*Drinking.*

Cath. No, my Hans, I prefer a little repose. I shall rest in this chair.

Hans. Very well, I ton't care. Hans, my poy, you are prave Tuychman; you ton't got frait fon spirits. Tere is some courage left. [*Drinks.*] Miss Catherine, you vill kiss me goot pye, pecause if te duyvel come here, I am a gone Tuychman. My tear, peautiful—— [*About to kiss her.*

Henry. [*Very loud, from bed.*] Forbear!

Hans. My Got un Himel! vas is tas?

Cath. What, Mr. Hans?

Hans. Don you hear tat?

Cath. No.

Hans. I dink it vas te duyvel.

Cath. Pshaw!

Hans. I vas going to kiss your peautiful lips, un te duyvel say, "Borfare, you tam Tuychman!"

Cath. Then I am protected by my great grandfather's spirit!

Hans. Is te duyvel your great grandfather? My Got un Himel!

Henry. Hans Barth!

Hans. Tat is myself!

Henry. Hans Barth!

Hans. Tat is te duyvel!

Henry. Hans Barth!

Hans. I do not furstay English, Mr. Miss Catherine's great grandfather's spirit.

Henry. If you dare profane with a touch that sacred form of innocence, reserved for holier love, death be thy portion!!!

Hans. Don't been afrait, Miss Catherine's great grandfather's spirit; I ton't touch tat peautiful innocence. Miss Catherine. She's sloughpen! What shall I do if——

[HENRY *strikes bed*—CHARLEY *dances pillow on broom-stick*—HANS *endeavors to call for help, falls on his knees.* HENRY *assists* CATHERINE *out of window—when fairly out,* CHARLEY *comes down with terrible noise, throws sheet over* HANS, *fires pistol, and hastily exits through window.* MR. *and* MRS. BURPLE *come on,* R. H.—*light goes out*—BURPLE *goes towards window, turns, perceives* HANS, *fires gun*—HANS *falls.* SERVANT *brings on light.* HANS *throws off sheet.*

Omnes. Hans Barth!

Hans. I don't know—I suppose it is all right!!!

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter HANS, R. H.

Hans. By dinks now it is all right. I know it *vas* Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost. I dink tat dime I vas gone Tuycha. I dinks I dink I vas plown up mit little pieces, into te mittle of tay pefore yesterday. Hans, my poy, you ton't got frait—nein! By tam, if te duyvel vas tere, Hans would say——My Got un Himel! vas is tas? [*Conceals himself,* R. H.

Enter CHARLEY, CATHERINE, *and* HENRY, L.

Henry. This way! this way! In a few moments, you will be beyond the reach of those you fear. My father's house shall shelter you from all danger.

Char. Come, then, for they are at our heels. This way, Miss; it's only above here. Mr. Schael's two doors from the corner of the next street, which is seventh.

Henry. Yes, lose not a moment.

Cath. Henry, will you protect me?

Henry. With my life! Come, this way! [*Exeunt,* R. H.

Hans. [*Coming down.*] Ah ha! py tam, I have got you now. *Now it is all right!* Tat fellow has some bustiness mit Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. BURPLE, L. H.

Ah ha! it is all right now! I have tat fellow vas steal avay Miss Catherine. I see her, do, mit my two eyes. Tat fellow say he vill dake her mit his fater, Mr. Schael, who vas live use above tore, dwo doors fon tat corner of tat next street, vat is sevent.

Bur. Come then, and rescue her at once.

Mrs. B. No, that will never do. We must trick them. I have a plan that shall not only restore her, but unite her to the man of our choice. Mr. Burple, do you discover where she is; then, with tears

in your eyes, inform her that her poor mother now lies cold and lifeless in the home she has disgraced. In the meantime, I shall provide a proper person to perform the marriage ceremony, which she cannot escape if I once lay my hands upon her.

Hans. Yaw! tat is goot! You go home un tie teat, un ten it vill be all right.

Bur. A good trap! We are certain of success!

Hans. Yaw! Dake care you ton't got you foot in it; pecause if you do, be tam if it will pe all right.

[*Exit* BURPLE *and* HANS, R.—MRS. B., L.

SCENE V.—*Chamber, same as before.*

Enter MRS. BURPLE *and* JONES, R. H.

Mrs B. Mr. Jones, retire to that room, and be prepared for the signal. I expect them every moment. [*Knock*, L.] Come in.

Enter HANS, L.

Hans. It is all right. So soon as te old man say tat you have gone teat, Miss Catherine laugh like te duyvel.

Mrs. B. Laugh!

Hans. Yaw! mit—vas you gall tat fellow?—hysterical. Py tam, she laugh, un ten she tance mit her feet, dill she cry mit her eyes.

Mrs. B. And is she coming?

Hans. Yaw! ha! ha! ha! she come to see her poor teat moter. We vill have some fun, uu ten I vill have some frow—ten, by *tam*, it vill be all right.

Mrs. B. Hans, be prepared. The bed for me. [*Going to bed.*

Hans. My Got un Himel! ton't go tere! Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost——[*Knock at door*, L.] Come in.

Enter BURPLE *and* CATHERINE, L. H.

Cath. Where is my poor, dear, dead mother?

Mrs. B. [*Sitting up.*] Catherine, my dear!

Cath. My mother alive!

Hans. Yaw, by tam, un kicking.

[MRS. B. *brings* CATHERINE *down*, C. HENRY *and* CHARLEY, *with gun, enter at window, and conceal themselves behind bed.*

Ah ha! we have got you now!

Char. [*Peeping from curtain.*] And we'll have you directly.

Bur. Catherine, the only alternative is to marry Hans, your mother's choice. That alone will reconcile everything.

Char. [*Aside.*] I'd like to reconcile you. [*Pointing gun.*

Hans. Yaw, and make it all right.

Char. [*Aside.*] This fellow would like to make you all right.

[CATHERINE *discovers* CHARLEY, *&c.*

Mrs. B. There is but one way, and it is this. [*Goes to door*, R.] This way, Mr. Jones!

Enter JONES.

We are prepared.

Char. [*Aside.*] So are we.

Hans. Yaw! we are prepared.

Cath. And so am I. [*Part aside to* HENRY.

Hans. Ten, Mr. Shones, make it all right. Miss Catherineo——
[*About to take her hand.*

Henry. [*From bed.*] Forbear!

[HANS *drops* CATHERINE'S *hand, and falls on his knees.*

Hans. My Got un Himel! it is Miss Catherine's great grandfather's spirit!

Cath. Tremble all, for I am protected!

Henry. Hans Barth!

Hans. My Got un Himel! vas vils too haben, Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost?

Henry. Remember!—Dare but unite your fate with that of purity, innocence and love—dare profane with a look, that sacred form, and fire shall consume your false and guilty heart! Beware!!!

Hans. My Got un Himel! Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost, you will forgive me. I am a tam Tuych villain! un I vill not brofane tat peautiful innocence mit burty love. It vas not myself—it vas tat old beoples!

Mrs. and Mrs. B. No! no! no!

Henry. Peace! Are you willing she should bestow her hand where she has already given her heart?

Omnes. { We are! / Yaw! yaw!

Henry [*Coming down.*] Then behold her future husband!

Mrs. B. Ah! a trick! Mr. Jones, proceed! Hans, take Catherine's hand!

Hans. Yaw! Un ten, Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost, [*to* HENRY,] it vill pe all right. [*About to take* CATHERINE'S *hand.*

Char. [*Pointing gun from bed.*] Drop that! or look out for the fire!

Hans. My Got un Himel! vas is tas? It is te duyvol, or some more of Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghosts.

Char. [*Jumping out of bed.*] Hen., take your wife that is to be. Have you any objections, or you, or you? I'm sure you have none. [*To* CATHERINE] Have you? [*To* HANS.

Hans. Nein, Mr. Duyvel-Skin! I have nix rejections.

Char. [*To* MR. *and* MRS. B.] You may as well give your consent. He's a good boy, and will make Catherine a *good husband.* He saved her life, and has fairly won her.

Henry. Forget and forgive. I assure you that you will never regret the moment you gave your willing consent for Catherine to marry an honest man.

Mrs. B. There, take her! she is yours! Be happy!

Henry. And you, sir?

Mrs. B. I speak for myself and him, too.

Henry. What say you? [*To* HANS.

Hans. Mr. Duyvel-Skin, you are a funny poy, un Miss Catherine's great grandfather's ghost, you have my constant. *Now it is all right!*

Char. All are happy!
Henry. And all content!
Cath. There are others. Ask them [*to audience*] their consent?
Mrs. B. Not I. My dear, say something, do.
Bur. No, madam; I'll leave that for you.
You've had the say, me the fag;
'Tis not, my business, madam,
To speak the tag.
Henry. Hans, here's a chance for you.
Hans. Vas, must I spraken some spoken, do?
Ladies and gentlemen:—A Dutchman mit his tricks
Have lose his frow, un get exactly nix.
For *you* I suffer all do-night;
Say you are bleased; if so,

ALL RIGHT!

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CLII.

THE

PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN;

OR,

THE ORIGINAL JOHN SCHMIDT.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY S. BARRY,

Author of "A Romance in High Life," "Dick Tarleton," "The Dutchman's Ghost," "Capital Prize," "Who's the Father?" "It runs in the Family," "Tower of London," "Spirit of '76," "Coachman and the Heiress," &c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.—[The Persecuted Dutchman.

	Original, Bowery, 1854.	*Brougham's Bowery,* 1857.	*National, N. Y.,* 1858.
John Smith or Schmidt, the Persecuted Dutchman, of the Firm of Schmidt, Vondunder, Kelt & Co., N. Y.,	Mr. S. W. Glenn.	Mr. S. Barry.	Mr. S. Barry.
Captain Blowhard, with Blows and Blowing, -	" Byrne.	" D. Whiting.	" C. W. Taylor.
Hon. Augustus Clearstarch, fond of Daughters whose Dads have Dimes, - - - - - - - -	" S. Barry.	" G. E. Aiken.	" L. H. Everitt.
Charles Soberly, a Nice Young Man, particularly fond of Miss Arabella, - - - - - - -	" O. Collins.	" F. Hodges.	" H. W. Chapman.
Mr. Plentiful, fond of Customers, - - - - -	" Reed.	———	" S. Bradshaw.
Teddy, fond of Perguisites, - - - - - -	" Lamb.	" W. Denham.	" G. A. Beane.
Miss Arabella Blowhard, fond of Whiskers and Moustachios, - - - - - - - - - -	Miss C. Hiffert.	Miss F. Denham.	Miss Furguson.
Mrs. Plentiful, fond of *Change*, - - - - -	Mrs. Dunn.	Mrs. Axtell.	Mrs. J. J. Bradshaw.
Perseverance, fond of Everything that's Good, -	Miss Wells.	Miss Clifton.	Miss L. Lewis.

Time of Representation, Fifty Minutes.

THE PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mr. Plentiful's Hotel. Table, chair, &c.*, L.

Enter MRS. PLENTIFUL, R. 1 E.

Mrs. P. Bless me! here comes the coach, and no one to see to the travelers! Teddy! Teddy!

Teddy. [*Without.*] Here I am, ma'am.

Mrs. P. Why, you lazy Irish bog-trotter! You are there, when you should be here! Teddy! Teddy! I say!

Teddy [*Without.*] Coming, ma'am!

Mrs. P. Well, why don't you make haste? The coach is at the door!

Enter TEDDY, L. 1 E.

Teddy. Here I am, ma'am. Y—a—w! [*Yawning.*

Mrs. P. You lazy fellow! Why don't you go and look after the passengers?

Teddy. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. P. Are you going? Look, sir; the travelers are getting out. Quick, see to their baggage!

Teddy. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. P. Go along, then! [*Pushes him towards door*, 2 E. L.

At the same time, enter HON. AUGUSTUS CLEARSTARCH, *with* MISS ARABELLA. TEDDY *runs against the* HON. AUGUSTUS.

Aug. You Iwish scoundwel! what the devil are you 'bout?

Teddy. I beg your pardon, ma'am, [*to* ARABELLA,] but my parquisites occupied the edicational part of my sight and parpindicular.

Mrs. P. [*Calling.*] Here, Perseverance! Teddy!

Enter PERSEVERANCE, PLENTIFUL, *&c.*

See to the gentleman's and lady's baggage.

[PERSEVERANCE *takes lady's hat-box, and exit*, R.

Plen. Ah! travelers by the coach, I perceive. You are welcome.

Aug. I say, landlord, your woads are uncommon dusty.

Mrs. P Perhaps the lady would choose some refreshment before she retires?

Aug. Arabella, love, what say you, dear?

Ara. No, thank'ee, Gussy dear.

Mrs. P. If the lady will step with me, I will show her an apartment.

Ara. Yes, thank'ee; I am very much fatigued.

Aug. In the meantime, I should like to say a word to the landlord.

Ara. Gussy dear, don't stay from me long.

Aug. No, dear. Landlady, bring me a bottle of your best wine. [*Exit* MRS. PLENTIFUL, *with* ARABELLA, *who kisses her hand to the* HON. AUGUSTUS, *who returns it.*] I shan't be long, dear. By the bye, landlord, have you change for a fifty dollar bill? It is the smallest I have 'bout me at present.

Plen. No, sir, I have not; but I will endeavor to procure it for you.

Aug. Thank you; you will oblige me vastly. [*Exit* PLENTIFUL, R. 1 E.] Well, 'pon my soul, I hope he will get the change for my bad fifty dollar bill. I have gone to a great deal of trouble to make love to a boarding-school miss. However, her old dad, Captain Blowhard, has a cool fifty thousand; and when I marry Miss Arabella, the old 'un's tin will repay me for all my trouble.

Enter MRS. PLENTIFUL, *with wine—sets it on table,* L. H.

Mrs. P. Your wine, sir.

Aug. Thank you. By the bye, landlady, I wish you would order me an extra coach, as I have business in New York, and wish to reach there to-morrow morning.

Mrs. P. The regular stage *leaves* to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. For an extra one, I shall have to speak to my husband.

Aug. Never mind; you need not trouble your excellent husband. I am very well satisfied with this comfortable hotel, and the lady-like deportment of the charming hostess.

Mrs. P. Oh, sir! you flatter.

Aug. Where there is truth there is no flattery. By the bye, landlady, your excellent husband could not procure the change for my fifty dollar bill. I should be eternally obliged to you if you would let me have, say ten or fifteen dollars, till I reach New York, and my fifty dollar bill you can retain as security.

Mrs. P. I should be most happy to oblige you, but I have not the money about me. Perhaps my husband——.

Aug. Oh, never mind; I'll not trouble him. You can order the extra stage, and say nothing about it.

Mrs. P. I beg your pardon, sir; but an extra stage is ten dollars more.

Aug. [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil! a pretty business I've made of it! This comes of running away with a boarding-school miss. However, the fifty thousand will pay me for all. I have one good ten dollar note, and I must have the coach; so here goes. [*Aloud.*] Landlady,

here is the ten dollars. [*Gives money. Aside.*] There goes the la ten dollars I have in the world!

Mrs. P. Oh, thank you, sir!

Aug. Not a word, madam. And at the same time, allow me t observe, I shall never patronise so mean and contemptible a place agai

Mrs. P. What! not patronise so comfortable a hotel! Besides, th lady-like deportment of the charming hostess! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit* MRS. PLENTIFUL, R.

Aug. Confound the impudence of that woman! She takes the la ten dollars I have in the world, and defends herself with my false fla tery. Never mind; I dare say Miss Arabella has some money abo her. I forgot to question her as regards the extent of funds in h exchequer. Ah! here she comes. I shall soon know all.

Enter ARABELLA, R. 1 E.

Ara. Why, Gussy dear, what has kept you so long? Why, what the matter? Are you not well? Never mind, Gussy dear; we wi be much happier when we are married. Won't we, Gussy dear?

Aug. Yes, dear, when we reach New York. Arabella dear, th landlord and landlady are very low people. They wouldn't chan my fifty dollar bill, but took all the change I had. I only wanted little to give the servants. Arabella dear, have you any chan about you?

Ara. Why, Gussy dear, papa never permits me to have money; an says, unless I marry cousin Soberly, not a shilling of his money sha I have.

Aug. [*Aside.*] Oh! the devil!! I find I have done very wrong i enticing this young lady from school. Oh, yes; she should go back by all means.

Ara. Why, Gussy dear, are you not well? You have plenty money, you know, and it's so much better marrying for love.

Aug. [*Aside.*] Is it, though?

Ara. Come, Gussy dear, let us marry for love. [*Taking his arm.*

Aug. [*Withdrawing.*] Miss Blowhard, I find I have done you an your excellent papa much wrong in taking you from school, and th best thing you can do is to return—it is, indeed, 'pon my honor.

Ara. Why, Gussy dear, won't we get married, after all?

Aug. No, I think not. I thought some person would share you papa's money, other than cousin Soberly.

Ara. Gussy dear, won't you marry me?

Aug. 'Twould be doing great injustice to your papa and yoursel You see, my dear, I would if I could; but I can't.

Ara. But you shall, though! [*Crying.*] Oh! oh! oh!

Aug. Don't cry, my dear; it's highly improper.

Ara. Why, you ugly, horrid, villanous, cat-faced monkey!

[*Drives him into corner,* L.

Aug. Now, my dear, take my advice and go back to school.

Ara. I'll tear your eyes out!

Capt. [*Without.*] Never mind, I'll find him.

Aug. Hallo, the Captain's voice! You had better take my advice and go to your papa.

Ara. But I won't, though. I won't marry cousin Soberly, I'm determined. Boo! [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

[Hon. Augustus *goes up to table, seats himself and drinks. Enter* Captain Blowhard, L. 2 E.

Capt. Ah! the scoundrel! the landshark! to rob me of my dear little Arabella; Only let me come across him, and damn me, I'll—— [*Sees* Hon. Augustus *at table.*] Hallo! who have we here? Perhaps this is the rascal. I say, sir!

Aug. [*Aside.*] Now for a little impudence.

Capt. I say, sir!

Aug. Ah! my dear sir, did you remark?

Capt. Yes, sir! I am here in search of the scoundrel who ran away with my daughter.

Aug. Your daughter! Why, you haven't a daughter, have you? I congratulate you! [*Takes* Captain's *hand.*

Capt. [*Snatching it away.*] No, sir! yes, sir! damn me, sir! And if I'm not mistaken, you are the rascally seducer!

Aug. My dear and respected old gentleman, you do not suppose for a moment that I am the person who robbed you of your child. No, sir. Now I remember, a person came to this house with your daughter, and, hearing you were in pursuit of him, he left immediately; and leaving your daughter without a protector, I volunteered to accompany her to her home, and see her safely in her respected father's arms.

Capt. You did, did you? Why, you damned, good-natured, noble-hearted, gentlemanly, whole-souled fellow, give me your hand. Ha! ha! ha! that I should suppose for a moment that you——

Aug. [*Aside.*] Should be the very man! [*Aloud.*] Ridiculous—ha! ha!

Capt. Well, you remember the old saying, "Mistakes in the best-regulated families." I ask your pardon, sir. My name is Blowhard, and any service I can render you, you have only to name it.

Aug. Now I think of it, it may be in your power to oblige me. The fact is, when I arrived here, I expected to find a remittance. Unfortunately, as yet, it has not come to hand. If you will let me have the small sum of fifty dollars till I arrive in New York, I shall be eternally grateful.

Capt. Fifty dollars! with pleasure. Yes, sir, a hundred if you want it.

Aug. [*Aside.*] My luck! I should have made it a hundred.

Capt. By the bye, Mr. ——ah! I beg your pardon—what is your name?

Aug. Sir, did you speak? Oh! my name. [*Aside.*] What the devil is my name? [*Aloud.*] Brown—Theophilus Brown.

Capt. Well, then, Mr. Brown, I have not a fifty, but here's a hundred; I hope it will do as well.

Aug. Thank you.

Capt. Not a word. And now, Mr. Brown, I should like to have you tea with me this evening.

Aug. With pleasure. What time?

Capt. Seven o'clock. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help thinking of the scoundrel. As soon as he heard of me he left, did he? and you rescued her! ha! ha! ha!

Aug. Capital joke—ha! ha! [*Poking him.*

Capt. Sh—h! ha! ha! ha! [*Seriously.*] If I could lay my hand on the scoundrel, [*places his hand on* HON. AUGUSTUS,] I'd blow his brains out.

Aug. You'd blow his brains out, would you? ha! ha! ha! Well, Captain, I hope you'll excuse me; I have business, and——

Capt. I say, Brown—remember, seven o'clock.

Aug. [*Aside.*] I will be seventeen miles away. [*Aloud.*] I'll not forget. I say, Captain, a capital joke, wasn't it? ha! ha! ha! Good bye. [*Aside.*] Damned old fool! [*Exit,* R. 1 E.

Capt. Ah! that's a glorious chap! Now for my daughter.

Enter TEDDY, E.

Teddy. If you plase, sir, there's a lady in the parlor that would spake wid ye.

Capt. I'll be there in a moment.

Teddy. All right. I'll tell the lady, after a while. [*Exit,* L.

Capt. That's her. And for that scoundrel, I'll give as much as I gave my friend Brown to lay eyes upon him. And Arabella—if she refuses to marry her cousin Soberly, I'll cut her off without a dollar. [*Exit,* R.

Schmidt. [*Without,* L. H.] Gone away! What you do?

Teddy. [*Without,* L. H.] Well, sir, I want my parquisites.

Enter SCHMIDT, *followed by* TEDDY.

Schmidt. Gone te duyvel mit yourself.

Teddy. What might your name be, sir?

Schmidt. I am John Schmidt.

Teddy. I thought John Smith was dead.

Schmidt. No, humbug! I am te original John Schmidt.

Teddy. Well, Mr. Smith, I want my parquisites.

[*Goes to take carpet-bag.*

Schmidt. You can't steal mine garpet-bags.

Teddy. Ye's *lying*—under a mistake.

Schmidt. You tell me I'm lie, I vill blow your nose off. [*Squares himself—puts down carpet-bag—*TEDDY *takes it up.* SCHMIDT *scuffles with him.* TEDDY *trips him—he falls on stage with carpet bag in his arms.*] Oh, mine bump! If mine vrow have seen you drip up mine heels von top tis floor, un bang mine bump, she would give you te devil. I will have te constobber to take you mit te bost-office.

[TEDDY *helps him up.*

Teddy. I hope you're not hurt, sir. You're mistaken; I'm the servant. [*Brushes him off.*] I beg your pardon, sir.

Schmidt. You begs mine bardon. Vell, I don't care. Der ish mine hand. I am John Schmidt, von ter firm of Schmidt, Vondunder, Kelt un Co., boot un shoes tread finters, un nunder tinks.

Teddy. I'm here, sir, waiting yer orders. What'll ye have, Mr. John Smith?

Schmidt. I van some larger pier un spretsel—von leetle glass dat ish not as much as tri cent.

Teddy. A little glass, Mr. Smith! You have mouth enough to swallow a hogshead. [*Exit* TEDDY, R.

Schmidt. Dat ish funny fellow. He drips up mine heels, un den he pegs mine bardon; un ven I ask him for tri cent glass larger bier, he say mine mouth is pig as hogshead mouth. Ven I vash leetle poy, as no pigger ash dat, ter gals say tat mine mouth ish burty, un mine frow say tat mine mouth ish burty, un by dinks I dink so, too.

Enter MRS. PLENTIFUL, *with beer.*

Mrs. P. Your beer, sir.

Schmidt. Vot vilst too haben vor tat?

Mrs. P. Three cents, sir.

Schmidt. Yaw! Ter ish five cent—I vill haben two cent change.

Mrs. P. Very well, sir; I will send the change.

Schmidt. Landlady, have you got von leetle bit onion tat ish notinks tat you will give to me mitout any charges?

Mrs P. Well, that certainly is meanness. I'll see, sir, and send the change by Perseverance.

Schmidt. Landlady, I have gone to sleepen dill ter-morrow morning. Vot you ask for un bed?

Mrs. P. Fifty cents.

Schmidt. Fifty cent! my Got un hemmel! Why, I gets un bed in Chatham Street, New York, for swelve un a half cent.

Mrs. P. You will remember, sir, you are not in New York; and if you obtain a bed here, fifty cents will be the charge.

Schmidt. Landlady, I don't mean ter bed; I only vant sometinks to lay down mit, un shut mine eyes open—sometinks dat cost not ash moch ash fifty cent.

Mrs. P. There is a room next to my own, which is not occupied, you can have for fifty cents. I'll send your change immediately.

Schmidt. Landlady—two cent change.

Mrs. P. I remember—*two cents.* That is the meanest man I ever saw. [*Exit*, R.

Schmidt. Fifty cent for von ped! Tat ish enough to set up von saving bank, un many saving bank hash got not ash moch as dat.

Enter PERSEVERANCE, *with onion.*

Per. Here is your onion.

Schmidt. Tat ish nice leetle gal. I have got un boy tat ish un gal she ish 'pout your age, if she ish older ash you.

Per. Why, sir, I am not a *little* girl—I am nineteen.

Schmidt. Never mind; you are nice, good gal, un wen I goes away, I will make you un present.

Per. Make *me* a present, sir?—what?

Schmidt. Yaw—of a kiss

Per. Thank you, sir; we ask double for that.

Schmidt. Well, I won't take some. [*Goes up.*

Per. He's a brute, and has no taste for luxuries. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Schmidt. [*At table.*] Tat was a burty leetle gal, un if she hadn't charges so moch, I would make her von present mit a kiss before I go. Tis onion ish ash strong dat if you but him on top tis table for five minute, he jumps all round so moch ash like ter spirit-knockers. [*Drinking beer.*] Damn dat! Dis ish nix larger—dis good for nix. Never mind, I drink him—I have paid tri cent for him, and I will drink him for revenge. [*Brings chair down. sits* c.—*business with onion.*] Now I will see what John Schmidt, von ter firm of Schmidt, Vondunder, Kelt un Co., have done mit his collector tour. Tis ish mine accounter book. [*Takes out book.*] I have but down ter customers who have bought shoe thread un nunder tinks von ter firm of Schmidt, Vondunder, Kelt un Co. Ter ish John Schmidt—he can't pay his bill because he have got no money. Dat ish ter lie. Johannes Von Skelter—he can't pay his bill because his frow ish tead. I guess I get him when he get anunder von. Christopher Koons—he can't pay his bill because his frow ish not tead. I get paid dat when she kick von large bucket. Peter Funk—he can't pay his bill dill he get a new stock. By tam, dat will never be. Peter Funk is a tam rascal. Honnes Von Hop-un-nof-fes-hung-gel-es-sen-hel-stum-kim-mell-pons can't pay his bill because he have gone to California. Dat ish good for nix. To save five tollar a week, what I have pay mine clerk un I discharge, I have come on tish collector tour, un by dinks, mine expense have been much more ash I have collect. Never mind; I will have un good night's sleepen, un den I will go to Nie Yorick. I will never collect mit mineself again. After I fine dat John Schmidt have no money, (dat ish not me,) un Von Skelter frow ish tead, un Christopher Koon's frow ish not tead, un Peter Funk has got no new stock, un Honnes Von Hop-un-nof-hung-gel-hel-stum-kim-mel-pons has gone to California—no, by dinks, I will never been a collector. Now, good night, un I will gone to sleepen. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Mrs. Plentiful's Hotel.*

Enter SOBERLY *and* ARABELLA, R. 1 E.

Sob. At least, Miss Blowhard, you should be happy in being rescued from a villain.

Ara. To be sure, cousin Soberly, I am very grateful; but he was handsome.

Sob. Now, my dear Arabella——

Ara. And such a pair of moustachios——

Sob. Be quiet, now do.

Ara. And those darling whiskers——

Sob. No more, Arabella. He was a villain. He thought only of your money. I love you for yourself alone. Name the happy day that will make you mine forever.

Ara. Cousin Soberly, how would I look as Mrs. Soberly, and the mother of a lot of little Soberlys?

Enter CAPTAIN BLOWHARD, L.

Capt. Soberly, everything is prepared; and before long, the quarters will be too hot to hold the scoundrel. I will let him kn that I am not to be insulted with impunity. First, I tea with yo protector, Mr. Brown.

Ara Papa, to whom do you allude?

Capt. Mr. Brown, the gentleman with the moustaches, and [*descril coat.*] who rescued you from that villain.

Ara. La, papa! that's not Mr. Brown. That is the Hon. August Clearstarch, and those dear moustaches that charmed me so!

Capt. The scoundrel! Why, I have asked him to tea, and loan him a hundred dollars, beside.

Soberly. Did you loan your money to a perfect stranger?

Capt. Yes, sir! Well, sir! what is it to you, sir? Damn m Here, landlady!

Enter MRS. PLENTIFUL, R.

Landlady, who is that rascally scoundrel with the moustaches a fur coat?

Mrs. P. I do not know, more than that he came here with th young lady, and has taken a room for the night. He endeavored borrow fifteen dollars from me, but I wasn't fool enough to lend it.

Capt. But I was, though. Have you a good stout horse-whip?

Mrs. P. Yes, sir. [*Goes to wing and gets whip—gives it to* CA TAIN.] There, sir.

Capt. This shall draw from him the satisfaction I require. F you, Soberly, load your pistols to the muzzle—call him out—sho the rascal!

Soberly. I'll blow his brains out, Captain.

Ara. That's right, cousin Soberly, shoot him right through t gizzard.

Capt. Landlady, show me the room. *I'll* draw from him a confe sion, and *you*, Soberly, blow him to the devil! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in 4th Grooves. Door*, R. 2 E.—*bed*, C.- *fire-place*, R. 3 E.—*window*, L. U. E. *Table, lighted candle*, L. *bed—chair—slippers under bed—boot-jack under table—large hog head above fire-place—tormentor doors closed.*

Enter SCHMIDT, L., *with carpet-bag.*

Schmidt. Aha! Dere, by dinks, dis ish von goot room, un der i some bed, vot nobody have gone to sleepen mit. Now, dis ish nice- better ash any bed dat I have layed down on top of myself. Now will dake off mine boots von top mine feet. [*Takes of boots, whistlin*

Enter TEDDY, *singing* "St. Patrick was a gentleman"—*takes* SCHMIDT'S *boots, and is going off.*

Hallo, you Irishman! vot you do mit mine boots?

Teddy. You want your boots blacked, and I want my parquisites

Schmidt. If you don't put down mine boots down, I will blow out your prains out mit dis poot-jack.

Teddy. Bedad, I'm not to be robbed of my parquisites, Mr. Smith; and on the payment of six and a quarters cents in the morning, you can have your boots.

Schmidt. You devil Irishman! You steal mine poots un I will put you on top ter Tombs ven I come to Nie Yoricke. Come back, you Irishman.

Teddy. Nix cum a rouse! Are you Smith, the blacksmith? Nix cum a rouse in a Dutchman's house. This will do for my parquisites, Mr. John Schmidt. [*Exit with boots*, L. 1 E.

Schmidt. Nix cum a rouse in a Dutchman's house! Devil Irishman! Mr. Schmidt have lost his wig un save his bacon. He have gone. Never mine; I can get mine boots when daylight has come. Nix cum a rouse! I will like mine frow to catch him, un give him somedinks what she give me sometimes. Now I will prepare vor mine sleepen. [*Gets cap out of carpet-bag, takes off coat and waistcout, hangs them on chair--puts on cap—takes candle—looks under bed.*] I will be sure ter ish no thieves. [*Takes pillow off—shakes and examines it.*] I don't want some company in bed mit me but mine frow. [*Replaces pillow.*] Dat ish all right. [*Gets in bed.*] Dere, dat ish better pefore ash pehind. Now I will shut up mine eyes wide open tight, and snore away as I please.

Enter MRS. PLENTIFUL, L. H.

Mrs. P. Well, I declare! if that Dutchman hasn't taken this room, and bless me! he's in bed with his boots on! Sir! Mister! you good for nothing fellow! get up!

Schmidt. [*Sits up in bed.*] Landlady, you gone away! Dis ish a single bed. [*Lays down.*

Mrs. P. Single or double, you don't lie in it without paying me fifty cents. And another thing, you monster, you're in bed with your boots on.

Schmidt. Nein, I have not mine boots on.

Mrs. P. I say you have, sir.

Schmidt. Look dere! [*Pulls up clothes—shows feet.*] Ish ter some poots dere?

Mrs. P. Now, sir, pay me for the bed.

Schmidt. I will, to-morrow, mine goot vomans.

Mrs. P. No you don't, sir. You want to get off without paying. I'll take these [*taking coat, &c.*] till I am paid. So, good night, sir. [*Takes candle.*

Schmidt. Landlady, I want to go to Nie Yoricke to-morrows, un I have no clothes. [*Feels pocket for money.*] Stop, I get mine money. Some thief has steal my pocket-book!

Mrs. P. I know you, sir, and it won't do. So, good night.

Schmidt. Landlady, leave the candle.

Mrs. P. No, sir.

Schmidt. Landlady!

Mrs. P. Well, sir?

Schmidt. Don't you forgot dat two cents change.

Mrs. P. Good night, Mr. Confidence.

[*Takes candle and exit*, L. 1 E. *Stage dark.*

Schmidt. She have confidence to steal mine clothes. Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. Schmidt! if you could see your poor John, she not cry von bit; she would laugh at me. Un if dis old woman kill me, she would dance top von mine grave. Dere ish mine pocket-book, dat is stole away; mine nice pran new second-hand coat, vot I have pought un Chatham Street, Nie Yoricke, for two tollars—tat ish gone; my waistcoat jacket, un all mine tings! I am un bad luck Dutchman! I will go sleepen. [*Lies down.*

Enter AUGUSTUS, *with white gown and long paper hat*, R. 2 E.

Aug. I can't be mistaken. This must be the landlord's room. Now for that ten dollars I gave his wife this morning. [SCHMIDT *snores.*] Yes, that is his hearty snore. Ah! here is the bed. Landlord!

Schmidt. Sh—scat!

Aug. Landlord, I want you.

Schmidt. [*Raises head.*] Mine Cot un Hemmel! dat's de devil!

Aug. Landlord, no trifling. Hand over that ten dollars I gave your wife this morning.

Schmidt. I have not ten dollars. I am somebody else. I am not mineself. Where you come from?

Aug. I came from below, and I have been pretty well roasted down there.

Schmidt. By dinks, it is him! Why don't you stay home, Mr. Devil? I don't live in dis douse. I am ter original John Schmidt.

Capt. [*Without.*] Never mind, I know the room.

Aug. Ah! the Captain's voice! I'll meet you again, sir, and I'll have my ten dollars, you villainous swindler! [*Exit*, D. 2 E. R.

Schmidt. [*Sitting up in bed.*] Swindler! Who tid I ever swindle? He's mistaken, I am somepody else.

Enter CAPTAIN BLOWHARD, D. 1 E. L., *with candle, which is suddenly put out as he enters.*

Capt. I need no light to punish a scoundrel. [*Comes up and strikes bed with whip*—SCHMIDT *jumps up.*] So, sir, I've found you—you rascally seducer!

Schmidt. You are mistaken. I am somebody else.

Capt. I *know* you are Mr. Brown, and that's sufficient.

Schmidt. I am not Brown, I am te original John Schmidt.

Capt. Brown, or Smith, did you not decoy Arabella from her father's arms.

Schmidt. Nien.

Capt. Did you not seduce my child?

Schmidt. Nien, I never induce nobody.

Capt. Did you not swindle me of a hundred dollars?

Schmidt. Nien.

Capt. Are you not a liar?

Schmidt. Nien! I never lie but in my bed.

Capt. Is not your name Brown?

Schmidt. I dell you I am de original John Schmidt.

Capt. I'll make you confess you are a seducer, a liar, a swindler, a villian, and that your name is Brown.

Schmidt. Mine Cot in Hemmel! vot a peoples!

Capt. Now, sir, [*beats him*], are you not a seducer?

Schmidt. Nien. [CAPT. *beats him*]. Yaw! yaw!

Capt. Are you not a swindler? [*Beats him.*

Schmidt. Nien! I am no swindler. [CAPT. *beats him.*

Capt. You are not? [*Beats him.*

Schmidt. My Cot in Hemmel, yaw, I am a swindler.

Capt. So much, so good.

Schmidt. So much, tam pad.

Capt. Are you not a liar and a villain.

Schmidt. Nien. [CAPT. *beats him*]. Yaw, yaw, I am a Dutch villain, John Schmidt.

Capt. No, sir, your name is Brown. Are you not Brown?

Schmidt. Nien. [CAPT. *beats him.*] Yaw, yaw, I am black and blue.

Capt. I am satisfied for the present, but I shall send another injured party to you. So good night, and pleasant dreams, Mr. Brown.

[*Exit*, L.

Schmidt. [*Sitting up in bed, crying.*] Oh! oh! oh!—Boo! oo—oo—oo! I shall die, I shall be killed in dis house. Oh, my poor frow! She will never see her husband, John Schmidt, not any no more.—What will become of me!

Soberly. [*Without.*] I'll find him, Captain.

Schmidt. Te tuyvel! dere is un under one! He shan't find John Schmidt. [*Jumps out of bed, falls over chair, feels for bed, finds carpet-bag, goes up to window.*] Here is von window, now I will jump out. [*Carpet-bag drops out of his hand. Crash without.*] Dere goes mine carpet-bag, now I will jump out. [*Dog barks.*] Now I will *not* jump out. I will go to bed. [*Gets into bed, head to audience.*] They shall find mine feet un not mine head.

Enter SOBERLY, L.

Soberly. So, this is the room described by the Captain. Here is the bed. [*Shakes Schmidt's feet.*] Sir, sir.

Schmidt. Vot you want?

Soberly. I come to demand the satisfaction due a gentleman.

Schmidt. [*Sits up.*] Now, Mr., what have I done?

Soberly. You have plucked the bud of love from the fair branch, and left it to wither and decay.

Schmidt. This is a poet-robber. I don't know sometinks 'bout dat, Mr. Robber.

Soberly. Come, sir, follow me to the yard.

Schmidt. I have no bustiness in ter yard.

Soberly. Come, sir, give me the satisfaction I demand. I leave for New York to-morrow.

Schmidt. [*Jumps out of bed, and comes down.*] You go to Nie Yorcke? So have I. I will go mit you.

Soberly. No, sir. You must fight.

Schmidt. No, I'll be shoot if I do.

Soberly. Take your choice, and I'll blow your brains out.

Schmidt. But I don't want mine brains blow out.

Soberly. Now, sir, [*forcing him to take pistol,*] when I count five, fire. One,—

[*Schmidt fires pistol, and exclaims,* "Help, murder." *Noise without.*

Soberly. Ah! you've alarmed the house. I'll meet you in the stage, and shoot you as you go to New York. [*Exit,* L.

Schmidt. Mine Cot in Hemmel! te peoples ish coming. I shall pe kill. [*Looks around, discovers chimney*]. Here ish goot place to hide, I shall pe chimney sweepen. [*Goes up chimney.*

Enter TEDDY, *with pitchfork,* Mr. *and* Mrs. PLENTIFUL *with candle,* PERSEVERANCE, *with broom, servants, with sticks, &c.*

Teddy. Wait a while, Missus, I'll find him. [*Looks around, at last discovers chimney, shoves pitchfork up chimney.*]

Schmidt. Oh! oh!—murder. [*Exeunt, running* L. *stage dark,*] Oh, I am a persecuted Dutchman. Mine Cot in Hemmel! Tey have come again. Here I will hide. [*Gets into hogshead. Enter* TEDDY *&c., cautiously. Goes to hogshead.*

Teddy. Here he is, Master. I've got the robber. [*Lifts hogshead, Schmidt crawls out. Teddy takes him by ear, and brings him down, covered with soot, &c.*]

Enter CAPTAIN.

Capt. Where is he? Ha—ha! Now, sir, are you not the rascally villain that robbed me of my daughter?

Schmidt. Nien.

Mrs. P. Didn't you get into my bed with your boots on?

Schmidt. Nien. Landlady—two cents change!

Teddy. Diun't ye want to chate me out of my parquisites?

Schmidt. Nien, nien!

Capt. Is not your name Brown, sir?

Schmidt. Nien! I am bad luck Dutchman. To original John Schmidt.

Enter ARABELLA *and* SOBERLY. L, H.

Capt. Arabella, is not this the rascally Brown or Clearstarch?

Ara. La, papa! that's not Gussy.

Schmidt. Nien. I tell him I am te original John Schmidt.

Capt. My dear sir, I ask pardon for all the wrongs I've done you. I thought you Brown.

Schmidt. You make me black and blue. I forgive you, so I get mine garpet pag, un nunder tings, un I come to Nio Yorcke. I shall mit mineself never collect again, py tam.

Soberly. And me, sir. Forgive me and I will be good for all losses, and stand your expenses to New York, where we will be happy to see you at our wedding dinner.

Capt. Yes, Mr. Smith; and old Captain Blowhard will make you welcome.

Schmidt. I don't care. I will vorget un vorgive, un will come von top your house, von te wedding dinner, if you will let me invite mine friends.

Capt. Where are they?

Schmidt. [*pointing to audience.*] There!

Capt. I never thought of them. Invite them by all means. It would be a dull dinner without their smiling faces.

Schmidt. I will. [*Goes down to audience.*

Ladies un shentlemen,
Mine trouble now, mit me have end,
Mit what I've done and try to do,
I hope mine friends have all please you!
I have suffer much, 'tis gospel true,
But what is dat when I like you?
Moch more I suffer, and mit cause
To deserve, mine friends, your kind applause!

THE END.

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